THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible] POST

Four[illegible]lin

Volume 201, Number 10

SEPT. 8, 1928

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Nunnally Johnson–Albert W. Atwood–Herbert Ravenel Sass–Austin Parker
William Hazlett Upson–Elizabeth Frazer–Joseph Hergesheimer–Bugs Baer

Like opening five different fruits

when you open a single can

MORE THAN A HUNDRED DELICIOUS VARIETIES

DEL MONTE *Fruits for Salad*

How often do *your* menus include fruit salads? Do you enjoy them as often as you would really like?

Or do you let the time and bother of preparation limit your pleasure in this tempting, healthful dish?

As every student of food values knows, there are few better combinations than lettuce and fruit; as every epicure has long ago discovered, few more *tempting* ones in all our diet.

Of course, there *used* to be a lot of trouble in making any good fruit salad! It takes variety—and that wasn't so easy the whole year round. And there *was* all the bother of shopping for fruit—and all the time you lost in your kitchen!

Today, it's another matter — and the woman who knows DEL MONTE Fruits for Salad may serve a fine fruit salad at almost an instant's notice! Here are peaches, pineapple, apricots, pears and cherries—all in a single can—ready cut for use. And at no greater cost than equally tempting combinations made at home!

Have you ever served DEL MONTE Fruits for Salad? Well, enjoy a treat tonight! There's DEL MONTE quality fruit in every can! And four different sizes from which to choose—to give just the number of servings you need.

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

And what variety DEL MONTE brings to your table— with foods like these from which to choose!

Of course you know DEL MONTE Peaches, Apricots, Asparagus, Spinach, Pineapple! You know the fine flavor, the fresh appeal, the uniform high quality in every one. But do you know the many other DEL MONTE Products—over a hundred in all? A selection of the world's finest foods—at economical cost! Here are just a few that offer greater menu enjoyment.

DEL MONTE PEAS

Fresh from the vine—sweet, young and tender. Two styles of packing—Early Garden Sugar and Midget. Both a blend of different "sieves" or sizes. Both a distinct achievement in delicacy and natural flavor.

ASPARAGUS

Another delicious vegetable—always at its best under the DEL MONTE label. Grown in the fertile Sacramento delta, canned within a few hours to keep intact its fragile, fresh appeal.

TOMATO SAUCE

And do you know *this* handy product—a real cooking sauce for kitchen use? Concentrated tomato goodness—in handy, small tins—just a cup to the can. Makes new dishes taste better—makes left-overs taste new. As indispensable with many good cooks as pepper or salt.

CATSUP & CHILI SAUCE

And here is equally fine tomato zest—especially spiced and blended for *table* use! DEL MONTE distinction and flavor in both—at home wherever quality foods are served.

Other Suggestions, Too!

For more information about the variety DEL MONTE offers—and over 200 suggestions for serving these tempting foods—send for our new collection of recipe folders. Address Department 40, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco.

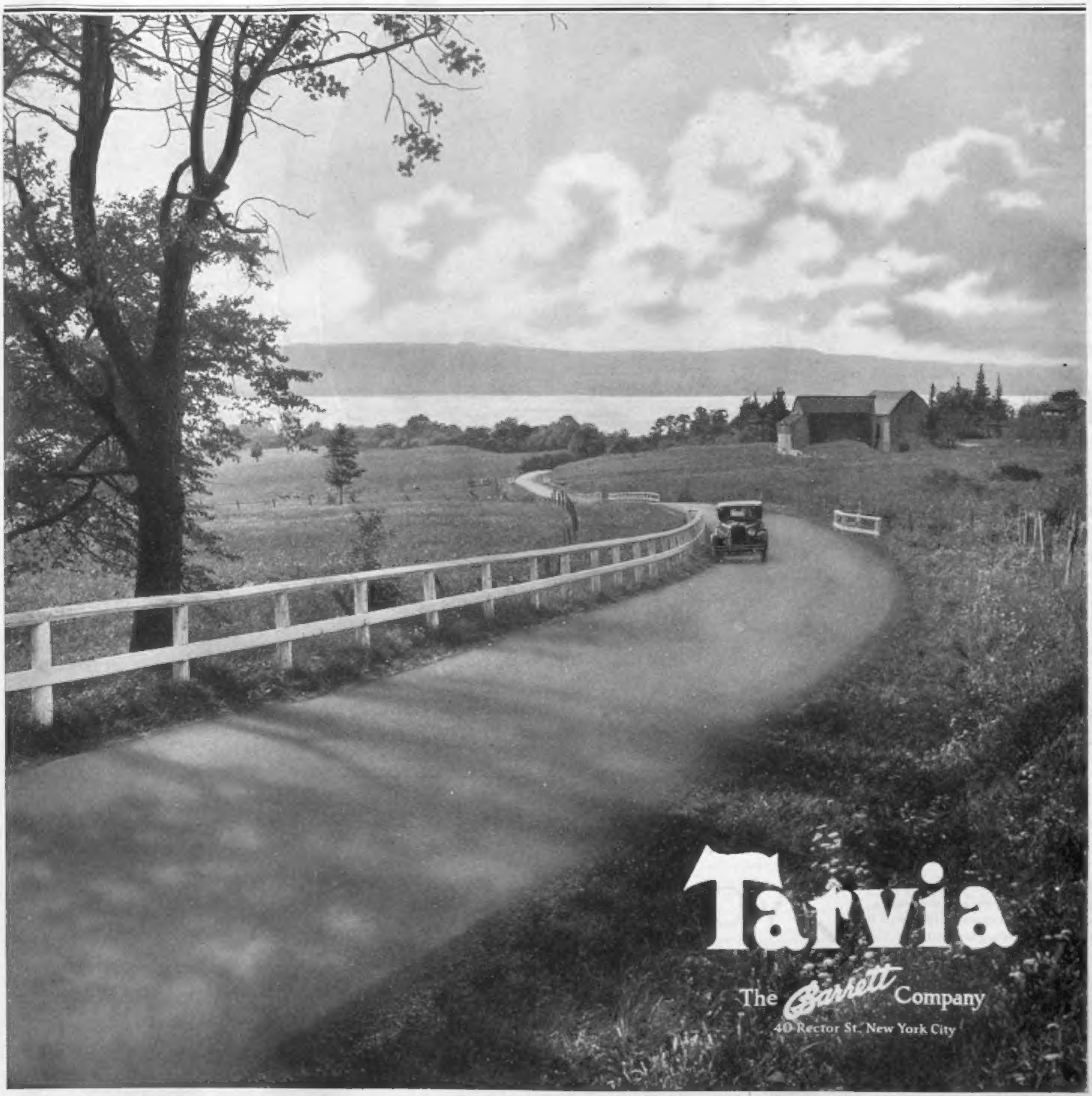
TARVIA roads—the kind of roads you like to ride on—may be easily recognized by these three characteristics:

First—Tarvia pavements are smooth—do not wave, roll or rut.

Second—Tarvia highways are glare-free. Bright sunlight is not reflected by these roads.

Third—Tarvia roads are safe in any weather, at any sane speed. Their granular texture gives tires a "treadhold"—cuts down the danger from skidding.

Not surprising, then, that highway officials have been increasing the mileage of Tarvia roads so greatly each year since 1905 when the first Tarvia highway was built.



New York State Highway No. 1041, Skaneateles Lake, N. Y. Tarvia since 1923

Concerning fair, white hands

and how to keep them fair and white

Hands that reach up in tenderness can be as soft and cool as moonflowers . . . *if* they guard their youth by using a *kind* soap in all their working hours!

LOVELY hands that speak a welcome . . . hands that express your every mood, now eloquent, now listening, now tender, now gay! Do you ever wonder how you can *keep* them soft and smooth when they are busy all day? Don't be discouraged. You can!

You may have thought that you must use rough-and-ready kitchen soap for your household tasks in order to keep things shining and spotless.

Yet you know that strong soap burns the skin, parches it into tiny lines and roughens its smooth texture so that lotions can't repair the damage.

Ivory—whenever hands touch soap

May we suggest that if you use Ivory whenever you use soap, your house and everything in it will shine and sparkle, and your hands will be *protected*—all at the same time?

Ivory cleanses everything quickly, with housewifely thoroughness—and is much pleasanter to use. Ivory makes silver and china shine. Its pure, bland suds safely removes tiny finger marks from creamy woodwork or washes cheerful house-dresses to smiling cleanliness. And it *never* leaves a "laundry-soap" odor behind.

But even more important—Ivory helps your hands stay smooth and white. For after all, when you use Ivory for any soap-and-water task, you are merely giving your hands a *bath* with as pure and fine a toilet soap as you can buy. . . Ivory's purity protects sensitive complexions and the skin of tiny babies . . . and if you wish, it can keep your hands lovely—to say the pleasant things that fair white hands can say so well.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Free: A little book on charm. What kind of care for different complexions? For hands? For hair, for figures? Send a post card for *On the Art of Being Charming* to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. 25-I, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Hands that set a tea table with lace and eggshell china should themselves be ready for the occasion. They will be—*if* they use gentle, pure Ivory.

IVORY SOAP

KIND TO EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES

99 44/100 % PURE · IT FLOATS

Quick, dexterous hands which keep a home and its treasures bright are also keeping their own charm—if, when they use soap, they touch only Ivory.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

George H. Lorimer, First Vice-President
William Boyd, John B. Williams and Walter D. Fuller, Second Vice-Presidents
Philip S. Collins, Treasurer

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1928, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

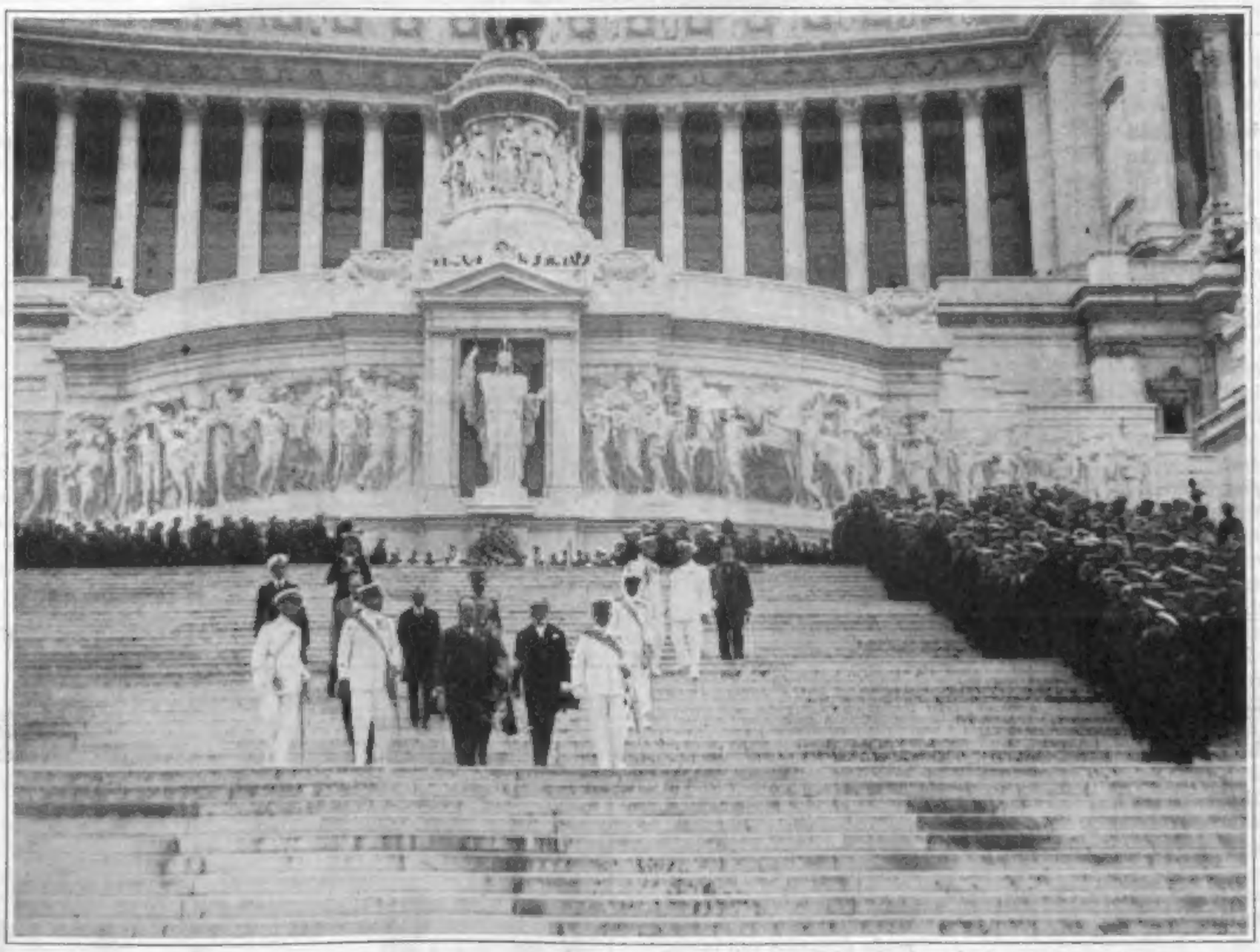
George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., Richmond, Va., Boston, Mass.

Volume 201 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., SEPTEMBER 8, 1928 — $2.00 By Subscription (52 issues) — Number 10

NEW PATHS—By Benito Mussolini



Mussolini Presiding at the Visit of Sailors From the Ostia Squadron to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in the Victor Emmanuel Monument

WHEN one sees the building of new structures, when hammers and concrete mixers flash and turn, the occasion is not one in which to ask the superintendent his opinion about the plays of Bernard Shaw or to expect the architect to babble discursively on the subject of his preferences between the mountains and the seashore as summer playgrounds.

It is absurd to suppose that I and my life can be separated from that which I have been doing and am doing. The creation of the Fascist State and the passing of the hungry moments from sunrise to the deep profundity of night, with its promise of another dawn avaricious for new labors, cannot be picked apart. I am lock-stitched into this fabric. It and myself are woven into one. Other men may find romance in the fluttering of the leaves on a bough; to me, whatever I might have been, destiny and myself have made me one whose eyes, ears, all senses, all thoughts, all time, all energy must be directed at the trunk of the tree of public life.

The poetry of my life has become the poetry of construction. The romance in my existence has become the romance of measures, policies and the future of a state. These, to me, are redolent with drama.

Armies of Words That Never Return

SO IT is that I see, as I look back over nearly six years of leadership, the solution of problems, each of them a chapter in my life, a chapter in the life of my country. A chapter, long or short, simple or complex in the history of the advance and experimentation and pioneering of mankind.

I am not concerned deeply because I am misunderstood. It is more or less trivial that conspiracies go on to misinterpret and, indeed, to misrepresent in full, what I have sought and why I have sought it. After all, I have been too busy to hear the murmurs of liars.

He who looks back over his shoulder toward those who lag and those who lie is a waster; it is because I cannot write my life—my daily life, my active life, my thinking life, and even my own peculiar emotional life—without recording the steps I have taken to renew Italy and find a new place for her in the general march of civilization that I call up one after another the recollection of my recent battles with measures which submerge men, with policies which bury under their simplicity and weight everything else I might have lived.

Two fields of my will and action, of my thoughts, my conclusions, stand out as I write and as I record my life itself.

I think of all of them in terms of utter simplicity, stripped of complex phrases. I have seen the futility of those who speak endlessly streams of words. These words are like armies enlisted forever to go away into the night, never to return from a campaign where the enemies are compromise with principle, cowardice, inaction and idealism without realism.

A New Spirit

THERE are those, no doubt, who regard me or have once regarded me as an enemy to the peace of the world. To them there is nothing to say unless to recommend to them my biography for careful reading. Facts are worth more than the accusation of fools.

From the first I wanted to renovate from the bottom to top the foreign policy of Italy. Let it be remembered that I was fully conscious always of the history and the economic and spiritual possibilities of my country in its relation to the world. Such a renovation, such a remaking of policy was absolutely new for us. It was destined to meet serious preconceptions and misconceptions before it would be clearly understood and appreciated, not only by Italians but by those responsible for the foreign policies of various nations.

I was fully aware that a new spirit—one of new austerity and dignity—imposed by me as to every large and small action of my ministry might create the impression that I wanted to fight to a finish old international political tradition, organization, and existing alliances and the status quo.

What an error! To inaugurate a firm stand does not mean to revolutionize the course of international dealings. To demand a better appraisal of Italy in accordance with a correct audit of our possibilities as a powerful and prolific nation was only to reëstablish our just position.

My problem was to open the eyes of the responsible elements in the various European governments and chancelleries. They had gone on rather blindly considering Italy in its unstable position after the war.

To open these eyes, sometimes with vigorous call to attention, was not always easy. I spent months and years in bringing about a realization abroad that Italy's foreign policy had no tricks in it. It was always straight-going and swerved not. It was always vigilant. It was based on accurate measurement of facts, squarely faced, and it demanded equally that others should measure facts. This understanding has contributed, naturally, to bringing Italy higher in the horizon of the world's eternal dawn of new events.

A speech on foreign policy pronounced by me in the Italian Senate in the spring of 1928, reviewed all our national and international situation and the part that Italy has had in the many little or great events of world life. It set forth a clear review of my work. It summarized the concrete success obtained by my ministry. It brought out

PHOTO, BY R. CARBONE—L. CANDI

Mussolini Arriving for the Congress of Naples

that we had correctly insisted upon new appraisals of Italy's part in the world.

But before reaching this concrete and tangible result, let no one believe that the steps were light and easy. I knew well enough how many would look toward Rome with suspicion, as if it were an irresponsible center of disturbance.

Enemies of our country and of Fascism tried in every way in their power to strengthen, in bad faith, with twisted interpretations and by false news, all the errors of foreign judgments of what I was trying to do.

But truth usually comes along behind any simple, clear policy and overcomes the obliquity, the conventional mentality, the spirit of opportunism and the lie-barking of yesterdays.

There is no country in the world where foreign policy, carefully carved out and approved by the nation, is not subject to internal attack based on ignorance or bad faith. Therefore it was no surprise to me to find that when I had already calmed the internal political situation and had established for us the main points of the general policy of Italy within and without, there were those who began an offensive of criticism.

One of them was Count Sforza, who, in October, 1922, was in Paris as the Italian Ambassador.

Starting a New Foreign Policy

THAT man had tied his name to the Adriatic situation—humiliating for our nation.

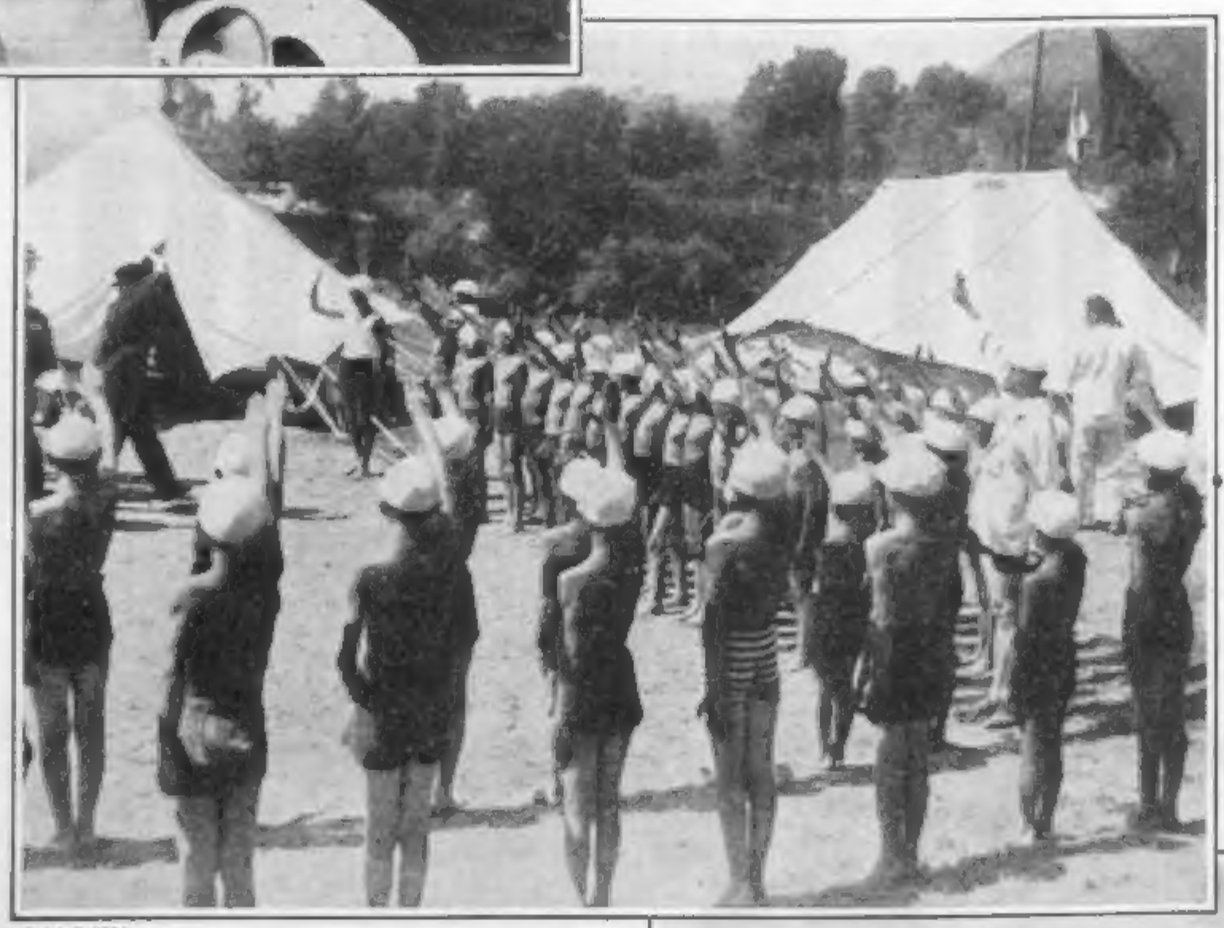
When in Italy were maturing events of historic character, homesickness for lost power made him a bad servant of his own country. He even went to the point of trying to create difficulties for the Fascist Government in the French capital. Already political groups there were unfavorable to any new solidarity in Italy. Count Sforza at once began to criticize openly my declaration on foreign and internal policy, my political method and my conception of Fascist Italy.

I sent him a telegram and this is what I said:

I MUST INTERPRET AS A NOT QUITE AMIABLE AND RATHER AN AWKWARD GESTURE, YOUR DECISION TO GIVE YOUR RESIGNATION BEFORE HAVING OFFICIALLY KNOWN MY ORDERS AS TO FOREIGN POLICY, WHICH I WILL DISCLOSE IN THE CHAMBER OF PARLIAMENT; ORDERS THAT WILL NOT BE MERELY A SUM OF SENTIMENTS AND RESENTMENTS, AS YOU WRONGLY THINK. I BID YOU NOW FORMALLY TO KEEP YOUR PLACE AND NOT CREATE DIFFICULTIES FOR THE GOVERNMENT. IN THIS MOMENT THE GOVERNMENT REPRESENTS THE HIGHEST EXPRESSION OF THE NATIONAL CONSCIENCE. I AM WAITING FOR A TELEGRAPHIC ANSWER AND I RESERVE MY LATER DECISION AS TO YOU. MUSSOLINI.

To this telegram Count Sforza made an elusive answer. So I called him to Rome, and after some explanations, revealing our two minds in perfect antithesis, I relieved him of office and dismissed him from his place. It was time that the central authority should no longer be debated by those who occupied inferior positions. Italian political life needs command and organization and discipline. Our representatives abroad were sometimes shown to have a cold, isolated, autonomous life, far from their first duties toward their country.

This first strong gesture of mine was a clear signal; it undoubtedly served as an example and admonition for many others of our diplomatic representatives who tried to withdraw themselves, with subjective attitudes, from the supreme authority of the state.



P. & A. PHOTOS

The Premier Receiving the Fascist Salute From Boys in an Open-Air Camp on the Outskirts of Rome

Having closed this parenthesis of our diplomacy, I dedicated all my energies to the solution of those political problems which determined our future. I found facing me a situation already distorted and prejudiced by the crass errors of preceding governments. I found a series of peace treaties, though in some parts full of defects, nevertheless as a whole constituting an inevitable state of fact to be squarely met.

In Italy, still palpitating and open, was the wound of the Rapallo Treaty with Jugo-Slavia. I wanted to medicate that and heal it. On the delicate ground of treaties I explained my position and suggestions in a speech about foreign policy delivered at the Chamber, November 16, 1922.

I said then, as I always say, that "treaties, whether bad or good, must be carried out. A respectable nation can have no other program. But treaties are neither eternal nor irreparable. They are chapters of history, not epilogues of history."

Speaking of foreign policy in relation to the different groups of powers, I summarized my thoughts with this definition: "We cannot allow ourselves either a plan of insane altruism or one of complete subservience to the plans of the other peoples. . . . Ours is a policy of autonomy, then. It shall be firm and severe."

In November, 1922, I met, at Lausanne, Poincaré of France and Curzon of Great Britain. Let it be said that I reëstablished then and there, on my first personal contact with the Allies, our equality. There were some clear and precise interviews; some went on to a rather vivacious tune.

For the time had come when Italy should enter with its record of sacrifice and with the weight of its history into an equality of standing in the discussions of international character, side by side with England and France.

During my brief stay at Lausanne I held conferences also with the Foreign Minister of Rumania and with Mr. Richard Washburn Child, ambassador of the United States in Rome and chief of the United States delegation at the Conference. I eliminated also the question of the Dodecanese.

To sum up my trip to Switzerland, these were the results:

First, we made clear to foreign diplomats the new prestige of Italy.

Second, we gave examples of our new style in foreign policy at the moment of initiating a direct contact between myself and responsible diplomats of the world.

In December of that year I made other important declarations to the Council of the Ministers about our foreign affairs. I examined again the Treaty of Rapallo. I began a solution of the problems of Fiume and Dalmatia, making that solution fit in with the situation that had been created by the preceding treaties to which I had fallen heir. For the second time I met Lord Curzon, and then on to London, where I stayed for several days. On that occasion I was received by the most generous hospitality and found that I was listened to with respect by the English political world.

The Economic Aspect

ALREADY the question of the Allies' debts was on the table. I had discussed this with Mr. Child and the British ambassador in Rome. I had a plan that I do not hesitate to claim was one of the most efficacious for the solution of that problem. My plan aroused a certain interest among the Allies, but some divergencies of a secondary character, and particularly the design of France to occupy the Ruhr, killed that which in my opinion was the most logical solution of the debts question, combined with the problem of the German reparations. That was a solution which might have permitted a quick and powerful renewal of world economy.

Officers of the Fascist Cavalry

Before me always in my foreign policy is the economic aspect of international problems. That was why, in 1923, I concluded a series of commercial treaties, with political background, with a number of nations. It amuses me to be called an antipacifist, in light of our record of treaty making for peace and for smooth international dealing.

These commercial treaties were very helpful in settling our economic position. In February of 1923 I signed the Italian-Swiss treaty, concluded in Zurich; I ratified the

Washington treaty for the Limitation on the Naval Armaments. Other commercial treaties were concluded with Czecho-Slovakia, with Poland, with Spain, and finally with France. I took the first steps to renew commercial relations with Soviet Russia.

Our record in international affairs indicates a sleepless vigilance to build peace and make friends. More peace, more friends. We yield nothing of our autonomy, nor do we allow our power to be used as pawn by others. We are idealists in the sense that we endeavor to make and keep peace by building and maintaining, brick by brick, stone by stone, a structure of peace, founded on realities rather than on dreams and visionary plans. I have insisted upon being strong, but I have labored to be generous.

For an efficient foreign service the world requires some housecleaning in its diplomatic machinery. It has grown stale and overmanned and bureaucratic and filled with feeble, petty conspiracies for place and promotion.

I began then in the reorganization of our consulates, an elimination of foreign functionaries. That work was long and widespread, because it was necessary to rebuild our old consular organization; this renovation, complex as were its problems, was completed with unswerving insistence.

A Demand Enforced

IN THE midst of this complex task of foreign policy and machinery, and while I was studying the solution of the Adriatic problem, there came the news that the Italian Military Mission to Albania had been treacherously ambushed on a road and massacred in its entirety by bandits from the border.

In this tragic happening there were wiped out brave Gen. Enrico Tellini, Surgeon Major Luigi Corte, Artillery Lieutenant Mario Bonacini and a soldier, Farneti. The Italian Military Mission went to Albania, together with other foreign missions, with a well-defined task, laid out by definite international agreements. The offense to Italy and to the Italian name hit the sensibilities of Italy squarely in the face. History furnishes other examples of such outrages and it points to accepted standards. I made myself the interpreter of the righteous wrath of Italians everywhere. I sent, at once, an ultimatum to Greece.

I demanded apologies. I demanded payment of fifty million lire as indemnity.

Greece gave us a deaf ear. Pretexts and excuses met my request. There was an attempt by Greece to find allies to aid her to slide away from my demands. I would not play that base game. Without hesitation I sent units of our naval squadron to the Greek island of Corfu. There the Italian marines landed. At the same time I sent a note to the powers. The League of Nations declared itself incompetent to solve and judge the incident. I continued the occupation of Corfu, declaring clearly that Italy would withdraw from the League if we could not obtain there a satisfactory attitude. This was not a matter of insult by words; it concerned the lives of Italian officers and soldiers. It was impossible to believe that I could allow the turning over of this tragic page with nothing more than some bureaucratic gesture.

There has been so much misrepresentation and nonsense as to this outrage and the settlement of our demands that I may do well to state the simple facts which any school child can understand and digest.

The case, when brought for judgment to the Conference of the Ambassadors, obtained, as was to be expected, a favorable verdict for the Italian position.

Greece gave me all the satisfaction that I had asked. The indemnity was paid. I offered ten millions of this indemnity to the Greek refugees. Thereafter, having obtained full satisfaction, I recalled the squadron from Corfu. The book was shut.

Mussolini Moves to Increase Italy's Exports, Inaugurating the National Institute of Exportation. Count Volpi is at His Left

But that month was indeed one of tragic happenings. The new Fascist style of foreign policy had satisfied the sensibility of all the Italians, but I admit that it had hurt the feelings of many foreign elements, which saw in my foreign policy an uncommon form, disturbing to many and preventing plans contrary to the rights of Italy. I allowed nothing to swerve me. I made important declarations to the Senate, both as to the Greek incident and on the question of Fiume. I said then that the most painful inheritance of our foreign policy was Fiume, but that, anyway, I was treating with Jugoslavia to solve, with the slightest possible damage, the very grave Adriatic situation inherited as a consequence of the Treaty of Rapallo.

The Senate approved my policies and my acts.

In January, 1924, I was able, at last, to conclude with Pasic, the great Serb statesman, and with Nincic, the Jugoslav Minister, a new treaty between Italy and our neighbor. As a consequence of this treaty Fiume became Italian. Other moves, continued in 1925, brought to signature the Nettuno Conventions, which regulated all the relations of good neighborhood between the two states. It remains for Jugoslavia to ratify.

At the end of all this diplomatic work on a wide field we definitely lost Dalmatia, we lost cities sacred to Italy by the history and the soul of the populations which live in them. These had been assured us by the Pact of London. No better settlement was possible than the one that I, with the good will and the eagerness that I and Pasic and Nincic put into the negotiations, was able to draw up.

Though there is no Jugoslavian ratification of the Nettuno Conventions, our borders are well guarded and sure. Jugoslavia may show its good will; in any case, we now calmly can look into the eyes of our troubled neighbor.

On the Border

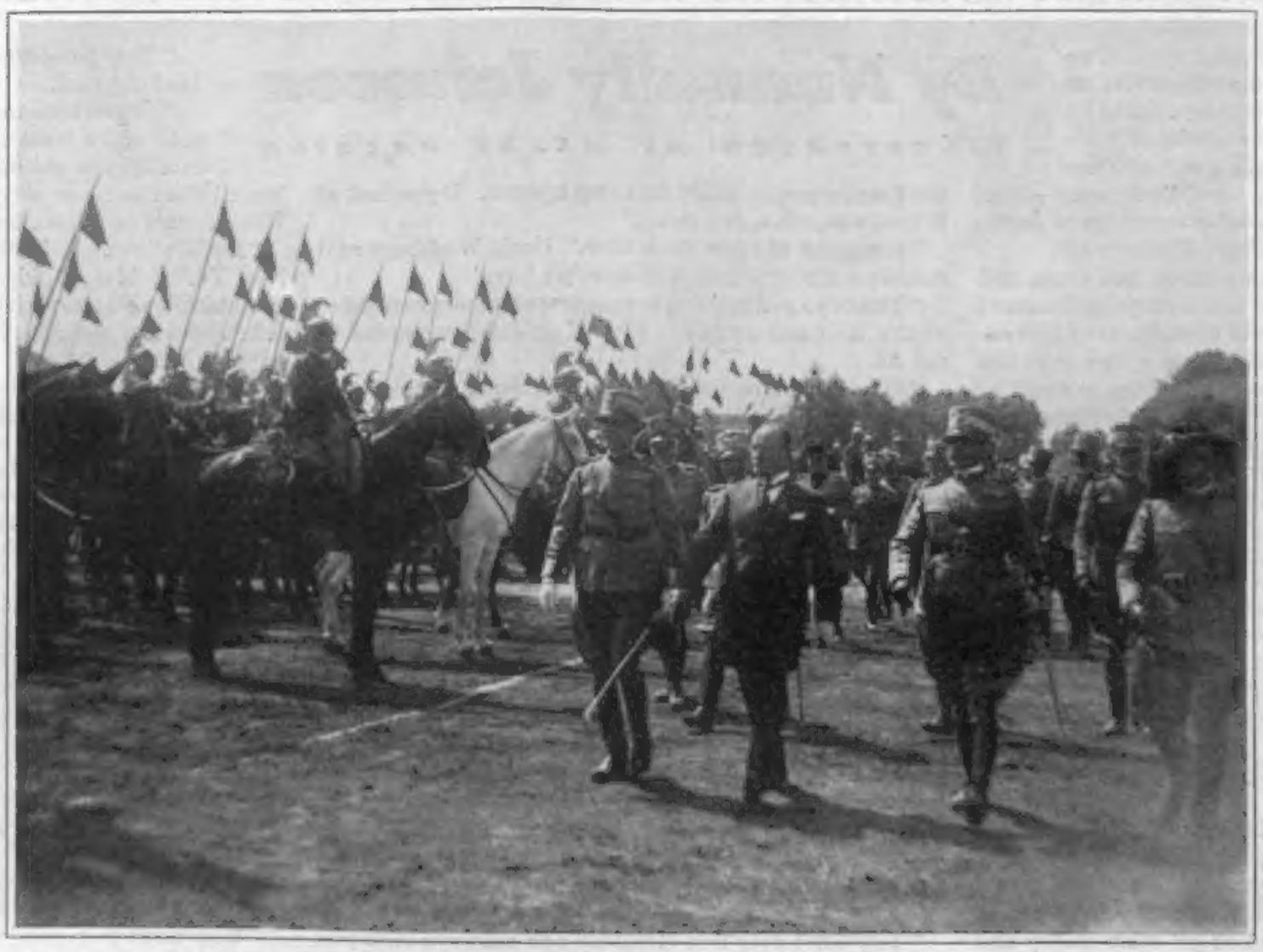
THE foreign program in 1924 obtained in the Senate three hundred and fifteen favorable votes against six, and twenty-six absent. In December of that same year I had an interview with Chamberlain, new Foreign Minister of the British Empire. In the many events of international character I have always found him a friend of Italy and of Italians.

In 1925 I had to undergo a lively struggle with the government of Afghanistan. In the capital of that distant country had been slain, as a consequence of some events of internal character, one of our countrymen, an engineer, Piperno, who had gone there to work and study. The Afghan Government refused to pay an indemnity to the family of Piperno.

I had to send something of a demand. Though there was a definite claim for satisfaction, I did not close the door to resuming good friendship with a distant state, and indeed, later the King of Afghanistan, in Rome, had the warmest and most sympathetic of receptions.

The clouds come and pass away, and new clouds come into our skies. A new cloud showed in the anti-Italian propaganda laid down by Germans in the region of our Eastern border.

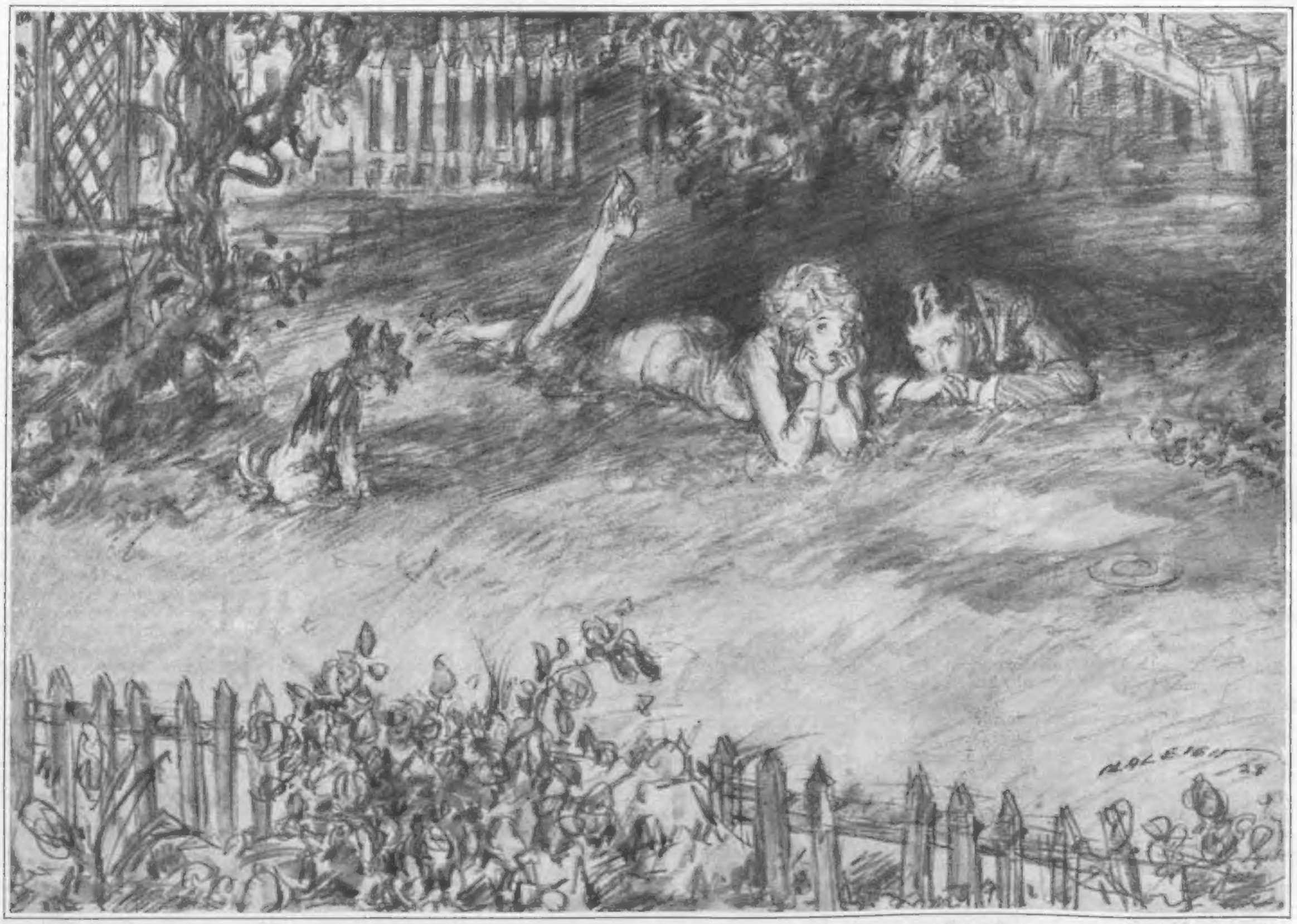
In February, 1926, when the Fascist policy had made its justice, burden and strength felt in the mixed-population zone of the High Adige, I had to speak clearly as to the problem of our relations with those Germans behind the Brenner Pass. I made two straight-from-the-shoulder speeches that shook many a timid and self-conscious plotter or sentimentalist. These are not practiced in the habits of a school of courage and strength. I dismissed on that occasion another ambassador, Bosdari, who, in the center of an event as significant as was this concerning deeply the relations between the Italian and the German people, was not able to behave as we might expect an ambassador of a power like Italy to behave.



Reviewing Cavalry of the Roman Garrison

(Continued on Page 76)

NEW YORK—MY MAMMY!



Dark Had Come, and Quiet. They Lay on the Soft Lawn Near the Vine-Covered Cottage and a Gentle Breeze Fanned Them

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THIS story opens on a very sad note. Two New Yorkers, born, reared and married on the Island of Manhattan, sat surrounded by their loved ones and awaited the stroke of midnight. At that hour a train, pulling out of Penn Station, would take them away—completely away—from New York City, and with the possible exception of death, no greater calamity can blight a New Yorker's life.

Al's mother and father and two sisters had come, and Roberta's mother, sister, brother and a stray uncle named Washburn. Climbing three flights of stairs, they had entered the narrow, dingy flat, cluttered up with trunks and packing cases, with sober whispered greetings, and settled down to staring gloomily at the young couple slumped silently on the settee—eight pallbearers.

"We got an hour," Mr. Kirkland, Al's father, said, looking at his watch—"just an hour, allowing for time to make the station—and then you'll be gone."

At irregular intervals the Third Avenue Elevated thundered past the corner, seventy-five feet away, and the shrill nerve-rasping screams of children playing on the sidewalks below rose to the windows. A scattered din of automobile horns, traffic whistles and the rumble of heavy trucks went on always. It was a hot night, in New York's early summer, and the room was close and dusty. Uncle Washburn blew his nose loudly.

"Well," he said philosophically, "if you got to go, you got to go."

"That's right," agreed Mr. Kirkland.

"Yes, sir," Uncle Washburn repeated, encouraged by this support, "if you got to go, you got to go—that's all."

"One way you look at it," Mr. Kirkland pointed out to his son, "and it's a fine thing. You get more money and you'll be assistant manager. If you're going to stick with the Empire people, this'll be a step upward. If you look at it that way, it's a fine thing."

"I was out of New York once," Uncle Washburn said reminiscently. "I wasn't no more'n a boy."

"This town you're going to stop over at tomorrow night—what's its name again?" Mrs. Kirkland interrupted to ask Al.

"Atlanta," he replied hollowly—"Atlanta, Georgia."

"Have you heard anything about it?" she asked cautiously.

"I suppose it's all right," he said without enthusiasm. "I ast a fellow in the office about it and he said it was all right."

"It's in the Southern League," Roberta's brother, a pop-eyed youth, said helpfully.

"Once you get out of New York," Uncle Washburn said, "and they're all alike. I was up to Ithaca ——"

"I was just wondering if it's the kind of place you could get your laundry done in," Mrs. Kirkland explained. "I hear that once you get out of New York, you can't ever tell. I never been outside New York myself ——" Her voice trailed away doubtfully.

"You ought to be able to get laundry done there," her husband said. "Atlanta's got to be quite a place—since the war. No elevateds there, or subways, of course, but they ain't much question you can get your laundry done there."

"You don't ever find elevateds and subways once you get outside New York," Uncle Washburn said.

"They got elevateds in Philadelphia," Mr. Kirkland objected.

"I never been to Philadelphia," Uncle Washburn said with a trace of superiority in his voice. "But mostly, you get outside New York and you'll find 'em all the same—no elevateds, no subways, no nothing. When I went to Ithaca I carried my lunch."

"He didn't know if they had any restaurants there, like in New York," Mrs. Wilkins, Roberta's mother and Uncle Washburn's sister, explained. "He thought if maybe they didn't have any restaurants he wouldn't be caught hungry, as you might say."

"They had restaurants," Uncle Washburn admitted handsomely, "but I didn't know it before I left."

"He took bananas in his lunch," Mrs. Wilkins said thoughtfully. "I remember it just like it was yesterday."

After this there was a silence, and then Al said dully, "We just stay there all night and the next day we get a rattler to this Riverside." It was clear that this prospect held no pleasure for him.

"Riverside?" asked Uncle Washburn.

"The Boston Braves trained there once, in 1916," Roberta's pop-eyed brother recalled. "It rained a lot."

"You won't find no subways there," Mr. Kirkland said positively. "You may find street cars, but you won't find no subways."

"If they ain't no laundries there," Mrs. Kirkland said to Roberta, "you better send your clothes back here, parcel post, and I'll have 'em done at the Snow White."

"You ast anything about it—about this Riverside?" Mr. Kirkland asked his son.

"I ast a fellow in the office; he said it was all right."

"Why don't you look in a book—a geography or something?" Mrs. Wilkins inquired.

"I did. It's a railroad center."

"That'll help," said Mr. Kirkland. "They ain't no chance of you getting stuck there and not get out."

"It's got about fifty thousand population, the book said."

"Prob'ly lied," Uncle Washburn said. "They ain't fifty thousand people in Perth Amboy, and that's right near by."

"Well, the book said so anyway."

"I know them books," Uncle Washburn said briefly.

"It's all I got to go by," Al insisted.

"We sound like a lot of crape hangers." Roberta spoke for the first time in a desperate effort to relieve the somberness of the situation. "You can't tell but what it will be a swell place."

"What'll be swell about it?" demanded Mr. Kirkland.

"Well, you get out in the country like that and you got good fresh air and birds and trees, ain't you? You got some of them barn dances and milk right out the cow, and spring water."

"That's right," admitted Mr. Kirkland. "But in a place like that you probably got no running water, no sinks, no faucets."

"In a town fifty thousand population!"

"I was at Bear Mountain one Sunday ——"

"Bear Mountain ain't got any fifty thousand people."

"It ain't got any running water either!" he said triumphantly. "Wait and see!"

"I hear," Mrs. Wilkins said, "that in places like that you prob'ly have to ride a horse, and ain't either one of you, especially Roberta, can ride a horse."

Her daughter looked at her in disgust. "It's a town we're going to; not Arizona or something like that."

"Oh, they got street cars all right," Uncle Washburn informed her. "They got street cars in Ithaca, and that ain't much more'n fifty thousand."

"It's nearer New York," Mrs. Wilkins reminded him.

"They got street cars all over the country now."

"Well, I hope it all turns out for the best," she said doubtfully, "but I doubt it."

"To tell you the truth," Mr. Kirkland remarked, as one large enough to admit his weaknesses, "I kind of always had a notion I'd like to get away from New York and live in the country like that."

His wife looked at him in astonishment.

"Yes, sir," he continued, regarding his cigar thoughtfully, "I always had a kind of feeling, ever since I was a boy, to get me a nice little vine-covered cottage out in the country and just rough it. I'd get me a good dog and some cows and things like that and potter around at a little garden—just live the life of Riley, because that's what it is."

"It's God's country," admitted Uncle Washburn.

"Well, it's the first I ever heard of a notion like that!" Mrs. Kirkland exclaimed, and Al shook his head slowly.

"I never wanted to say anything," Mr. Kirkland explained, "because maybe you wouldn't like the idea."

"I never heard the idea before," his wife informed the company. "We moved seven times in the last five years, between Seventieth Street and Eighty-first, and I never heard a peep from him like that."

"I thought a lot about it, but I wouldn't say anything."

"Well, would you like to move out there now?"

Mr. Kirkland thought for a moment. "No," he said slowly but decisively. "I reckon it's too late now."

Roberta looked at the clock and rose. Her face was set and her eyes hard, and she regarded the guests coldly.

"I think," she said, "we better get our things downstairs and go now. Because you certainly been a lot of happy little bluebirds this evening. The way you talk, all we need is a corpse upstairs. Here we are, getting out of this lousy city, with its noise and dirt and people getting run over, getting out to a nice little country home, and Al getting a raise and a promotion, and if we was sentenced to Sing Sing we couldn't be getting a jollier little send-off."

They all looked at her gloomily.

"Me," she said, "I rather sit in Penn Station looking at the Polarks bound for Jersey than listen any more to these moans. It ain't as if I wasn't having trouble enough getting this guy on the train anyway, without your coming around and thrusting knives in his side." She caught Al's ear. "Get up, stupid," she said, "and let's get out of here, before you pass away altogether. We're going out to the country, not to no jail."

Al and Roberta went in a taxi, they had so many bags. The others followed by Subway, and they were all to meet in front of the Information Desk. The taxi cut over to Seventh Avenue, and Al and Roberta looked out of opposite windows, unconsciously devouring the piles of stone and masonry that lined their way. The car eased into the Times Square plaza.

"Look at that Paramount Building, will you?" he said wistfully. "Ain't that some dump?"

"You said it!"

"And that clock—beat that one if you can!"

"You got to go a long way before you see another one like that one."

It was the after-theater hour and the streets were jammed. They moved an inch, stopped, moved an inch, stopped. Their taxi bumped a limousine and the two chauffeurs called each other horrible names. Al and Roberta looked at the panorama of confusion hungrily.

"Passing Gray's drug store now."

"Good old Gray's drug store!"

Silence. The taxi moved on slowly.

"Yonder's Berkman's," Al said. "I used to work at Berkman's." He gazed pensively at Berkman's.

"I remember," Roberta said.

A clear street then, and presently the taxi turned into the long dark corridor leading down into the bowels of Pennsylvania Station. The meter read a dollar-ten and Al gave the driver a fifteen-cent tip. The driver looked at the nickel and dime disgustedly and then murmured something probably uncomplimentary, and Al glared at him truculently.

"Great guy!" he muttered to Roberta. "Prob'ly thinks I ought to give him a whole smacker—the robber!"

The families arrived soon, moving in something like an aura of sadness, and about the station they saw other bereaved groups bidding good-by—long, long good-bys—to other New Yorkers doomed by compulsion to leave the

(Continued on Page 48)

"My Nerves are All Shot, Just From Listening to These Hick Birds Outside This Window"

SECONDHAND STUFF

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS

JUNE 2, 1922.

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS, HOTEL VAN VOORTEN,
ALBANY, NEW YORK.

DEAR MR. BOTTS: At your earliest convenience we want you to call on Mrs. Hannah Watkins, of Bridport, Vermont. Mrs. Watkins has written us that she is the owner of a four-hundred-acre farm and that she is considering the purchase of a ten-ton tractor. We have sent her a letter giving her full information in regard to this machine, and telling her that you would call on her at an early date.

We trust that you will have no trouble in securing her order.

Very sincerely,
GILBERT HENDERSON,
Sales Manager.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

DATE: Monday, June 5, 1922. 9 P.M.
WRITTEN FROM: Addison House, Middlebury, Vermont.
WRITTEN BY: Alexander Botts, Salesman.

I GOT your letter yesterday. I took the train from Albany early this morning, and arrived at Middlebury—the nearest station to Bridport—about noon. After a good lunch I hired a neat roadster from the local undertaker and garage owner, drove out about ten miles to Bridport, and called on Mrs. Hannah Watkins.

This lady is a tough prospect. And that is not all. She has been made a whole lot tougher—almost too tough to handle—by certain so-called information which she has received from the company.

Now I realize that I am nothing but a salesman, and I do not presume to criticize Mr. Henderson, the sales manager. But if I were criticizing him I would point out that when he is sending out a man as good as I am, he had better leave everything to me and not hamper my activities by writing letters giving information to the prospect. And this suggestion applies with double force to the very full information which Mr. Henderson unfortunately saw fit to send in his letter to Mrs. Hannah Watkins. In order that you may see exactly what I mean, I will give a full description of my visit to this lady.

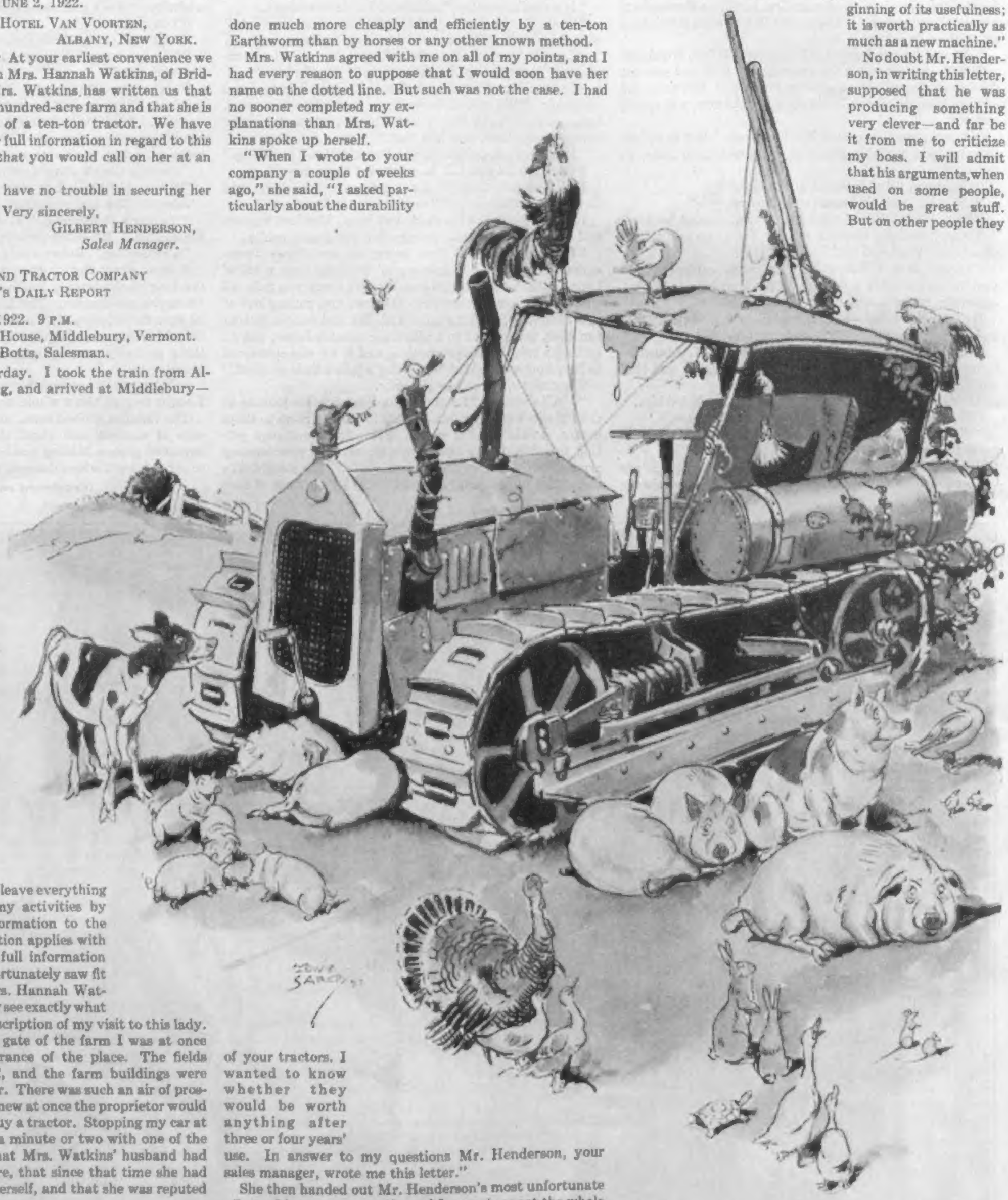
As I drove in the front gate of the farm I was at once struck by the fine appearance of the place. The fields looked rich and beautiful, and the farm buildings were large and in splendid repair. There was such an air of prosperity everywhere that I knew at once the proprietor would have plenty of money to buy a tractor. Stopping my car at the barn, I conversed for a minute or two with one of the hired men, and learned that Mrs. Watkins' husband had died some two years before, that since that time she had been managing the farm herself, and that she was reputed to be very wealthy.

I then walked up to the kitchen door, knocked, and was admitted by Mrs. Hannah herself. She was a small thin woman of about fifty, with what appeared to me to be a very shrewd-looking face. I realized later that "shrewd" was a very mild word.

I started my call by getting out my folders and pictures and giving a splendid sales talk. I first described the tractor and its advantages. Then, after asking about the various kinds of work on the farm, I explained in my usual clear and convincing manner how all this work could be done much more cheaply and efficiently by a ten-ton Earthworm than by horses or any other known method.

Mrs. Watkins agreed with me on all of my points, and I had every reason to suppose that I would soon have her name on the dotted line. But such was not the case. I had no sooner completed my explanations than Mrs. Watkins spoke up herself.

"When I wrote to your company a couple of weeks ago," she said, "I asked particularly about the durability of your tractors. I wanted to know whether they would be worth anything after three or four years' use. In answer to my questions Mr. Henderson, your sales manager, wrote me this letter."



She then handed out Mr. Henderson's most unfortunate effort. I have no copy of it, and I cannot repeat the whole thing, but certain sentences stand out in my mind with distressing distinctness. Near the beginning Mr. Henderson said, "You need have no doubt about the durability of our machines. We made the tractors used by the United States Government to pull artillery during the World War. What is good enough for Uncle Sam is good enough for anyone." At another place he said, "Before the war, during the war, and after the war, Earthworm tractors have always been made with the same scrupulous care. They are so well constructed that they will last for many years—even when abused, overloaded, and given insufficient care." And near the end of his letter Mr. Henderson remarked, "An Earthworm three or four years old is only at the beginning of its usefulness; it is worth practically as much as a new machine."

No doubt Mr. Henderson, in writing this letter, supposed that he was producing something very clever—and far be it from me to criticize my boss. I will admit that his arguments, when used on some people, would be great stuff. But on other people they are not so good. And duty compels me to report the effect of his words on this particular prospect.

"What do you think of it?" asked Mrs. Watkins.

As she spoke she regarded me with such a cold, calculating eye that I began to suspect there was going to be some funny business connected with this deal. I hated to commit myself, but I could not very well disagree with the written statements of my own sales manager.

"Mr. Henderson has written you the exact truth," I said.

"Good!" said Mrs. Watkins. "I have an old Earthworm tractor out in the barn, and it's fine to know that it's worth so much. I want to trade it in to you people on a new one."

At this point I knew for sure that there was going to be some funny business on this deal. In fact, I began to suspect that old Hannah was getting ready to try and play me for a sucker.

But I concealed my feelings and merely asked to see the machine which she wished to turn in.

She led me out to the barnyard, where my startled eyes fell upon one of the saddest wrecks I have ever seen in all my experience in the tractor business.

"It's an Army ten-ton," said Mrs. Watkins. "The Government turned it over to the highway commissioners after the war, and the highway commissioners sold it to my husband. How much is it worth on a trade?"

I looked it over. It was an Army ten-ton all right, or, rather, it was the decayed and rusted remains of what had once been an Army ten-ton. Apparently it had been completely worn out by hard work and abuse. Every bolt on the whole machine seemed to be loose. The tracks were wabbly; the sprockets were out of line; the fan belt had been chewed by rats; and mice had made nests in the seat

She Led Me Out to the Barnyard, Where My Startled Eyes Fell Upon One of the Saddest Wrecks I Have Ever Seen in All My Experience in the Tractor Business

cushions. There was plenty of play in the main bearings, but no compression in the cylinders.

The armor had been replaced by a crazy, homemade tin hood, but the only other repair work ever done on it had apparently consisted in tying together broken parts with hay wire. I have seen a good deal of hay wire in my life, but never have I seen any one machine that had acquired so much of it. There was also a good deal of binder twine, friction tape and bits of old harness in evidence. And the chickens had been roosting on the old thing all the spring.

It was absurd for anybody to expect to get anything for this machine other than its value as scrap iron. But I decided that we could afford to lose something, provided we could get this lady's order for a new ten-ton, so I promptly offered five hundred dollars. If Mrs. Watkins had had any sense she would have leaped at the offer. But she did not.

"Really, Mr. Botts," she said, "I have no time to listen to your jokes, amusing as they are. A new ten-ton tractor, according to your price list, sells for six thousand dollars. Naturally I do not expect to get that much for a secondhand machine. But I do feel that I ought to have at least five thousand."

"Impossible!" I said. "This machine is three or four years old."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Watkins. She then opened up Mr. Henderson's letter—which she had had the bad taste to bring out to the yard with her—and read me a short extract: "'An Earthworm three or four years old is only at the beginning of its usefulness; it is worth practically as much as a new machine.'"

"But this is nothing but a war tractor," I said. "Our present machine is so vastly improved that there is no comparison between them."

Mrs. Watkins again referred to the letter: "'What is good enough for Uncle Sam is good enough for anybody.'"

"But during the war," I said, "construction was necessarily very hurried. Practically all factories were turning out material so fast that they had no time to pay any attention to quality."

"'Before the war, during the war, and after the war,'" quoted Mrs. Watkins, "'Earthworm tractors have always been made with the same scrupulous care.'"

"Well," I said, "probably this machine was pretty good when it was new. But look at it. Look at the shape it's in. It has been abused. It hasn't had sufficient care. It's a wreck."

"'They are so well constructed,'" quoted Mrs. Watkins, "'that they will last for years—even when abused, overloaded, and given insufficient care.'"

"I am afraid," I said, "that you are taking that letter too literally."

"You said yourself that Mr. Henderson had written the exact truth."

"In a general sense, yes," I replied. "But in this particular case, no."

"Your reasoning," she said, "is absolutely no good. If you back down this way, how can I believe what you tell me about the new machine I am thinking of buying?"

"I can assure you, madam," I said with deep earnestness, "that our new machine will live up to everything I have said about it."

"The only way that you can prove to me that you are dependable," replied Mrs. Watkins, "is to back up the written words of your sales manager by giving me a proper price for my old tractor. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll knock off a thousand dollars. But four thousand is my rock-bottom price."

"You'll never get it."

"Maybe not," said Mrs. Watkins. "But in that case I'll do business with a company I can trust. The salesman for the Steel Elephant Tractor Company is coming around next week, and I'll trade in my machine for what I can get on a new Steel Elephant."

"That would be a mistake," I said.

"I have made up my mind," said Mrs. Watkins. "If I can't get four thousand out of you people I won't deal with you."

"But four thousand is impossible."

"If you change your mind within the next few days," said Mrs. Watkins, "you will find me at my daughter's house in Middlebury. I am going there tonight for a week's visit. Good afternoon." And she turned around and walked into the house.

I was left, I must admit, in something of a quandary. My first impulse was to pursue this lady into the house and resume the argument. But what chance would I have? Every time I opened my mouth Mr. Gilbert Henderson—represented by that unhappy letter—would rise up and call me a liar. Ordinarily I could have handled Mrs. Watkins very easily, in spite of her stubborn and unreasonable nature. But now that her mind had been poisoned by the insidious propaganda emanating from the home office itself, I felt that I ought to think things over before proceeding any further.

Accordingly I returned to Middlebury, where I have arranged to spend the night at the Addison House. I will sleep on this problem, and perhaps tomorrow I may figure out some different method of approach which will cause this crazy old lady to listen to reason. I am not licked yet.

Yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

DATE: June 6, 1922.
WRITTEN FROM: Middlebury, Vermont.
WRITTEN BY: Alexander Botts.

AS SOON as I woke up this morning I had a brilliant idea. I at once acted upon it, and everything would have been fine except for the sudden appearance of another incredible letter written by Mr. Gilbert Henderson. As it is, the situation is in a good deal of a mess.

No one should make the mistake of thinking that I am criticizing Mr. Henderson. My loyalty to the company and to my boss is as strong as ever, but I must admit that something of my old self-confidence and assurance is gone. From now on, every time I approach a prospect it will be with the haunting fear that he may have up his sleeve some weird, outlandish communication from the home office that will knock my plans completely cockeyed. When I relate the events of the day you will see that my fears have justification.

The idea which came to me this morning was a good one. I remembered that some time ago in Albany one of the salesmen of our company had told me of a call he had made on a Mr. George Anthony, of Port Henry, New York, which is just across Lake Champlain from here. It seems that Mr. Anthony had been interested in getting a secondhand tractor. He had been offered an old Army ten-ton which is still in our Albany warehouse, but for some reason had not taken it. If this Mr. Anthony still wanted a secondhand tractor it occurred to me that I might be able to get him to make an offer on Mrs. Watkins' machine. If I could get him to offer a couple of thousand I might possibly talk Mrs. Watkins into taking it. It was worth trying.

Accordingly I rented the same car which I had yesterday, drove down to Lake Champlain, crossed on the ferry, and about the middle of the morning reached Mr. Anthony's farm outside Port Henry.

Mr. Anthony turned out to be a young man of pleasant personality, and we were at once on a very friendly footing. It appeared that we had both been in the artillery during the war and had both been most favorably impressed by the tractors which were used to pull the guns.

(Continued on Page 68

THE FUTURE CITY

By Albert W. Atwood

THERE is a type of imaginary drawing, of the futuristic city, which has had a great vogue in recent years. It possesses a strange fascination. Whether the lure be one of inherent beauty and sheer suitability, or springs rather from a kind of horror and repulsion, is difficult to say. But in any case the reader knows the type of city which is so often depicted these days, the skyscraping leviathan of multiform towers and pyramids, of many-leveled streets, sidewalks, bridges, tunnels, subways, passageways, crossways, sluiceways, channels and arcades, more above and below ground than on the surface—a veritable monstrosity of the imagination.

At the first hasty glance such pictures seem to represent a dream world that never was and never shall be. But quickly, and with either a thrill or a shudder, one realizes that these drawings may well prove anticipatory; that the frequency of their making and publication reflects the all-powerful currents of an urban civilization. The soul of the artist is sensitive; he feels what is coming ahead of other men. But in fact there is no need of such prophetic instinct. Any man may look about him and see the thing on its way.

No one knows, of course, exactly what the city of the future will be. But we know that it can heap up, centralize, concentrate and congest to the limits of human ingenuity, or it can spread out, with the population living in groups of interrelated communities of moderate size, each controlled and more or less limited, each, it is to be hoped, with some right to the title of garden city. Not only must the tendencies of city growth express themselves in centralizing or decentralizing forms but these two physical possibilities stand as well for two schools of thought, two types of mind and two different ideals of life itself. We can think of the city of the future as the result of a struggle between centripetal and centrifugal forces, a battle which must be fought with the tools of transportation. For obviously, if cities cannot solve the problem of movement or fluidity within themselves, it must be solved elsewhere. The city cannot choke itself with movement and live. Its preservation depends upon its ability to keep fluid. Like a living being, its veins and arteries must function.

Time the Criterion

TRANSPORTATION is almost as essential to a city as water supply and means to dispose of daily wastes, but it makes a far more complex and difficult problem than these. A large number of people cannot live in a small area without many transportation facilities. The village remote from a railroad never grows any larger. More than nine-tenths of the people in New York live close to rapid-transit lines. Population literally follows transportation. Cities stretch out fingerlike along radial lines of highway and railroad, with ganglia near the railroad stations. Cities develop stringlike, because the movement of men and goods is stringlike. Then, too, movement, or traffic, increases faster than population; for one reason and another it continually piles up. The average distance traveled is steadily increasing. Not so many years ago the factory hand walked to work, despite his long hours of toil, partly because he couldn't afford to ride and partly for lack of facilities. Along came the electric street car, higher wages and shorter hours. Then came still shorter hours, higher wages and the more elastic automobile.

So now we come to realize that the great majority of workers must be within, say, a thirty-minute radius of their work. Today city planners are making time maps rather than distance maps. One man may live a mile from his office or shop and take half an hour to get there, and another may go nearly twenty-five miles in the same time. It is not distance but accessibility which really matters. Thus it comes about that traffic congestion, that interference with fluidity, looms up as the great specter of our age. Unless fluidity can be maintained, the outlook is very dark.

At the present time nearly 3,000,000 people enter and leave Manhattan Island below Fifty-ninth Street every full business day. If existing circumstances continue to operate, it will not be such a great number of years before 9,000,000 people must make the daily trip. No man knows whether such a movement can be rendered physically possible or not.

Nor is it solely in the great metropolises that we have serious problems connected with freedom of movement. Less than thirty-five years ago wild tribes of Cheyenne Indians used a camping spot in the then Indian Territory which is now a city of nearly 200,000 population and is said to be almost as congested with automobile traffic as Fifth Avenue in New York.

The Week-End Line-Up at the Fort Lee-Dyckman Street Ferry, New York

Jersey Commuters Arriving by Ferry at Liberty Street, Lower Manhattan

Park Avenue Traffic Swinging Around the Grand Central Terminal on the Ramp

And so we have the country over incessant agitation, discussion and activity in regard to traffic relief. Nearly 25,000,000 automobiles have been introduced into the American scheme in a remarkably short time and admittedly without preparation of the landscape to receive them, so to speak. Perhaps the revolution is something like that which followed the introduction and multiplication of horse-drawn vehicles in Europe following the fourteenth century.

Now it is a very real question how much of our traffic relief, our highway surgery, is more than a process of bloodletting, a palliative, rather than a fundamental remedy. Surely much of it only relieves existing friction and has no relation to the prevention of future evils. There are those who argue that new subways in crowded districts, new streets cut through built-up blocks and expensively widened streets are mere traffic breeders, because they intensify congestion by bringing in more people.

An Old Test of Sanity

THESE costly measures do not enlarge capacity at the center of the city. What makes it easy to get out makes it easy to get in. If you enable people to go in they will go in. The new subway or widened street fills as well as drains. If more people are rushed to a given spot the uses of land are intensified, which adds a still greater number of people to be transported, thus necessitating still more measures of traffic relief. In other words, the only fundamental cure lies in a degree of decentralization that will keep people from even attempting to enter the city centers in such great numbers. This general idea is admirably expressed by Russell Van Nest Black, engineer with the Regional Planning Federation of the Philadelphia Tri-State District:

"An old test of sanity was to set a patient to bailing water from a trough into which water flowed from a running

A Vehicular Bridge of 1873 Over the Tracks in the Rear of the Old Grand Central Station

spigot. If the bailer failed first to turn off the spigot he was judged insane. It is modern practice to go to endless trouble and expense in providing relief at the centers of cities without conscious effort to limit the traffic flow at its source—bailing while the spigot flows. Future generations will draw their conclusions."

But this scathing indictment is met head-on by the blithesome advocates of centralization and concentration. Col. W. A. Starrett, in a series of articles some time ago in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, in which skyscrapers were discussed in detail, said that traffic congestion is better than no traffic. Crowds make cities and cities make crowds. Cities have always been crowded, and we must accept the city as it is or go back to the conditions of 1850, which for society as a whole would be preposterous.

A high degree of concentration, even with its accompanying evil of congestion, undoubtedly makes for the rapid transaction of business. The old idea, which still prevails so largely in Europe, was that if a man had a dry-goods store he did not want any others in the same neighborhood. That is not the idea in the modern American city.

Traffic in Channels

"WE HAVE found, as a matter of efficiency," says one architect, "that the more men with the same kind of business that can be brought together in a given zone, the better the business is for all of them." The more spread out business is, according to this view, the fewer the possibilities of contacts.

The forces which make for concentration are persistent and powerful. The very shape and pattern of the city has that effect. Convenience and opportunity for the exploitation of land values keep these forces alive. More and more skyscrapers are being built, and more and more people prefer to live in apartments.

"We all talk about decentralization," says William Morris Knowles, Pittsburgh city planner, "but no one dares to take the responsibility of putting it through."

Harvey Wiley Corbett, the architect who so often rises to defend skyscrapers, says that city planners always want the other fellow to do the decentralizing. William Graham Sumner, the economist, long ago remarked that the way to abolish the sharp contrasts between wealth and poverty consists of a voluntary disruption of the city, and he added: "Now let's see who goes first." Rail as we will against the city, its power to draw and attract must be reckoned with.

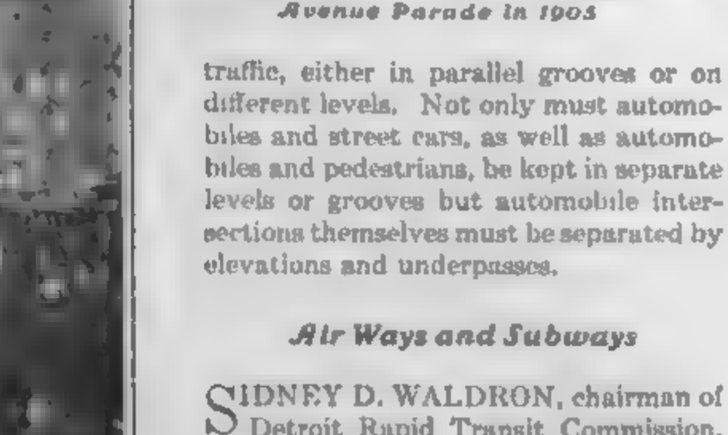
With all its evils, the city is with us as a practical problem. Decentralization may be the only ultimate solution; it cannot, from the very nature of the case, be an immediate one. So if we turn to the means of traffic relief, some are found to be less in the nature of bloodletting and palliatives than others. Miller McClintock, director of the Albert Russel Erskine Bureau for Street Traffic Research at Harvard University, says that engineering can relieve traffic troubles just as it once took cities out of the pump-and-cesspool age.

Many things can be done and are being done in the way of design and construction which do not run into excessive costs. Street systems in the main are not intended for automobiles; gradually they can be altered. Round instead of square corners are a help. Platforms for pedestrians, and signals and pedestals in the throats of intersections to channelize traffic and prevent disorderly movements are examples of simple installations.

Engineering science applied intensively to the parking problem cannot fail to obtain results, as will the gradual but inevitable conversion of the ground and basement floors of business concerns into loading and unloading platforms. Surely man is ingenious enough to prevent his cities from becoming wholesale and unsightly garages.

But we must go deeper than this. Traffic congestion may be due to lack of street capacity or to interference at crossings. No matter how extensively streets are widened or how many new streets are built, the factor of cross friction or obstruction remains, and in fact is actually increased. Washington has hundreds of wide streets, but the traffic problem is about as troublesome there as elsewhere. Most cities have far too many streets now.

Incidentally, it is a curious paradox that a thoroughly consistent hexagonal street-and-block system would appear to offer less intersectional friction than the prevailing rectangular system. But cities can hardly be rebuilt on a hexagonal plan. What must be done, of course—the only thing that can be done—is to separate different kinds of traffic, either in parallel grooves or on different levels. Not only must automobiles and street cars, as well as automobiles and pedestrians, be kept in separate levels or grooves but automobile intersections themselves must be separated by elevations and underpasses.



The Motor Car Joins the Fifth Avenue Parade in 1905

A Summer Afternoon on Lexington Avenue in 1900. Above—Broadway and Fulton Street, the Island's Most Congested Crossing Before the Motor Car's Advent

Air Ways and Subways

SIDNEY D. WALDRON, chairman of Detroit Rapid Transit Commission, says that we shall have 70,000,000 automobiles when the population reaches 210,000,000. "Certain reasonable standards of street widths must be established and the increased traffic streams of humanity must be made to use thoroughfares of those widths in the manner most efficient and beneficial to the community."

It is stupid to jeer at the visions of Ernest Flagg or Harvey Wiley Corbett of many-decked streets. They are coming as certain as night follows day. There are only three physical possibilities—the immediate stoppage of growth in the cities, the immediate decentralization of population and industry, and the separation of traffic. Which of the three is the most likely? Only by elevating or deepening streets can cities obtain the necessary separation and channelization of traffic in congested areas. Probably pedestrians will be elevated, free-wheel vehicles kept on the present level and rails depressed.

Already Chicago has at least one double-decked street, and the improvements around the Grand Central Terminal in New York are in the same direction. The actual or proposed use of air rights in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and Cleveland is an indication of the changes which are coming. If depressed railroad tracks are covered over, there is no reason why other types of traffic as well as buildings should not use the upper levels.

Speaking generally, what the large cities require is more coördination and integration of the different means

(Continued on Page 145)

DRAGONHEAD

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THEY told grim tales of him all up and down the Seven Rivers. He was known—darkly, mysteriously, as some half-mythical chimera might be known—from Twickenham to Snuggedy Swamp, from Sancho's Point in sight of the sea to the cypress-shadowed lagoons of Horse Savannah. In a dozen places within that wide sweep of territory he had stamped his grotesque and incredible image in blood upon the memories of men. This was one of the strangest facts in his life history: That again and again the murders in which he exulted had been witnessed by human eyes, and yet he lived on.

It was Harrod who named him Dragonhead. The name popped into Harrod's mind on the June morning when he saw the creature for the first time. That was a tragic encounter, a dramatic beginning of the feud that prevailed between these two. Harrod blamed himself for what happened that day. Yet the fault was not his, for the thing that happened was a thing unprecedented in his experience.

He was fishing in Tupelo Creek a mile above the plantation house. The punt's bow rested on the muddy shore in the shadow of tall black gums, and Harrod, sitting in the stern, was paying less attention to his bob, floating motionless on the still, dark water, than to the abundant life in the trees and rushes around him. In willows and willow oaks overhanging the creek bright-plumaged summer tanagers and orioles moved here and there. The warm air was a-quiver with sprightly sound; from the tall cypresses of the swamp came the insistent calls of red-bellied woodpeckers, the lively songs of yellow-throated warblers, the oft-repeated cries of crested flycatchers. A pair of wood ducks shot by, following the windings of the creek, and in lush wampee beds along the low shores many gallinules were talking to one another. He could not see them, but their voices sounded comfortable and sedately happy, as though there were nothing to worry about, nothing to bother them or make them afraid.

Here was peace, Harrod thought—peace and happiness and beauty, the peace of the green secret places where man came seldom; and presently, as he sat musing, his fishing all but forgotten, he saw with a tingling thrill of delight a slender white-tailed doe step daintily out from behind a fringe of willows about thirty yards away on the opposite shore of the creek.

The doe stood motionless for a moment, just clear of the willows, her delicate nose sniffing the air, her tail switching; then she walked slowly along a little peninsula of sand, and halting, turned and looked behind her. At once a two months' old fawn emerged from the willows and joined her; and for some moments the two stood side by side at the edge of the water, not drinking, but turning their shapely heads slowly to gaze up and down the creek, as though they, too, were sensible of the beauty around them. To Harrod this was the crowning touch of loveliness; yet, mingling with and shadowing his delight, a dim apprehension stirred in his mind. A sudden and mysterious impulse urged him to stand up in the boat and wave his arms, but he quelled it and remained motionless, his eyes fixed upon the two deer.

What happened happened so suddenly and so quickly that he could not be sure afterward just how it was done. Beside the deer a hideous black thing appeared out of the creek—a long, thick, jagged thing, which with incredible swiftness lashed across the sand where the deer were standing. In an instant the fawn was swept from the low shore into the water. Close to it a huge dragonlike head with gaping white-tusked jaws lurched upward from the depths and as suddenly disappeared. Next moment, in a blood-flecked swirl of black obliterating water, the fawn vanished beneath the surface.

Harrod sat staring at the spot with incredulous eyes. He knew the habits of alligators well, for they abounded in the many lagoons and the deep, winding rivers and creeks of the plantation country where he had spent most of his life; and long ago he had accepted it as an axiom that alligators never preyed upon deer. He had heard once or twice of a 'gator taking a fawn, but he had never before seen this happen and he had never been able to authenticate a story of the sort. He knew that in the early months of the hunting season, before the saurians retired to their winter dens, deer hard pressed by the hounds often swam rivers, creeks and lagoons and never came to harm, though any dog rash enough to follow did so at the risk of its life. He knew that the 'gators preyed habitually upon the woods-ranging hogs, and he suspected that they took a fairly heavy toll of raccoons, rabbits and other wild creatures of the swamps. But it was one of his articles of woods faith that between the alligator and the deer a truce existed—a truce that he had always regarded as a permanent, if somewhat mysterious, law of the woods.

Harrod went home from his fishing pondering deeply. His woods lore meant much to him; this incident that he had witnessed was to him a matter of importance. It compelled him to revise in his mind a body of knowledge which he had regarded as final and secure. Moreover, he believed that he had seen that day the largest alligator that he had ever looked upon. He had caught a mere glimpse of the creature's plated tail as that tail swept the fawn from the low bank into the water, and an equally brief glimpse of a monstrous juggernaut head, but these were enough to convince him that this saurian was of enormous size—thirteen or fourteen feet in length or even more.

This in itself was sufficient to arouse his interest, but it was the taking of the fawn that determined him to hunt the big 'gator down. Harrod had killed scores of bucks, but in ten years he had not killed a doe, and he would almost have cut off his right hand rather than kill a fawn. In his mind the deed that he had witnessed that day on Tupelo Creek

One Man, Who Had Climbed to the Masthead the Better to View the Battle, Said That He Saw

was murder—murder for which he felt somehow responsible because he had not obeyed that sudden impulse to frighten the fawn away from the water's edge. So he named the great saurian Dragonhead and said to himself that some day he would send a rifle bullet into the monster's brain.

Dragonhead was old before Harrod gave him that name. On a dry knoll in a lonely cypress swamp his mother had laid her eggs and covered them with leaves and brush; and in due time the warmth of the sun hatched them, and he and his brothers and sisters—some thirty-five in number—began their adventurous careers.

What happened to the others Dragonhead neither knew nor cared. Just after the newly hatched brood had made its way in a loose and irregular procession to the margin of a lagoon a few yards from the nest, a huge old 'gator that may well have been Dragonhead's father moved slowly toward him across the glassy water, regarding him steadily through cold, gray-green, vertically slitted eyes. The patriarch's intentions may have been wholly benevolent, but some instinct caused the little eight-inch 'gator-ling to wriggle speedily through the shallows into a dense bed of cat-tail stems.

There he lay for a while resting, enjoying the heat of the sun; then he squirmed on through the cat-tail bed, and emerging on the other side, swam a hundred yards or so along the lagoon's weedy margin before he came to rest. If, thereafter, he saw any of his brothers and sisters again, he did not recognize them among the hundreds of other young black-and-yellow alligators that he met from time to time in the swamp lagoons and lonely backwaters that he explored.

He had many adventures, many narrow escapes. He learned to fear turtles, tall wading birds with long javelin-like bills, great fish with cavernous mouths. He grew rapidly, adding nearly two inches to his length before the coming of cold weather sent him burrowing down into the mud, to sleep there quietly until spring came again. By the end of the next summer he had more than doubled his size. Small fish, frogs and tadpoles formed his principal food, but as the years passed and he grew swiftly larger and stronger his diet became more varied, though fish continued to be his staple fare. He became expert in the capture of young wood ducks and young gallinules, and by the time he was five feet long he often captured the parent birds as well. In only one important respect were his habits unlike those of the others of his kind that inhabited the swamp waters—he was, almost from the beginning, a wanderer, a traveler, an explorer of new hunting grounds.

His wanderings took him far. He passed from one backwater to another, sometimes making short journeys overland. When, by accident, one day he found a river, he began at once a cruise that carried him many miles down with the current until the salt tides from the ocean met him, bringing abundant fish of kinds that he had never eaten before. He lingered there for a time where the salt and fresh waters met; then he continued his seaward journey with the ebb tide until, almost within sight of the Atlantic, he reached the wide salt marshes behind the barrier islands of the coast. Here he turned aside from the river into one of the salt creeks winding through the marshes, and from this creek he passed into another, and thence into a third, and so reached another river, and traveled far up its sinuous length until he found himself once more in the fresh-water region of the inland cypress swamps. He spent that winter lying half torpid from early October until early March in an unoccupied alligator den under an old rice-field bank. With the return of warm weather his wanderings began anew; and so it continued with him, spring after spring, summer after summer, until there was scarcely a river or creek or lagoon in all that region of the Seven Rivers that had not at one time or another known Dragonhead's presence.

All this was long before Harrod knew him—before any man knew him. He was merely one among the thousands of alligators inhabiting the waters of the plantation country. He was not yet of unusual size; he had not yet developed a decided preference for warm-blooded prey; his voice, when he bellowed in the spring, was no deeper or more resonant than most. He must have been, however, well above the average in cunning; for the slow years passed and he survived somehow all the hazards that they brought. In the old days, before the white man's firearms had taken the place of the red man's arrows, alligators sixteen or seventeen feet in length were not uncommon, but now it seldom happened that any saurian lived long enough to attain a length of twelve feet. Every man's hand was against the 'gator, and soon or late a rifle bullet or a load of buckshot found a vital spot.

(Continued on Page 64)

the Black Leviathan Seize a Small Porpoise in His Jaws and Shake It as a Dog Might Shake a Rat

Did You Lose Your Shirt in the Market?

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

"I've Had Scores of Weeping Women Come to Seek My Advice After They'd Been Wiped Out Dabbling in Highly Speculative Stocks on a Margin Basis"

IT WAS the day of the big break on the New York Stock Exchange—the inevitable and dramatic finale of a prolonged nation-wide speculative movement that had attacked all classes from the top to the bottom of the social scale. It was not a purely professional market, in which the bidding-up process is almost wholly engineered by seasoned operators who at least know the rules of the game and if they lose their shirts by getting caught on the wrong side of the market, take their losses stoically, realizing they have only themselves to blame. But this was, to some extent at least, a sucker's market, erratic, running wild, where the mob didn't play according to rules for the very good reason that the mob did not know the rules or even want to know them for fear of cramping their style.

Tales of winnings ran like wildfire; the rumor factories and tipping bureaus, always active in a bull market, did a roaring business, grinding out red-hot tips; everybody had, or professed to have, strictly inside dope. In clubs, restaurants, smoking cars, at bridge parties and teas, the gossip inevitably swung around to stocks, and skyscraper yarns of how So-and-So cleaned up a cool million in this or that stock were the order of the day. Everybody bragged of his winnings and held his peace as to the number of times he'd been skinned. Who wants to hear about losses anyway? The Simon-pure sucker never keeps a red-ink column; he refuses to allow the ugly black blight of reality to shrivel his fond hopes.

The Tape That Measures the Purse

NOW the tragic element in this wholesale speculative jag which seized the people was the number of victims it claimed who could not afford to lose. Honest industrious workers with meager financial margins were the hardest hit. Clerks in department stores withdrew their savings from the bank; women with no earning capacity, living on small fixed incomes, put up their securities, the sole bulwark between them and destitution, as collateral to speculate on margin without knowing the first thing about the big game of strip poker in which they were hopefully putting up all their chips—manicurists, postmen, firemen, chasseurs in banks, maidservants and subway guards—one and all were backing their particular fancies. Brokerage houses were crowded daily with men and women who hung over the ticker tape or watched their pet favorites soar. Even the uptown branches, established in the smart shopping districts to catch the élite trade, were almost as popular as the ice-cream-sandwich stands on the Bowery on a blazing summer day. Well-groomed women stepped in on their way to luncheon or to their current-events club to consult their pet brokers, for pet brokers are the latest fad. Shortly after the market opened, these uptown branches would begin to fill with women speculators, gossiping with one another and swapping tips. Their conversation ran something like this:

"My dear, I've actually learned how to read the ticker tape. It's simply fascinating when you know what it's all about. My husband can't read it at all. I told him he shouldn't speculate when he couldn't even read the tape, and what do you think he shot back? 'Do you know anything about the companies those hieroglyphics stand for?' he wanted to know. 'Do you know anything about their management or earning capacity?' Of course I didn't! How can I? But isn't that just like a man? Does your husband care if you speculate?"

"Oh, no—that is—well, you see, he speculates himself; not much, because he hasn't time; but he takes a flyer now and then. And last month I made more money than he did. He didn't like that! The other night we had my broker to dinner. What a frost! You could have cut the atmosphere with a knife. You see, Dick isn't altogether keen on my speculating. He says I'm too nervous, too emotional, and it gets me all keyed up. But how can I help being nervous when I don't know what minute the market is going to flop? I'm sitting pretty right now, but what I'd like to know is how much higher it'll go. Wouldn't you think those financiers down in Wall Street, if they're as clever as they let on, could keep it from breaking at all? I'm sure, with everybody making money, it's very nice as it is."

"I hope to goodness the market does stay up. I'm planning to go to Europe this summer on what I make. I put up some bonds last week for collateral and my banker made no end of a fuss. He told me plain out that I was one of the women that shouldn't be speculating at all."

"Pooh!" chimed in another. "The bankers always say that; it's their strongest line. What are you holding, my dear?"

The woman addressed mentioned the name of her stock and its price. The other looked dubious. "I don't know anything about that, but it sounds awfully high. You can't make much on these rich men's stocks. I never buy anything that's over 25; then if it goes up to 100—what they call par—you're making 75. The lower it is at the beginning, you see, the farther it can go. That's why I always pick low ones—7, 10, 12, and so on; there's such a big chance of increase."

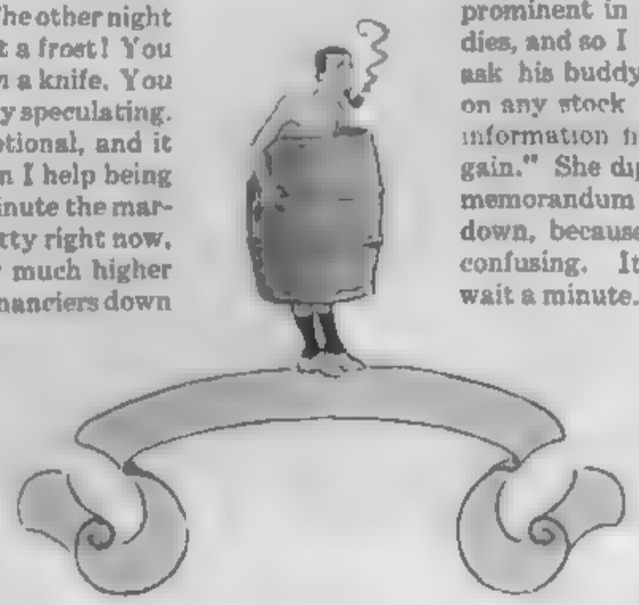
A Hot Tip in the Bag

"I NEVER thought of that," murmured the first, obviously impressed. "But how do you know which one to pick—I mean which one is certain to go up? For they don't always, you know."

"Oh, well, of course you have to have inside information—and that's what I have. You see, my chauffeur and the chauffeur of Mr. B."—she mentioned a name prominent in financial circles—"are bosom buddies, and so I just ask George, my chauffeur, to ask his buddy to ask Mr. B. for the low-down on any stock I'm interested in, and so I get my information first-hand. Now here's a fine bargain." She dipped into her bag and produced a memorandum book. "I always write the tips down, because all those names of stocks are so confusing. It's Mercurial Preferred. . . . No, wait a minute." She peered nearsightedly at the page. "Mercurial Common—that's it; it's just been taken over by Morgan, but nobody knows it yet. It's selling now at 26, but they say it'll go to 200."

"Will it go up to 200 in time for my vacation, do you think?"

"That, of course, I couldn't be positive of, but it's a fine buy."



"Oh, yes," remarked another, "I'm teaching my daughter to speculate. She might just as well begin young to learn the ropes. All her girl friends have a little something up. They get tips off the boys. . . . What did you say, dear? . . . Well, yes, I think it's harder than contract; I mean harder to understand what everything means. It's all still pretty much of a jargon to me. But I've got a woman broker that I absolutely rely on. That woman knows everything; it makes me dizzy to listen to her." She turned to another woman: "Who is your broker?"

"I don't take advice from any broker," replied her friend. "I have a much better system than that."

"What is it?"

"Well, you see, I'm psychic—sensitive to every vibration. And so every night, just before retiring, I read over the stock-exchange list. Very casually, you understand, just so my mind will retain the names. Then after I'm in bed and the lights are switched off, I erase everything from my mind, keeping it very plastic and blank, and I whisper, 'What stock? What stock?'—just sort of nudging my subconscious, and presently into my mind will flash the name of the right stock. Of course your subconscious knows everything, because it's a part of everything. And these brokers are very fallible, I've found."

When the Bottom Dropped Out

"AND does your subconscious tell you when to sell, too?" demanded a listener astutely. "That's usually where the catch comes. People tell you when to jump into the market, but they forget to tell you when to jump out."

The psychic moved haughtily away without deigning a reply.

"How perfectly fantastic!" murmured a little lady, glancing after her with an ice tinkle of scorn in her tones. "I never buy a single share without consulting a wonderful person who gives me marvelous advice."

"Who?" came a chorus of voices.

"It's my astrologer. She tells me when the stars are right. For if ——"

At this juncture a large authoritative woman in a stiff Queen-Alexandra hat strode into the room and announced in a loud voice, "Everybody get out of rubber get out of rubber right away."

A nervous-looking woman who had been watching the cryptic signs appear on the illuminated translux gave a sudden violent start and turned.

"Why?" she gasped.

"You got any rubber?" demanded the grenadier, nailing her with a severe eye.

"Why, y-yes, quite a lot."

"Well, sell it. Don't lose a second. The bottom's dropped out of it. I got out by the skin of my teeth."

The little lady scuttled toward the door.

"She'll lose her shirt," commented the authoritative one grimly.

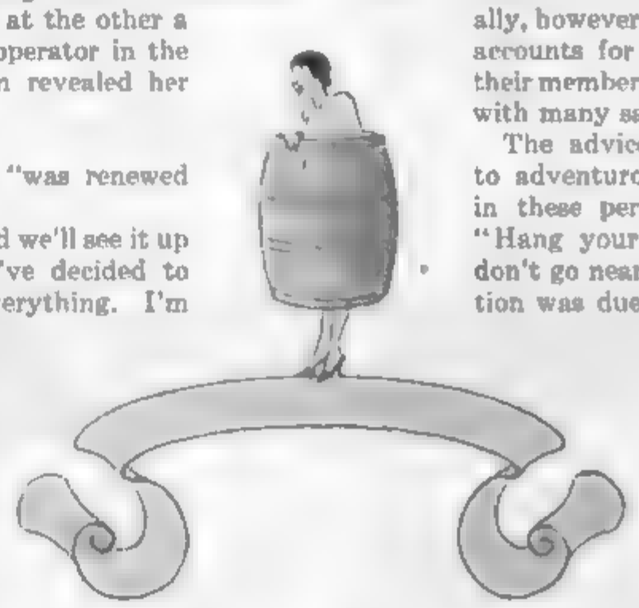
"Wouldn't you know it to look at her?" The other customers stared at one another, each secretly gratified that she had no rubber shares to lose her shirt in, though what was the matter with rubber they hadn't the ghost of an idea. The fact was the market price of the stock of a certain rubber company in which the grenadier had acquired a few shares had broken five points—which to her meant that hell was popping in the whole rubber world.

Meantime, in the manager's office a telephone conversation of a different caliber was going forward. At one end of the wire was the manager and at the other a woman who was a cool, shrewd operator in the stock market. Her first question revealed her experience and acumen.

"What's money?" she asked.

"Money," replied the broker, "was renewed this morning at 7½ per cent."

"Aha! What did I tell you? And we'll see it up to 8 per cent, I'll bet. Well, I've decided to liquidate my account. Yes, sell everything. I'm getting out. If this market doesn't crack pretty soon it'll be because a lot of fools are so busy riding on rosy clouds that they can't read the signs."



This woman, a keen judge of market conditions, got out while the going was good, and many other seasoned speculators did likewise. Thus when the crash came and there was a perpendicular drop, not only of the popular favorites and hot-air specialties but also of the solid investment shares, the wise ones had already cashed in and strolled home with their booty, and the suckers, the ignorant outside public, were left holding the bag.

Ensued a vast tidal wave of panic-stricken selling. Wire houses were snowed under; it was like the bursting of a mighty dam, and the whole broad list of securities reeled under the terrific impact. The army of extra workers hastily impressed to handle the waves of buying in the previous upward swing were now swamped with the reverse waves of selling and toiled straight through the nights and the days; brokers on the floor of the exchange lost their voices from exhaustion; the stock ticker—most efficient instrument of its kind in the world, but not framed for such furious onslaughts—lagged behind so that during the last mad hour nobody knew what the prices were and chaos ensued. The damage was incalculable. But one thing was certain—the people hardest hit in this great public's market were those who could least afford it, who should never have been speculating at all; and when their money went over the dam in the big washout, it went irretrievably.

A striking feature of the situation was that women as well as men were in the market up to their necks, and banks and investment houses reported an unusually large number of panic-stricken, sobbing ladies who camped on their doorsteps, beseeching them hysterically to get their money back. Heretofore women have not found it easy to speculate, for the great majority of high-class brokerage houses have refused to handle their accounts. Women were unanimously voted nuisances, more trouble than they were worth—which no doubt was about 99 per cent correct. Occasionally, however, the firms reluctantly took special accounts for the feminine relatives of some of their members, but under protest, as it were, and with many sardonic asides.

The advice which Wall Street handed out to adventurous females who desired to swim in these perilous waters of speculation was, "Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, but don't go near the water." Partly, this prohibition was due to chivalry—an honest desire to keep the female of the species out of the danger zone, which is an instinct that reaches back to primordial ooze; partly, it was the expression of sheer masculine irritation at their abysmal ignorance. But these barriers did not stop the women; it simply forced them to resort to other firms.

After the collapse in the market I made the rounds of the brokerage houses and their uptown branches to ascertain how this self-education of women in the speculative field was progressing. First of all, I discovered a wide diversity of opinion among the brokers, depending somewhat on the particular masculine temperament, the policy of the firms and the type of feminine clientele. Some of the brokerage firms still clung tightly to the old tradition of handling no women's accounts; their doors were shut and determined males were leaning against the inside panels. Others had the front door shut, but a side door discreetly ajar so that a few women had managed to slip in. Some bolder spirits, accepting the invasion, had opened uptown branches with women's rooms, but no accounts were handled; the feminine customers paid cash.

Handling the New Speculator

QUITE a few reliable high-class firms, however, were welcoming the accounts of women in their uptown branches; and one of these latter had gone so far as to establish an uptown branch for feminine clients exclusively, with an able woman manager, women employes, and handsome, comfortable quarters in a smart side street for the clientele. The following comments, representing all grades

(Continued on Page 121)

"The Women Pass Around All the Latest Garbled Dope From the Rumor Factories and Scare One Another to Death"

THE UNTAMED

By AUSTIN PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

SING LU, the proprietor of the International Hotel, rapped upon the door and called in a high, quavering voice, "Alley-plane come plenty quick! Look-see topside!"

Cynthia Washburn struggled from the clutches of her siesta, sat up in bed and ran her fingers through her blond hair to free her head from the hot pressure of curls. She blinked at the slices of lemon-colored sunlight that shone through the slits of the broken shutter and tried to draw a deep revivifying breath. It was like breathing soup. The gray-blue-green walls of the room glared with heat.

"All right, I'll look," she said.

Sing Lu scuffed back to his kitchen. Her ears caught the faint far-away whine of a motor and she leaped from bed, went to the window and separated two blades of the shutter so that she could peer out. After a moment of squinting into the blinding light, she found the darkly shining speck of the plane crawling on a faintly blue sky, like a bug hurrying across a tinted ceiling. Its propeller, catching the sun, made a circle of silver.

When her eyes could no longer follow it, Cynthia Washburn bathed—a most unsatisfactory sponge bath—and selected from her trunk her prettiest light dress. Under the circumstances, she decided, she had better look as pretty as possible. It was a blue chiffon frock, sleeveless and cut low at the neck, and the undies she wore wouldn't have made much of an impression upon a set of laboratory scales, but she felt as though she were wrapped tightly in woolens. Her father had remarked in one of his letters that Central America was hot as the hinges and that San Fernando, in particular, was even hotter. He hadn't exaggerated. The backs of her eyeballs felt as though they had been scratched raw by little particles of flint.

She went out upon the veranda of the hotel and stared across the dusty palms of the plaza upon the false beauty of Sun Fernando harbor. It was mid-afternoon and the water was changing from a shining, almost white blue, like a slab of polished metal, to a blue that matched the deepening sky. She waited an hour before a dilapidated open-faced hack, drawn by a miserable bay, whose lower lip flapped as though it were producing the tinkling music which came from a bell on the collar, came rolling into the plaza.

"Alley-Plane Come Plenty Quick! Look-See Topside!"

The carriage turned and stopped, disclosing, theatrically enough, a man of about twenty-eight years, dressed in khaki and wearing a sun helmet that had once, long ago, been white. He was coatless and his shirt was open at the collar. At his waist were slung two automatic pistols and he held in his arm a small machine gun—a riot gun.

Sing Lu scurried out to meet him. The man hesitated, listened to something that Sing Lu said and shot a glance toward her. He came up the steps.

"You're Miss Washburn—Jim Washburn's daughter?" he asked incredulously.

She smiled and nodded. "I landed two days ago."

"I thought you were back home in college. Your dad doesn't expect you, does he?"

"Far from it!" She laughed softly.

"H'm! Wait a second while I shed the arsenal." He handed the riot gun to Sing Lu.

"At least you look dangerous," she said. Her eyes met his and she smiled. He responded with a frank downright grin that showed white teeth against a nearly black sunburn.

Cynthia and Jim Washburn Came Out on the Field the Next Morning While Skip Was Warming His Engine

"Just between you and me," he confided, "that's the way I'm supposed to look—positively murderous. I bring the gold up from the mine in the plane, you see. Just delivered a batch." He unhitched the gun belt and passed the automatics to Sing Lu. The belt had left a dark band of sweat on his shirt. He rubbed his stomach and sides. "Pretty heavy," he said. "Now tell us about it. Your father's going to have the shock of his life."

They sat facing each other in Sing Lu's battered wicker chairs and he mopped at his forehead with a handkerchief.

"My name's Horner, by the way," he added—"Skip Horner."

Cynthia Washburn clasped her hands in her lap and her oval face took on a very serious expression.

"I got into some trouble," she said. "I didn't like the way things were going, so I walked out. I think—I'm not sure—that I'm expelled."

"Not so good," commented Skip.

"It wasn't anything very terrible," she assured him.

The idea of Cynthia Washburn doing anything very terrible seemed a little absurd; she seemed so young, so earnest and so very lovely. Skip Horner, half amused and half captivated, let his eyes dwell upon her. She was the first white girl he had seen in two years. The consul's fat wife and the dry stalk of transplanted New England whom Mr. Benton, one of the local planters, had taken to wife were not to be considered as girls. This was a real girl, life-size, with small hands, slim ankles, a slightly tip-tilted nose, blue eyes and blond hair that the heat curled into ringlets about her head.

"I gave them my word of honor," she continued, "that I hadn't done anything I shouldn't have done. They wouldn't accept that, so I told them to go to the devil."

"That sounds like Jim Washburn himself," observed Skip.

Her eyes flashed. "They needn't expect me to knuckle under!" she said.

"What was it all about?" he asked. "I'm not trying to pry into your affairs," he hastened to add.

"That's all right," she said. "I'm not in the least ashamed of it. I started out after a fool girl who was going to elope with an utterly no-good man. I drove some sense into her head and got her on a train headed for the town where her aunt lived so that her aunt could alibi for her. It was morning by the time I got back to college and I was caught trying to get in. Well"—she shrugged—"I couldn't explain where I'd been without telling on her, and I wouldn't lie. They wouldn't accept my word, so I caught the first boat out. I wanted to beat the letter I knew they'd write to dad."

"And the other girl let you stand the gaff, eh?"

She nodded grimly.

"Nice friend! Just a generous, big-hearted girl!"

"I told you she was a fool. I didn't realize it at the time. Anyhow, I'd rather be in my place than hers."

"Naturally. Some people in this world wouldn't be worth a pail of water if they were on fire."

"How do you think dad's going to take it?"

"He'll probably whack you on the back and say, 'At-a-girl! Tell 'em all to go to the devil!'"

She beamed at him. "He hasn't changed a bit? Just the same as ever—untamed?"

"Guaranteed untamed," he assured her.

"It'll be wonderful to see him! You'll take me to the mine in your plane, won't you?"

Skip frowned. "I don't like to do that without having your father's consent," he said. "It's a long hop over the jungle. Not particularly dangerous. I've done it two or three times a week for two years. But there's always the chance of getting let down—and far, far from home too."

"I'm never afraid."

"The boat'll be going up in a few days."

But, he reflected, it was a dirty rotten trip, especially for a woman; one day aboard the ratty little tub, rolling on the open Pacific, then two days steaming up a hot river to Durado and two days by mule train to the Canzio Mine. Nothing to do but get seasick, shoot alligators and get saddle-sore.

She looked woefully disappointed.

"But won't he get that letter from the college? He said that the mail came by plane."

"The letter is probably there in my room, in the mail sack, if it made connections. I'll look for it." He rose. "I'm going to have a bath now. See you after a bit." She sighed and gave him a wan smile. "Don't be too down-hearted," he said. "You tell your father what happened and it will be all right."

"I'm not down-hearted. But I'm still pretty darn mad. If you're going to make me go by boat, you'd better let me keep the letter. I want to get my story in first."

"I'll see if it's with the mail."

In the room which Skip Horner—Dale Skipworth Horner, as per birth certificate—kept at the International Hotel he opened the mail sack and sent letters and newspapers out in a cascade upon the bed. He spotted one letter for himself, from his sister, and ran through the other envelopes until he found the one for which he was looking. It bore the return address of Cynthia's college and was addressed to her father.

Skip scratched his head and scowled. He didn't like to interfere with Jim Washburn's mail and he didn't like to assume responsibility for Cynthia in a long flight over jungles and mountains. Yet he realized that the first story was generally the best. He had had to tell a few of his own.

Sing Lu's hotel was anything but sound-proof.

"Hey, Cynthia!" he yelled. "I found it! Pardon the Cynthia."

"Oh, that's all right." She came into the corridor. "I've been thinking, and I've decided you'd better take me with you."

"I'll take a shower and dress, then we'll talk it over."

"A shower!" she exclaimed. "And I've been bathing out of a pail of water!"

"Oh, you don't know anything about Central American luxuries!"

Skip's room was equipped with many, if not all, of the comforts of home, including a bed, a floor, four walls, a chair, a table and hot and cold running water. The water was assisted in its running, both hot and cold, by a native servant who answered, when not otherwise inclined, to the name of Conception, a Negro-Spanish-Indian in unknown and uncared-about proportions. Skip's baths were Conception's duty and pleasure.

When he heard the hum of Skip's plane aloft it was time to heat the water. That was accomplished by booting the kitchen boy from his hammock and telling him to get busy. When it was hot enough—and Skip had a sharp way of insisting that it be neither scalding nor tepid—the pails were carried to his room. Also, there must be three pails of cold water—cold, even if precious hunks of ice were stolen from the bar. In Conception's opinion, seldom expressed but deeply felt, all *Americanos del norte* were a little crazy, especially in their fanatical love for baths. Everyone knew that baths were weakening. As an example, for two days he had done nothing but drag pails of water into the room of that white girl, and she didn't look strong enough to split up a decent batch of firewood. Every time she bathed, she looked weaker. What a wife she would make!

But with Skip it was different. Nothing could weaken such a man! Ah, no! And it was Conception's privilege to stand by Skip's damp nakedness, to hear him sing and to be slapped on the back by him—by the man who flew in the air faster than a bird, carrying gold as though it were so much dirt! On the strength of the tales he could tell—and Skip would have been surprised—Conception had been married and divorced three times within the past two years, without assistance of either clergy or court. It paid to stand close to the great, to be a knight of the bed-chamber. He was an authority upon aviation and he vouched for the story that Skip's riot gun could fire so many shots a minute—five thousand or so, perhaps ten thousand—that it would decimate a man, shoot him plunk out of his corporeal existence before he even had a chance to fall down. The fellow, *pobrecito*, would be nothing but a pink mist floating off with the breeze.

Skip undressed and took his place beneath a five-gallon oil tin perched upon a pair of two-by-fours strung across one corner of the room. Conception mounted a chair with a pail of hot water, dumped it into the tin and—lo!—there was a pleasing shower from several dozen nail holes. The water ran out through holes in the floor to the baked, dusty earth beneath.

Skip lathered, rubbed himself down with a brush and burst into song:

"Oh, shall we ever be able—ever be able to fly?
Oh, my! What would you give to sail up in the sky?
No one could bother you there, blessings would multiply.
Shall we ever be able—ever be able to fly?"

Two more pails of water rinsed the soap away; then three pails of cold water came pouring over him. He yelped happily, slapped his flanks and sawed at his body with a coarse towel until he was pink.

He dressed and went to the veranda, where Cynthia was waiting. Sing Lu came out.

"Catchum first-chop chow!" Skip ordered sternly.

Sing Lu nodded violently and gibbered a mixture of Chinese, Spanish and pidgin English at him, to which Skip Horner responded solemnly at intervals, "*Bueno! Bueno!*"

"What was all that about?" asked Cynthia, amazed.

"Lord knows! I told him to toss up a good dinner and he recited the menu."

She laughed and seated herself upon the veranda railing, head back against the pillar. He stood looking at her, intently studying the smooth line of her throat, the graceful sweep of her relaxed body.

(Continued on Page 98)

"How About the Gold?" Asked Cynthia Suddenly

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

By ARTHUR "BUGS" BAER

The Statue of Diana on Top of the Old Madison Square Garden

ON THE springy evening of May 5, 1925, two hostile young men sat glaring at each other enthusiastically from opposite corners of a ring in Madison Square Garden. They were there to engage in the manly art of selfish-defense, under rules interwoven and promulgated by the Marquess of Queensberry during one of his gouty hours. One of the young men, whose ears were already twin monuments dedicated to the memory of the marquess, was the bouncing Johnny Dundee, whose ring style was that of a honey bear fighting a swarm of indignant bumblebees. His opponent was Sid Terris, another youngster who had improved on the marquess' by-laws by adding running, skipping and jumping to the original charter.

Though the fight itself promised to be very scientific, there was something about the personnel of the audience which indicated the presence of an extra added attraction. Bernard Gimbel, John McE. Bowman, Kid McFarland, Oliver Harriman, George Sweeney, John Ringling, A. Lawrence Smith, Alfred B. Maclay, president of the National Horse Show Association, who had exhibited his high-school steeds in the Garden since its opening day; Jack Dempsey, Jimmy DeForest, Jack O'Brien, Senator James J. Walker, soon to become the mayor of New York, William Muldoon, Jack Waldron, who fought the terrible finish fight with Spider Sullivan in Brooklyn many years ago—a fight which ruined them both physically—bankers, society leaders, gangsters and others too important to mention were all there when Joe Humphries climbed through the ropes.

A Sad Occasion

OF ALL the cheers which have massaged the rafters of the old Garden, none could equal the reception accorded Joe when the crowd saw that he was wearing a Tuxedo which looked like a 1914 limousine. The Tux rippled to Joe's massive shoulders as the waves cling to the shores of Lake Erie, but the crowd simmered down when it realized that only a sorrowful exigency could compel the genial Garden announcer to don a formal evening tourniquet in preference to a comfortable soft collar. Tears were drizzling down Joe's cheeks as he held up his hand for a silence that was already his.

"Ladies and gentlemen," bellowed Joe, "tonight we see the passing of a great institution ——"

"Who's fighting?" yelled an invisible kibitzer far up in the hanging gardens.

"—— tonight we see the passing of the glorious old temple of Fistiana," Joe continued, casting a withering squint of scorn up at the four-bit seats near the roof. "Tonight ——"

"Tonight's my night with baby!" howled the shadowy heckler while the Garden rocked with laughter.

"As we gather here tonight to see the last fight in this historic arena ——"

"Pull in your neck, they're looking for lumber!" was the next contribution from the volunteer prompter.

This was too much for Joe. He had never been defeated in an oratorical duet with wits, half-wits or quarter sizes. Aiming his voice at the hidden kibitzer, he retorted:

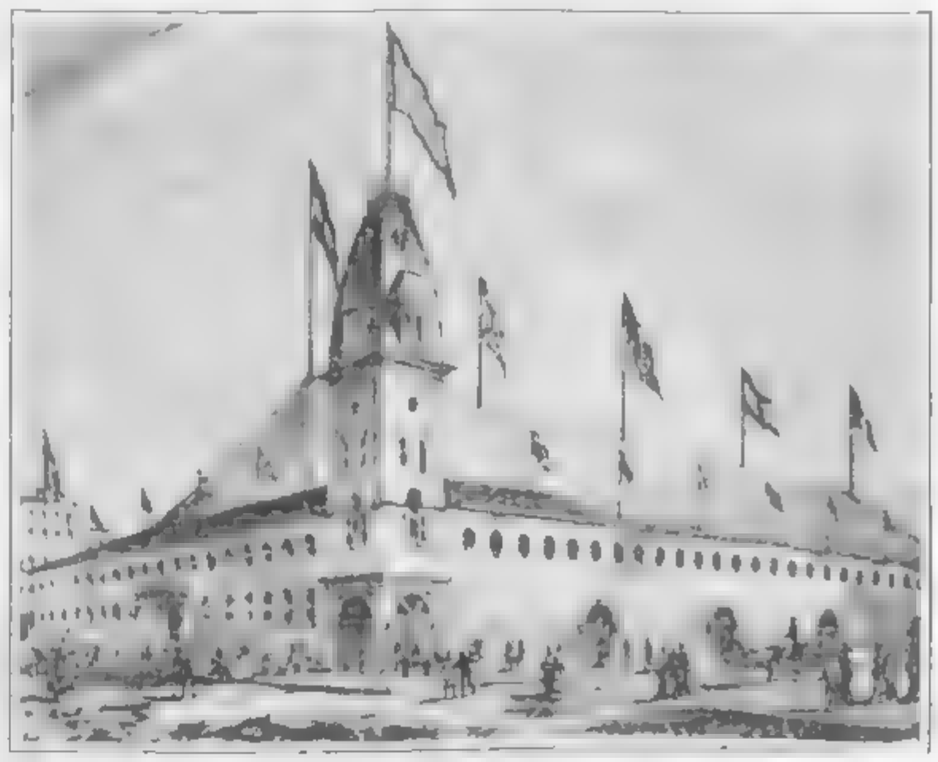
"The more I see of guys like you, the more I think of birth control."

From that moment on he was not interrupted. Before introducing Dundee and Terris he delivered a hoarse, manly tribute to the Garden, to pugilism, to Tex Rickard, to the followers of sports, and even relented enough to say a good word for his tormentors in the economical seats. Joe was in a mellow mood that evening which marked the finish of America's illustrious fight pit, and he had been in the game long enough to recognize that vocal seepage from the gallery seats was an integral part of the Garden's history.

The leather-lobed hecklers on the top shelf were the real critics of boxing, and all managers and fighters dreaded the unsolicited but correct judgment from the self-appointed jurors up among the dusty rafters. Many a slow fight was speeded up when the vestal urchins started that sarcastic handclapping in a monotonous tempo which could never be construed as applause. And many a wise referee stopped a contest when the hecklers whistled the dreamy bars of the Merry Widow, an informatory aria which tipped off the higher-priced but less critical customers that the two men in the ring were "waltzing" and otherwise "doing business."

The worst evening in the Garden was saved by a heckler with an eye for details. It was a hot summer evening, which necessitated the opening of the spacious skylights which formed a good section of the lofty roof. Two heavyweights were pulling and tugging around the canvas. They had apparently been comrades since boyhood days and saw no reason why they should change the habits of a lifetime just to please the disgruntled audience. All the fighting in the first six rounds had been done by the referee in futile efforts to pull the two sweethearts apart. A sudden shower came up in the seventh round and the fighters, referee and ringside spectators were drenched before the skylights could be closed. The fight went on for another round with no improvement, and in the tenth the dozing fans were aroused by a stentorian but reasonable request to:

"Open them skylights again and drown them two bums."



P. T. Barnum's Grand Roman Hippodrome, 1873

A Horse Show in the Early Days of the Garden

Paging Mr. Cross

THE name of that unknown kibitzer should go down in history along with the incognito heckler who gave Leach Cross some good advice when Leach was absorbing a splendid beating from Packey McFarland. Cross was a good fighter in the old days when the telephone was still a novelty. In this fight he was leading with his chin, parrying with his nose and doing most of his footwork on his heels.

Finally, a sympathetic kibitzer piped: "Leaches, you're wanted on the telephone."

(Continued on Page 113)

FOR METAL ONLY

As Told to Myron M. Stearns

An Automobile Graveyard

AT A SHARP turn in a country road, on a hill above a pond, lies an old automobile. Tires are gone, radiator is gone, motor is gone. Yet the chassis is otherwise complete. The hind wheels hang over a low stone wall, with a ten-foot drop below them. How narrowly, you think, some family escaped a terrible accident! Two feet more and the car would have catapulted down the hillside.

Half a mile further on, under a great elm tree beside a deserted farmhouse, is the wreck of another old car. Again the carcass, lying so close to the road, has been stripped of nearly everything that could be carried away; although the rear action is still intact. This time the evidences of a bad smash-up are clearer, for scattered about on the ground in front of the body lie parts of the motor, completely demolished.

Another quarter of a mile, and here is still a third wreck, in a flat field beside a brook. How in the world have all these cars gone to smash along one lonely dirt road—all three inside of a mile?

Gradually, if you are a close observer, a certain similarity in these wrecks dawns upon you. All are heavy cars. Tires, radiator and motor are invariably missing. Rear action and the rest of the chassis remain.

With a Buyer-Beware Complex

THE huge mechanical cuckoo that has dropped these dilapidated eggs is no mere god of chance, working through worn-out brake bands or absent-minded drivers. These cars did not come to grief where they lie. Like the victims of premeditated murder, they have been done in elsewhere, and then dumped, with calculated carelessness, where they are now rusting under rain and sun—one here, one there, and in a wooded hollow beyond, a full half dozen together.

Looking for the answer, I set a trap. The bait was an old seven-passenger car of a good make in which I had once taken the whole family from Connecticut to California and back. I put it in the yard next the house, where it could easily be seen from the road. The motor was twelve years old and not worth repairing. A local junk man had offered me twenty dollars for it. One of the family hopefuls had already borrowed the battery to use with his radio.

It was a good lure. Within a week a small truck stopped in front of the house. Two men got out, walked up to the derelict and looked it over. Presently one of them came to the door.

"Want to get rid of that junk?" he asked. "Give you five dollars for it."

"It's worth at least twenty," I countered.

He shook his head. "Ten's the highest we'd go."

"All right," I said, "if you'll let me go along and see what you do with it."

He looked at me suspiciously. "What's that?" he asked.

"You can have it for ten," I said, "if you'll let me go along and find out what happens to it. There's no harm in that, is there? Just let me ride along with you for a day. I want to see what you do with an old car."

He went down and conferred with his partner. I could see them stealing glances at me as they talked. Then, without even coming back to tell me the deal was off, they climbed into their truck and drove away. For several days I waited for their return, but they never came back.

In their stead, a couple of weeks later another pair showed up. They made a bigger offer—fifteen dollars. But when I tried to learn more about them and their methods of business, they, too, disappeared and never came back.

Then a third couple appeared—like the others, with a small truck that stopped in front of the house with the motor running. This time, however, there was a difference. Instead of going out to look over the bait, one of the men came directly to the house. He was better dressed than the others had been and walked with a limp.

A Sale

"WHAT'S this I hear about you wanting to go along and see a car cracked up?" he asked. "You figuring on going into the junk business?"

"No," I said. "I just want to find out about it. I see old cars lying about all over the country, and want to know what's happened to them and why they're left there."

He hesitated, looking me over.

"I'm a writer," I added.

"Oh," he exclaimed, as if that explained everything. It seemed to be quite a relief. "A couple of my men told me about you. They thought you was probably a detective." We fixed up a deal on the old sedan.

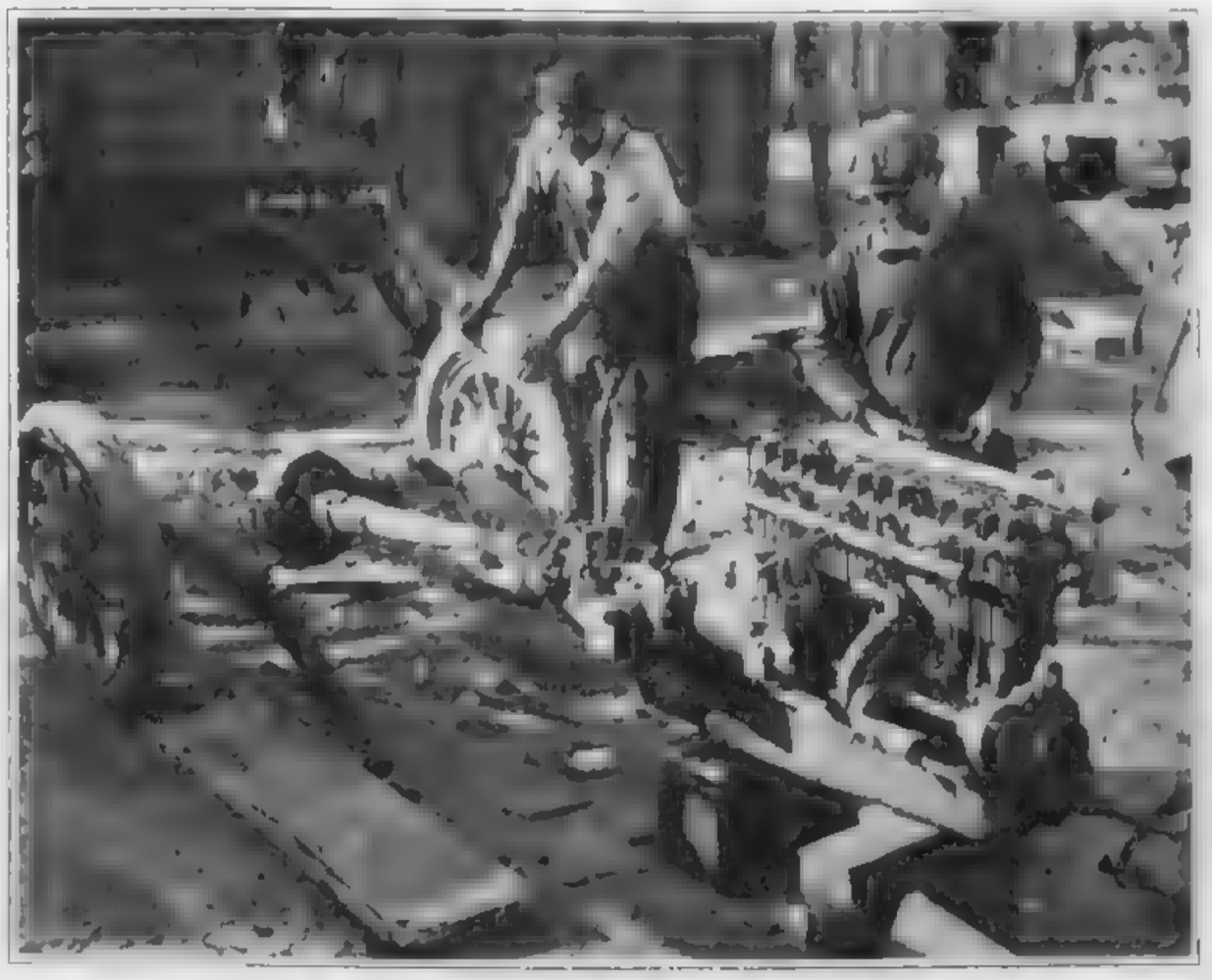
"Sure," he said. "I'll tell you about cracking up cars. Why not? Trouble with most of these junkies is they've lost their nerve. Maybe a man's done time; after that he's always afraid of somebody being after him."

I won't attempt to reproduce his exact language. "A lot of peddlers," he told me once, "are still in the peddle business. They ain't found out about metal yet."

I got this bum leg—he told me—in the Argonne. After I got out of the Army I found it was harder to get a job than I'd thought it would be. They called me "Lumpy." Before the war I'd been a truck driver, but when I began knocking around afterward I couldn't get back into it. I tried almost everything. I got to be what the employment agencies call a me-mechanic, because when they ask what one of these jack-of-all-trades fellows, who aren't really trained for anything, can do, firing the question out fast: "Well, what are you?" the answer is so often: "Me? Mechanic!" The agencies make quite a good piece of money off of them, because they don't often stick long at any one job, and that means a lot of commissions.

That's the way it was with me. About all I earned went to the agencies. The jobs got shorter and shorter and the waits between got longer and longer. Probably the trouble was I'd gone so sour I didn't much care what happened next. Just plain bum, that's what I was getting to.

Then I met up with a bird I'd known in France. Fred Finkle, his name was. We hadn't been in the same outfit, but had some drinks together a couple of times. He was just going to begin peddling and asked me if I wanted to go along. Say, that was a rope! He had an old wagon



Searching for Metal

(Continued on Page 43)

SLEEPY-EYE

By Charles Wertenbaker

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

WALTER PITT waited until his wife had left the dining room, and then he said, "Hack, I'm not going to send you to Berryville."

Haskell Pitt looked up from the mahogany table on which he had been drawing pictures of horses with the eraser end of a pencil, and turned his mild blue eyes toward his brother.

"Why not?" he said.

"Scrambled Egg needs working on," Walter Pitt said.

Hack rubbed his figures out with a napkin. "She's all right," he said. "The rest won't hurt her."

"She's got to be in shape for Warrenton."

"She'll be in shape for Warrenton, all right. What she needs now is rest. I may be dumb, but I know my horses."

"All right," Walter said, "let her rest." He lit a cigarette carefully and carefully disposed of the match. "Still, I don't think you'd better go to Berryville."

Hack hooked his thumbs under his belt. "What's the big idea?" he said.

Walter was sitting up straight, with his elbows on the table and his hands under his chin. That made him talk through his teeth.

He said, "If you're going to work for me you've got to take orders sometimes."

"I didn't say I wouldn't take orders. All I asked you was what the idea was."

"All right, I'll tell you. You've been getting drunk too much."

"Oh," said Hack. He looked at Walter. He'd never heard him say anything like that before. Walter was gazing at one of the candles with that imperturbable look of knowing what he was about. Hack always felt like a kid when he got into an argument with Walter; the expression on his long straight face and the snap in his voice and the cut of his clothes and the set of his tie made him feel that way. He could never make his own face stern or his voice snappy, and his clothes had a way of getting too short in the sleeves and legs soon after he bought them, and of staying on him in a stand-offish sort of way. He pulled the collar of his old Norfolk jacket close around his neck and looked out of the open window.

After a minute Walter said, in the voice he would use to a child, "Not that I care about your getting drunk so much, but there are a lot of old women ——"

Hack was beginning to get the idea. "You mean it interferes with your political ambitions?" he said.

Walter didn't seem to like the way he said that. "I haven't got any particular political ambitions," he said, "but if they should start looking for a new man for Congress they wouldn't want anybody whose kid brother was a drunk."

"All right," Hack said. "I don't want to spoil your plans."

"Don't get sullen," Walter said. "You make me sore when you get sullen. Why don't you use your head sometimes?"

"What's the use when you've got such a good one?"

"You get dumber every day." Walter took a drink of water. "Can't you see what a fool you're making out of yourself?"

"How come?"

"Just because that little Jo Thornton has started running around with other people, you're trying to make yourself a horrible example. That's no way to get a girl."

"You know all about girls, don't you?"

"I know enough about 'em to know that one's after somebody with money. That lets you out right there. You not only haven't got any money but you're not worth a damn."

"Your horses have won a powerful lot of blue ribbons since I've been taking care of 'em," Hack said.

"They're good horses— that's why."

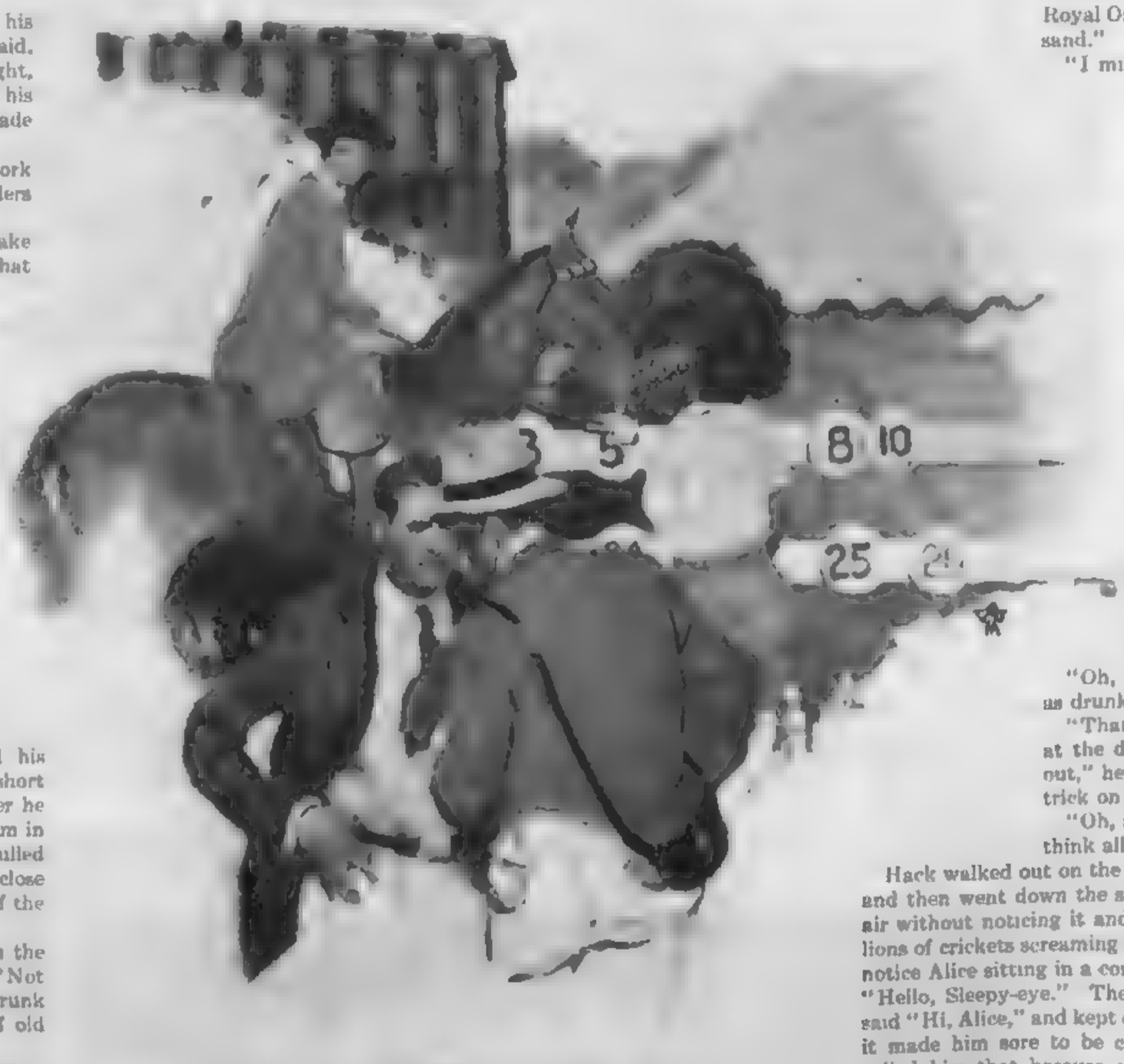
"They're good horses because I've trained 'em right and because I know how to ride 'em right—that's why they're good horses."

"All right," Walter said, "we'll see how they do at Berryville."

Hack watched a June bug buzz in through the open window and circle around the room. He must have taken the wrong attitude toward Walter—Walter was sore now.

He said, "Listen! I don't see any sense in your idea about my getting tight—everybody gets tight at the horse shows—but if you're so particular about it I'll go on a pledge with you not to get tight at Berryville."

"I think you'd better stay here," Walter said.



"Say, Look Here," Hack Said, "What About This Race?" "What About It?"

"I've got to go. It's only two days from now and I've got a horse I've got to look out for."

"What horse?"

"May Shy."

"That big knock-kneed gray?" Walter looked amused.

"That big knock-kneed gray's going to win the Royal Oaks Cup," Hack said. "Don't fool yourself about that."

"You're crazy," Walter said.

"That horse can run," Hack said. "Your little old bay won't have a prayer."

"When did you get that idea?"

"Just lately, after I found somebody who could ride him and timed him a couple of times."

Walter looked worried now. He knew Hack knew all about horses, if he didn't know anything else

"Have you got him entered?" he said.

"Sure."

"Under my name or yours?"

"Mine."

"You've been keeping him in my stables and feeding him on my feed, haven't you?"

"Sure," Hack said. "I didn't think you'd care. I'll pay you if you want me to."

"No, that's all right." Walter got more affable. "Why don't you enter him in my name?" he said. "You don't care, do you?"

"It's too late to change the entry now," Hack said. "What difference does it make?"

"Oh, no difference," Walter said sarcastically. "Only if I win the cup again this year, I'll keep it, and winning it would help my prestige along. Besides, I've bet a lot on the bay."

"I never thought of that," Hack said. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"How did I know that big hulk could run? How much do you expect to win on the race, anyway?"

"I don't know. I haven't got much money, but I ought to win nearly a thousand at the odds I'll get."

"I'll give you a thousand to withdraw," Walter said.

"It'll be worth more than that," Hack said. "If that horse wins the Royal Oaks, I can sell him for five thousand."

"I might even buy him from you."

"Nothing doing," Hack said. "I'd like to help you out, but I've sort of set my heart on winning that race."

"You're not sure of it," Walter said. "I'll give you as much as you'd win, and there's no chance of losing."

"There's no chance of losing anyway. That horse can run, I tell you."

"You may know all about horses, but you're dumb," Walter said. "There are lots of ways to lose a horse race."

"Well, I'll take a chance," Hack said. "I'm going to Berryville, ain't I?"

"I suppose so," Walter said. He seemed to be thinking.

Hack got up and walked toward the door. "How about that pledge?" he said

"Oh, never mind the pledge. Get as drunk as you please."

"Thanks," Hack said. He hesitated at the door. "Sorry I can't help you out," he said, "but it would be a dirty trick on the horse."

"Oh, all right," Walter said, "if you think all that of a horse."

Hack walked out on the porch, stood there for a second and then went down the steps. He inhaled cool Virginia air without noticing it and paid no attention to the millions of crickets screaming from the fields. He didn't even notice Alice sitting in a corner of the porch until she said "Hello, Sleepy-eye." Then he looked and saw her and said "Hi, Alice," and kept on toward the barn. Sometimes it made him sore to be called Sleepy-eye. Walter had called him that because of his heavy lids that drooped halfway over his pupils. Walter said the name in a superior way that irritated him, but Alice said it in a half-affectionate, half-patronizing way. But tonight he didn't even want to be patronized affectionately. He got fed up sometimes.

He had been patronized ever since he could remember. His father used to tell everybody, "That's the dumbest kid in seven counties, but he sure knows horses. I spose that's natural, though—horses are the dumbest things in the world." Then he would slap Hack on the back. They had never let him forget that he was dumb.

It had been rather convenient when he was a kid. Nobody objected when he quit school at sixteen and devoted all his time to his father's few good horses; it added to the collection of blue ribbons. He understood horses and he liked them, and he preferred to keep on riding them and looking after them to going to the university. Besides, there wasn't enough money to send both Walter and him to the university, and Walter wanted to go. And so he had stayed here and never bothered about anything but horses and never thought about anything but horses until his father died three years ago.

Walter had been different. Walter had always had brains. He had studied law at the university and then he had gone to New York and done pretty well. He had married Alice and got a lot of money along with her.

Hack had an idea that money was a bad thing for Walter, but he had never been able to figure out just why he thought so, and it wasn't worth the trouble to keep on thinking about it. Anyway Alice was a swell woman.

After his father died, Walter had said, "Well, I guess I've got to look after you," and moved back here. He had fixed the place up, added a new wing to the house, and after the old barn burned down, built a big new one. Then he had started acquiring a stable, and at the same time had provided Hack with a regular job. He didn't have any title, but for the past three years he had taken care of the horses, with plenty of colored help, for which Walter paid him a hundred dollars a month and gave him food and a place to sleep.

It was all a nice easy-going sort of life. He never had anything to worry about, never needed any more money than he had and never suffered on account of his lack of brains. He didn't know just how he was deficient in brain power, but they had been telling him he was dumb for so long that he believed it as a matter of course. He had never been interested in books and things like that, but he had always been able to take care of himself anywhere, and he didn't bother to try to figure out what the world was made of or who started the war or what was the matter with marriage, because he just didn't give a damn. He was like that mule in the story.

He didn't worry now about Walter's disappointment over his prospect of losing the Royal Oaks Cup Race. It wasn't his fault; it was just a tough break, and that was all there was to it. He didn't know why Walter was so anxious to win it. Of course, it was the biggest racing prize, except the Gold Cup, which was for hunters, in the Virginia horse shows; but he couldn't see how Walter could think it was worth a lot of money unless Walter had bet more than the price of the gray. That wasn't likely though. He tried to figure how much Walter would have had to bet to make it worth while to pay him five thousand to keep his horse out, but it was too hard to work out, so he gave it up. What difference did it make, anyway?

There was something about it all that still worried him. He supposed it was Walter's offer. It amounted to Walter's trying to buy him out to give him the race, and that didn't seem to be exactly straight. Walter was cold-blooded, but he had never thought of him as crooked. Well, maybe Walter didn't look at it that way. Anyway, he'd win the race; then he wouldn't have anything to bother about.

"The Trouble With You," Jo Said, "Is That You're Too Lazy to Think. You Could Use Your Head if You Tried"

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and stepped on them carefully. Then he went into May Shy's stall. It wouldn't do to let this horse see fire or smell smoke. When he was a colt he had been caught in the fire in the old barn, and ever since then he had been flighty and liable to go wild any time. One day after he had kicked three of the boys Walter had said he was going to shoot him, and Hack had bought him for twenty-five dollars, after promising he wouldn't let anybody else get near him. Hack had worked hard on him and brought him around a bit, but it wasn't until the Royal Oaks last year that he had found out what the trouble was. A boy smoking a pipe in front of his stall had set him off so that he couldn't be got to the track. After that Hack watched him and found that he went wild only when there was fire or smoke around.

Knowing that, it was easy. He was the fastest horse in the stables and this year he'd show 'em. Benny, the kid he had hired to ride him, was the only other person who knew what the trouble was, and Benny kept a lookout for fires. Hack didn't want anybody else to know about it—somebody might get funny.

He looked the horse over carefully and felt his shoulders. He was all right. He slapped him on the back affectionately. He and May Shy got on together; the horse was probably his best friend. He slapped him on the back again. Catch him doing anything to keep him from winning that race! He might be big and knock-kneed, but he could run, and when a horse could run like that, form didn't matter. They'd laugh this year.

He looked in for a minute at May Fly before he went out. Here was a beautiful horse but she could never run with the gray. Fly and Shy, Hack called them. He thought it was a pretty good joke.

He had a vague uneasy feeling and looked at his watch. It was eight o'clock. He wondered why he felt uneasy; then he remembered that he had a date with Jo Thornton at eight o'clock. It would take him half an hour to get to Middleburg. He walked quickly up the hill to where his flivver was standing under a tree—he never bothered to put it away—and got in. The starter wouldn't work, so he got out and cranked it. Then he remembered the slow leak and got out again and pumped up the right front tire. While he was doing that the motor stopped. He cranked it again, got in and started off

He tried to think as he drove along. He had something to think about. It was the only thing worth thinking about. He couldn't help trying to think about this. Something had got into Jo. She used to be a good fellow; now she had started playing around with a bunch of Washington men and was sort of elusive toward him. She had suddenly got like all the rest of the women; she had waked up to the fact that eyes were useful for something besides seeing and had started putting on lipstick. It made Hack sore, especially since she didn't seem to like him as well as she used to. She used to be such a good skate.

They had ridden a pair of saddle horses in the class for a lady and a gentleman when they were eight and ten and had won the blue ribbon. Since then they had ridden together in nearly every horse show in Virginia for the past fifteen years and had won more ribbons than Jo knew what to do with. She was the best horsewoman in the state, just as he was the best horseman, and they had always done pretty much the same things and liked pretty much the same things. He had supposed they would keep on doing and liking the same things and eventually get married and have a couple of children who would do and like the same things they had done and liked.

He had never talked to her about it. There hadn't been any need of it, he had thought. He had supposed she took it all for granted just as he did. Besides, he was only twenty-five and she was two years younger. There was plenty of time for all that later on. Now he wondered if he ever would talk to her about it. She had been different ever since she spent last winter in the North, and he couldn't talk to her about anything when she was different. So he had taken it out in getting tight.

He remembered what Walter had said about her wanting a man with a lot of money. He had never thought that about Jo. In fact, he had never thought about her wanting any man. He had thought she was going to marry him. He wondered how he ever got the idea, and, if it was wrong, how he had kept it so long. He couldn't understand

(Continued on Page 152)

Hack Went Up to Him. "Are We Going to Win, Benny?" He Said. "Yas-Suh," Benny Said, Showing Teeth

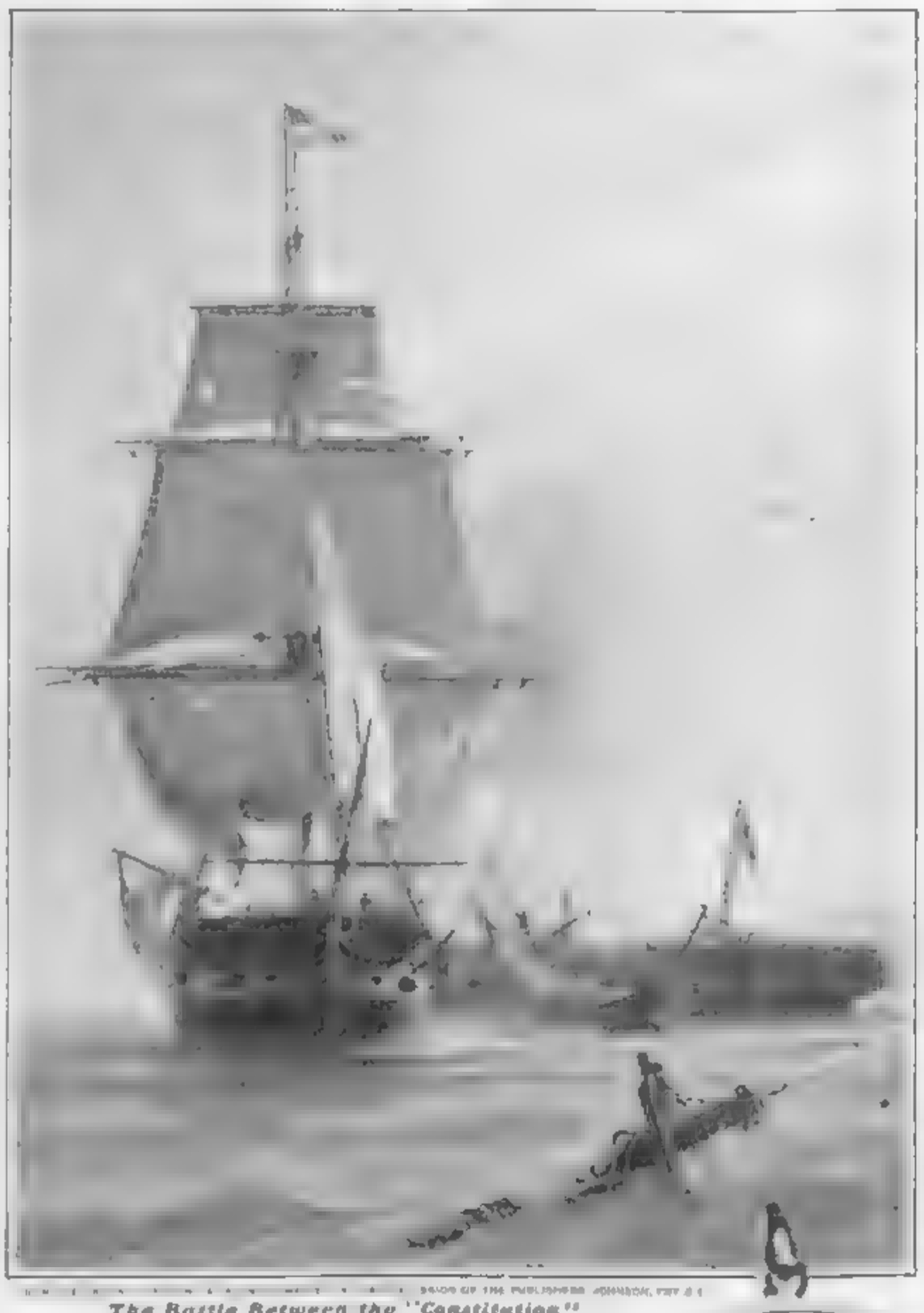
SWORDS AND ROSES

Shadows on the Sea—By Joseph Hergesheimer

AT THE age of thirteen, precocious even for naval gentlemen in the year 1832, John Newland Maffitt was commissioned midshipman by the United States. His commission bore the date of February twenty-fifth. He reported in March, and in September he was ordered to the U. S. sloop of war St. Louis. The St. Louis cruised to the West Indies; in December she was anchored at Pensacola, overhauling ship and getting in stores; she stood away for the Windward Islands with Havana for the next port of call. January, 1834, John Maffitt obtained leave of absence, and later in the same year—he was then fifteen—he was ordered to the Boston Navy Yard. In 1835, February, he was on board the frigate Constitution, flagship of the squadron under Commodore Elliot fitting out for a three years' cruise to the Mediterranean. He presented his orders to the commanding officer of his ship, they were countersigned, and he proceeded forward—wholly familiar with his small and intricate and rigid world—to the steerage and quarters of the younger officers.

He found the midshipmen at their dinner in the port mess room, and there were exclamations in proper keeping with the romantic gravity of their prospects. "John Maffitt, by all the rosy gods!" The bottle was then passed and Maffitt's health secured a complete attention. A brief period of seasickness followed with the midshipmen, but on the first Saturday night out there was a bowl of hot punch. There were toasts.

"Well, gentlemen," this was Benton, a Kentuckian—"fill up and we'll drink to a jolly cruise, a happy return and a speedy promotion." A song was demanded, a guitar produced. What should the nature of the music be—love, murder or choragic? The next acknowledgment, it was pointed out, was by custom—on Saturday night—sweethearts and wives. "We'll take," Benton asserted, "a pull at the sentimental halyards first."



The Battle Between the "Constitution" and the "Guerriere"

At Piræus, Maffitt, who was the captain's aide, was ordered to prepare the barge to bring on board the King and Queen of Greece. This ceremony was interrupted only by a single minor accident—the ice-cream freezer was allowed to fall in the sea. It was recovered without comment by the boatmen, but the queen, it was politely evident, did not enjoy the consequent flavor of salt. She was known, however, to cherish a passion for dancing, and Captain Bruin ordered part of the ship's band to the quarter-deck. It played a most animated waltz, the queen looked wistfully at the captain, and he was obliged to admit that he was no waltzer. He beckoned, he said, to one of his aides, Midshipman Maffitt, who was quite an adept at the business, presented him to the young queen—she was fifteen—and motioned to him to be off.

Twenty couples, including the king, soon followed them. Dusk floated over the harbor, awnings were spread, the muskets of the marines were ranged around the capstan with lighted candles in their muzzles. The dance continued until two o'clock in the morning, when the king proposed his return to shore. The boats were manned, the masts and yards of the Constitution illuminated, and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. The Queen of Greece, leaving the ship, promised that she would give a ball in return; she said this to Mr. Maffitt, together with some other and undiscoverable things, and departed with his cloak wrapped about her shoulders. Invitations arrived for Captain Bruin, General Cass and his family, and for John Maffitt; only the captain on a British frigate was invited; and when Maffitt asked permission to attend the queen's ball it was refused. If he went, Bruin pointed out, it would not only damage the feelings of the young men who had been neglected but probably result in complaint from the English ambassador.

The frigate sailed from Piræus the next day, and at Cape Colonna the young gentlemen visited the temples of Minerva and Jupiter Olympus. They were carried to Smyrna and Scio, to Tenedos and Syria and Candia, and then returned to the familiar harbor of Port Mahon. At Malaga, Maffitt met the two lovely daughters of General Obergrand and never forgot them. He attended a masked ball in Lisbon, to celebrate the marriage of the Prince of Saxe-Coburg with Donna Maria of Portugal, in the costume of an Indian squaw. He was ordered to the U. S. schooner Shark for passage home, and displayed great energy and ability he had a large part in putting down the threat of a mutiny, and, although he was not a regular watch officer, on several occasions he was given charge of the deck. The Shark docked at Newport and Maffitt went to Baltimore, where he prepared for examination to obtain the rank of passed midshipman. In June, 1838, he was promoted and ordered to the Government packet Woodbury.

Lieut. John Newland Maffitt, 1840

He was on the U. S. sloop of war Vandalia by November. In 1839 Maffitt was concerned with storms in the Gulf of Mexico. He saw, at Vera Cruz, the French fleet that stormed and took the celebrated fortress at San Juan de Ulua.

At Matamoras he came near to drowning on the bar, and in June he left Vera Cruz for Tampico and continued on to Pensacola. He had been assigned to the frigate Macedonian, but he was first granted a leave of absence for three months.

He had met, in Pensacola, Miss Mary Florence Murrell, the daughter of a Virginia gentleman who had removed to Alabama, and they were very soon married. Two years later, acting master of the Macedonian, he was ordered back to Pensacola, to the navy yard; and there his first child, a girl, was born and baptized on the frigate. He was detached again and placed on waiting orders. On the twenty-first of November, 1842, John Maffitt was ordered to the rendezvous at Baltimore. The May following he was with the Coast Survey. Maffitt brought his family to Baltimore, where he rented a house and engaged a long-known Irishman to take care of his interests.

This was in 1844, when his first son, Eugene Anderson, was born and when tragedy overcame his house. What, exactly, that was is lost in the past. His biography—the only available intimate source of information—was written by Emma Martin Maffitt, his third wife, and her comment is at once poetic, final and obscure. "Upon this period of his life," she wrote, "let silence fall; the broken threads of his life were gathered up and its warp and woof rewoven, but the scars remained." It does not seem improbable that the catastrophe, involving Mary Florence, included as well the long-known and trusted Irishman.

Lieutenant John Maffitt's work in the Coast Survey was highly important: it was connected—and always without accurate instruments—with the hydrographic plotting in Boston Harbor and at Nantucket, and, commanding the vessel Gallatin, a topsail schooner, at Charleston. He made a reconnaissance south of Cape Hatteras, and of Bull's Bay, northeast of Charleston, and discovered a new channel, Maffitt's Channel, across the Charleston Bar. He surveyed Beaufort Harbor and charted Rattlesnake Shoals, off the limit of the available sheets. He mapped the Savannah Bar, the Savannah River from Cockspur to Shad's Chimney, and the North Edisto Bar and river. In 1851 he was stationed, with the Gallatin, at Smithville, North Carolina, at the mouth of the Cape Fear River.

Smithville, deserted in winter, in summer was filled by the polite society of Wilmington; it was, consequently, a place of cultivation and gayety. The officers of the Coast Survey lived in the barracks at Fort Johnson, they were invited to the selectest parties, and John Maffitt organized a dramatic company.

There were, as well, games in which everyone took part in the garrison grounds—football and prisoner's base, especially when there was a moon—and the flying of kites. Picnics along the beaches, sea bathing, occupied the days; tableaux and dancing ornamented the nights in brilliant illuminated houses and balconies, Chinese pagodas and gardens.

On one occasion the Arundle cotillion was followed by a scene from the Bride of Lammermoor; a Cotillion Waltz was supported by Dombey and the Nipper; there was a march from Norma, a Grand Promenade and a Scene—Pickwick and the Middle-Aged Lady—a Cotillion, Beautiful Boy, was followed by an Elopement in High Life; the Polka Cotillion was followed by the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Caudle; a Curtsey Cotillion preceded a Gypsy Encampment; the Basket Cotillion exhibited, at its end, Samuel Weller and the Pretty Housemaid; the Sociable Cotillion—An Artist's Studio—a Cotillion, Miss Philadelphia, showed a scene entitled the Gold Diggers. All this began at a quarter-past eight; when the last figure was

completed four skyrockets were sent up, a gong sounded and a wild strain of Arabic music. At 1:30 there was a reel in the costumes of the tableaux.

In 1852, in St. Paul's Church at Charleston, John Maffitt married Mrs. Caroline Laurens Read, the widow of Lieutenant James W. Read; they returned to Smithville, where they lived in a house on the garrison grounds and Maffitt continued his hydrographic work. He noted important changes on the Cape Fear Bar and in the Gulf Stream; with the schooners Bancroft and Crawford he completed the preliminary survey of the entrance to Port Royal and the Broad and Beaufort rivers; he established the shore line of St. Helena Sound and inside soundings between the coast and Martin's Industry.

Lieutenant Maffitt was detached and ordered to command the brig Dolphin; this was interrupted by a confusion of orders; a political retiring board arbitrarily placed him on the indefinite furlough list, finding he was incapable of performing promptly and efficiently his duty ashore and afloat; but that was so obviously unjust, so ridiculous, that, after a brief hearing, he was immediately restored to the Dolphin. His duty now was the capture of pirates and slave ships, and, cruising on the north coast of Cuba, running down the shore line between Sagua la Grande and Cardenas, he grew suspicious of a vessel laying the same course. The Dolphin went in pursuit and, drawing close, hoisted an English flag and fired two blank cartridges. This had no effect and the Dolphin fired a solid shot across the other's bows; a second shot was more effective, and American colors were raised. Maffitt hauled down the English flag; he showed his own and fired a shot through the main topsail of the vessel he was overtaking. That brought her to, and Lieutenant Bradford was ordered aboard; she had no papers or national flag. A cargo of negroes was stowed in a temporary deck forty-four inches high. She was the Echo—Putnam, New Orleans was half painted out on her stern—and she was brought into Charleston.

Maffitt, in 1854, bought land on the James River, in Virginia; he removed with his family there; and, except for the failure of his wife's health, a short happy period followed. In 1859 he sold his Virginia property and bought a house in Washington, on K Street. Mrs. Maffitt died and he was obliged to place his children at appropriate schools and in the care of a cousin, Mrs. Hybart, at Ellerslie. Lieutenant Maffitt was then in command of the U. S. steamer Crusader. His duty again was to cruise off Cuba and intercept slave ships and pirates. In the Old Bahama Channel, not far from Nuevitas, a questionable square-rigged ship was reported from aloft. A shot was fired to windward of her and she showed the French colors at her peak. As the Crusader came alongside the peculiar and sickening stench of a slave ship was heavily perceptible; there was a continuous audible moaning and murmur of human voices.

Before a boat could bring up from the Crusader the close-battened hatches of the slaver were broken open and hundreds of shouting liberated negroes filled the deck. They climbed along the rail, they hung on the shrouds and swarmed up the rigging. They burst into bread barrels and water casks, and decorated themselves in everything their hands came on—some fastened belaying pins to their wrists and others paraded with copper ladles hung about their necks. Naked black women—Maffitt's marines clothed them with the ends of canvas—stood, many with babies in their arms, entranced. The captain of the slave ship was French, the crew French and Spanish, and the negroes had been selected from three thousand prisoners of war taken by the King of Dahomey.

John Maffitt captured the Echo, the Bogota; in July, 1860, he took the slave ship Kibly; on the fourteenth of August he brought to an end the career of the pirate, Young Antonio. He was ordered to sail for New York, and unable to get money at the Bank of Havana for the necessities of his ship, he took the sum from his private funds. Maffitt turned the Crusader over to the Navy, but the money he had furnished was never repaid by the Government. He began to be considered Southern in his sympathies.

Captain J. N. Maffitt, Commander of the "Florida." At Left—His Daughter, Florie

John Newland Maffitt's father, an Irishman, had been a Methodist preacher in New London, Connecticut. He had preceded his family to America; his wife Ann, then beautiful and young, impetuously followed him, and John Newland was born at sea. In 1824, his uncle, Dr. William Maffitt, who lived near Fayetteville in North Carolina, visited his brother in Connecticut; he found the preacher in greatly reduced circumstances and he adopted John, then five years of age. When he was nine Doctor Maffitt sent him north to a school at White Plains, New York; he entered the United States Navy from there; but the four years he spent at Ellerslie, his uncle's place, bound his imagination and allegiance to North Carolina. The suspicions of the authorities of the Union were correct—when North Carolina seceded, Maffitt followed with his adopted state.

On the fourth of June, 1861, his resignation from the Navy was accepted to date from May second; but it was doubtful if he could escape from Washington. He succeeded, however, through the sympathetic understanding of a Federal officer, in crossing the Long Bridge, although it was closely guarded by a company of artillery. Maffitt stayed for a night in Alexandria, and then went on to Richmond and the Confederate capital at Montgomery.

John Maffitt saw Mr. Davis; he offered his services to the South, but the President informed him that he did not contemplate forming a navy. Maffitt was so discouraged that he returned to his hotel and was packing his trunk for Europe when Robert Toombs, with Ben Hill and others, arrived direct from a discussion with Jefferson Davis and insisted that the South would not agree to his loss. He received, finally, a lieutenant's commission and orders to report to Commodore Tatnall at Savannah. General Beauregard had invited Maffitt to join his staff, but the Secretary of War refused permission. The Confederate Government, immediately after this, was forced to maintain some protection on the waters along its coast, and it purchased, without any reference to their essential fitness, what steam vessels were available. They were mostly aged and dilapidated tug boats and flimsy passenger steamers, with neither speed nor the tonnage to support suitable ordnance. Maffitt arrived at Savannah May ninth, where he was to take command of the Savannah, a former passenger boat on the inland route to Jacksonville, Florida, and his abrupt description of her was an absurd abortion. The fleet consisted of the Sampson, an old tug; the Resolute, an old tug; and the Lady Davis, an iron tug. John Maffitt made a number of invaluable suggestions for the improvement of the Confederacy on the sea; they were all refused sanction but one, and that was accepted too late to be put into action. In November he was attached to the staff of General Lee, in South Carolina, in the capacity of naval aide, to map roads and construct inland forts.

In April, 1861, Mr. Lincoln proclaimed a military and commercial blockade of the South extending from the capes of Virginia to the mouth of the Rio Grande. This was, in effect, hardly better than a paper blockade; the Paris Congress of 1856 had ruled that a blockade, to be binding, must be effective; and the Union, with only four warships immediately available, concentrated at the main

(Continued on Page 56)

The "Florida" Chasing the Ship "Star of Peace"

The Slave Ship Sighting an English Cruiser

JUMBO

By HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. D. STEVENS

"I Can't Afford to Forget It," He Said Sharply. "We'd Better Start"

AS HE neared the desk from which a neat black-and-silver sign gave him the greeting of his surname, V. Hogan Flint's gait and face and bearing became even more definitely militant. Fixed habit held his head stiffly back and squared his shoulders; his hands, swung inward against his thighs by the martial outbowing of his elbows, arranged themselves instinctively as fists; a lower jaw endowed with strong prominence by heredity acquired an accented quality of jut; his walk, at all times constrained to swagger as the result of the mild outcurve of his legs, became now the warlike strut of the Airedale moving to battle.

Under his breath and between his lips words wholly foreign to Hogan Flint's audible utterance formed themselves:

"The big stiff! The big, overgrown, yellow stiff!"

He opposed an uncompromising hostility to the good-humored blue eye of Jeff Wonner, seated on the edge of Hogan Flint's desk, one huge leg swinging free, his broad brick-tinted countenance somehow enlarged and reddened by its indolently tolerant grin.

"Well, well, well!" Wonner's voice rumbled loosely. "Look who's here after the early worm! Hello, there, Fight-face!"

Hogan Flint ignored the epithet, a favorite pleasantry of Wonner's.

"Sprawl on your own desk, will you?"

The yapping bark of the words left a pleasant sting on his lips. Wonner's bulk, always an affront, seemed more than commonly offensive this morning. Again, inwardly, Hogan Flint referred to bigness and yellowness. Wonner's flabby grin was like a drawled challenge. He swung his generous foot, not otherwise stirring.

"That's a nice way to talk, Jumbo." He chuckled fatly. "Don't you know that the voice with the smile wins?" He hooked his thumbs comfortably in the armholes of his waistcoat. "Look at me—always merry and bright, and what's the result? Who's going to get Shumberg's job?" Again he chuckled. "About time you started to treat me with respect, Jumbo."

"Don't call me Jumbo, either." Hogan Flint spoke between his teeth. At the back of his mind the old habit of precalculation mapped out the plan of attack. Wonner's bulk was pear shaped, falling in a gentle slope from the double chin to the bulge above his belt; he would be soft and sensitive here. "And get off my desk before you're thrown off," Flint added. Wonner grinned.

"Meaning you'll do the throwing? That'll be nice. It's a long time since anybody heaved me over a hundred yards. O-o-oof!"

The ejaculation issued from him almost conversationally. All his life Hogan Flint had fought bigger men. Before he had mastered long division he had acquired the special technic of overcoming physical odds. Fifty times, under Jeff Wonner's indolent chaffing, he had mentally performed precisely the maneuver which he now translated to actuality. You could always take big, overconfident bulk by surprise if you shot yourself like a missile, aimed yourself at the weakest point. Propelled by the explosion of pent energy, one hundred and twenty pounds of Hogan Flint impacted neatly on the undefended salient of Wonner's vest. With his thumbs still hooked in his armholes, Mr. Wonner, emitting only an involuntary and slightly plaintive exclamation, slid from the desk and sat profoundly on the floor. Rising awkwardly, he made ineffectual gestures of defense against a second darting onslaught. The lumbering coördinations of bulk were against him; pain did not instantly translate itself to wrath. He was still grinning dazedly as he stumbled backward before Hogan Flint's second assault. The wall cut off his retreat. A big, unwieldy arm, swinging wildly, hooked itself about Flint's neck and held him fast, his fists laboring spitefully on the cushioned salient.

"Here! What's going on?" The voice of authority came to Flint's rescue. Released, he sprang back. Paul Anderson, displeased and unwontedly presidential, regarded Wonner with marked disfavor. "Well, Wonner?"

The tone left no room for doubt as to Anderson's attitude. Under his cool displeasure, Wonner, still bewildered and short of breath, fumbled awkwardly for explanation.

"The little rooster hopped me," he panted. "Lit on me like a hornet just because I jollied him. I——"

Anderson's eye chilled. It moved significantly from one combatant to the other, manifestly comparing weights and sizes.

"It's lucky I came in before he had quite killed you, I suppose." He regarded Flint with a certain hint of grudged approval. "Well, let him alone now, Flint."

He moved on to the inner office. Hogan Flint, still breathing quickly, ignored Wonner's vague reproaches. He was sternly pleased with himself. Beaten bulk deserved no sympathy. Wonner had asked for a beating—had been asking for it every day for a couple of years. It served him exactly right if Paul Anderson took it for granted that he'd been the aggressor in this final appeal to arms. He'd been presuming on his size right along, just as all big, lumpy men would do if you let them get by with it. Hogan Flint ought to have applied, long ago, his early knowledge of the way to deal with bullies. If he had jumped Wonner at the first sign of his heavyweight idea of humor there wouldn't be so much likelihood, right now, of Wonner's stepping into Shumberg's job.

The thought instantly quenched what remained of Hogan Flint's joy of combat. If Wonner got that job he would be, under only Anderson himself, sole despot of the outer office, with powers of low and middle justice over everybody in it, including Hogan Flint himself. And Wonner was a born bully; just as he had presumed on bulk he would presume on authority. If he got Shumberg's place, Hogan Flint, after this morning's row, was going to find himself seriously out of luck.

Misfortune, he realized, would extend well beyond matters merely financial. Until this moment he had not thought of his job with any special affection; he had regarded it, indeed, with a certain hostile impatience. Now, quite suddenly, it translated itself into other terms than those of business; it was directly and intimately involved, first of all, with Marian Drew, and with Hogan Flint's secret forevisionings concerning her. Through and beyond Marian, it was interwoven into the fabric of existence as Hogan Flint vehemently desired existence to become—the little slate-roofed house at Weymouth, life there, the society of Weymouth's singularly congenial and agreeable little community, friendly association with men like Gifford Buller and Bill Oliver—but principally and most immediately it concerned Marian Drew.

As he contemplated a mental image of the girl, Hogan Flint's throat tightened under the old sense of oppression and injustice. From his first acquaintance with it the world had impressed itself upon him as a world of giants—giants differing in the nature and degree of their bigness, but alike in their advantage over Hogan Flint and in their careless, almost contemptuous hostility toward him.

There had been at first the problem of defending himself against the other boys of his age, all bigger than he was; beyond them stood still bigger elders, and beyond these, grown-ups, parents and teachers and police, all given to the abuse of authority. He had learned of necessity the several ways of resisting these enemies. Need had quickened his wits, taught his nerves and muscles that coöperation that served in place of strength, given him speed for swift evasion and retreat.

Later, as he fought through college with only his own earnings to pay his way, he encountered the brute power of money and learned to deal with it as he had dealt with other bullies. What a man lacked in one respect he must make up by superiority in another; pennies, plus thrift and caution and discrimination, could hold their own against careless and overconfident dollars, just as a candidate for quarterback who weighed only a hundred and twenty could take the place away from boys forty pounds heavier by thinking faster and straighter, by using his compact body more cunningly, by developing aggressive self-confidence instead of lumpy muscles. Emerging, without money or influence, to scramble for a living in a world unanimously hostile, he proved that resolution, decision, courage and cunning could combine to offset a man's disadvantages, physical and financial.

But when it came to the matter of a girl like Marian Drew—— Hogan Flint drew in his breath slowly, feeling the pang of it in his tightened throat. You might be able to lick a man twice your size, you might have learned how to fight and think your way past all sorts of obstacles and handicaps to success in business, but when you set your silly heart on reaching up to grasp a shining star——

It had been pathetically hopeless, even before this morning—that dream of Marian Drew. Now, facing the prospect of revengeful hostility in immediate authority, Hogan Flint actually attempted to surrender. He might contrive perhaps to hold his job, but with Jeff Wonner in control of

the department that would be the best he might expect. It would take years to fight his way up past Wonner to prosperity rationally adequate to those castles in the air that had taken shape about the radiant vision of Marian Drew—years—years in which the other fellows who hovered about her would have every chance and Hogan Flint would have none at all—Jerry Linton, with his leisure and his cars and his good-looking bigness; Ben Webscott, with that indolent gift of making everybody laugh at everything he said; Wally Brent, who could invite his friends to lazy cruises on his father's yacht and house parties at the summer palace in Bar Harbor.

Yes, said part of Hogan Flint's consciousness, the course of common sense was to have done, once for all, with unattainable ambitions and settle down to objectives which might conceivably be reached. He'd wasted too much time and thought on these absurd imaginings. Better quit right now and ——

No! Unmistakably, with no need for a rising vote, the motion was defeated. Hogan Flint felt the old stirring thrill of exhilaration tingle through him, the same joyous, giant-killing zest that he had known when he stood up, after that first day at school, to fight Bob Birdsell, a good head taller and two years older. The bigger they were, the farther and harder they fell! Quit? He heard himself chuckle between his teeth at the ridiculous suggestion.

A kind of spiritual momentum carried him far past the emotional dead center. Instead, now, of merely refusing to surrender, he was mobilized and fired for attack—attack which made up in ferocity and unexpectedness for what it might lack in numbers and ammunition. He was on his feet, moving decisively past Wonner's desk to the door of Paul Anderson's private office. His head was back, his shoulders squared, his legs moved in that stiff-kneed, belligerent swing that was in itself a declaration of war.

Without knocking, he went boldly into Anderson's presidential presence, not pausing respectfully just beyond the threshold but striding almost menacingly straight to the big, ordered desk. Inwardly, as Anderson's inquiring eye interrogated him, he was moved to mirth. Unmistakably, by the manner of his entrance, he had already put his adversary unconsciously on the defensive. He struck straight and hard and happily.

"Mr. Anderson, this delay in filling Shumberg's place is shooting the department full of holes. Everybody out there who thinks he's got the ghost of a chance for the place is hanging around the office instead of getting out on the job. I ought to be over in Sharpsbury right now, myself; that contract's all ready to sign up."

"Well," said Anderson, "go and get it then."

"I will"—Hogan Flint spoke with curt patience—"just as soon as we settle this Shumberg matter. That's a lot more important to us both than the Sharpsbury business. The sooner I take hold of the department the better; as it is, I'll have a lot of extra work and nuisance because of this delay. I ——"

"You take it for granted that you're to have the job, eh?"

Anderson spoke as if attempting a mild rebuke, but Hogan Flint's gesture dismissed the interruption as frivolous.

"Of course I do! I've been here long enough to know that you're a first-rate judge of men and to show you that I'm the right man for this job too."

Anderson surveyed him soberly; slowly the lines about his mouth relaxed.

"You're showing me now, anyway," he said. "And you're just about in time." He laughed. "I was beginning to think I didn't have anybody out there who would do. You're all supposed to be salesmen, and yet not one of you has seen fit to walk in here and prove it by selling me his services. I've been waiting, Flint, but not to make up my mind. I wanted to find out whether we had any real go-getters on the pay roll. We've got one. You win. Take hold and let's see some action." He hesitated. "About salary, now ——"

Hogan Flint shook his head. "I don't want any. Shumberg worked on a percentage basis. I'll do it too. I'd rather get exactly what's coming to me than have to argue about it three or four times a year."

Anderson nodded. "All right. You'd probably do better on a salary, but it's your funeral. Shumberg's percentage was based on an annual increase in total sales, you know, and there isn't as much room for growth as there was when he took hold."

"I'll make room," said Hogan Flint curtly. He nodded and turned. Anderson stopped him.

"A minute, Flint. This is a different job that you're tackling, you know. Handling other men isn't as easy as it looks from the outside. You'll have to work out your own method, of course, but I want to be sure that you realize the difference between getting something for yourself and making the other fellow get it for you."

"I've got it all worked out," said Flint. "I've been ready for this for the last two years."

Anderson chuckled. "I shouldn't wonder if you had been, at that," he said. "Well, here's your chance to prove it. Go right to it."

Hogan Flint went. He made his announcement to the other men in a voice crisp with authority. They surprised him by seeming generously pleased about it. Even Jeff Wonner was unexpectedly hearty in his congratulations. Flint, receiving amiable and comradely back-slappings and handshakings, resisted a dangerous impulse toward good humor. Under the friendliness he felt, distinctly and ominously, the old, intolerable big man's condescension, the insulting undercurrent of giant amusement. He stiffened.

"This is all very pleasant, but we're none of us paid for it." The old quarterback yap of command came into his voice. "I like kind words as much as anybody, but a few signed contracts would look a whole lot better." His eye hardened. "It's a rule of the department, from now on, that everybody's due outside the office between ten and four. Snap into it!"

Even as they obeyed, he was unpleasantly conscious of good-humored indulgence in their faces and bearing. His jaw tightened. They'd find out soon enough that there was nothing comic about Hogan Flint's orders. He rang for a stenographer, and repelling the girl's affable good morning with a managerial dignity, dictated a curtly worded memorandum of the newly promulgated ordinance, appending a brusque reiteration of sundry others hitherto honored chiefly in the breach.

"Hereafter the same degree of discipline will be maintained in the sales department as in the general office," he

(Continued on Page 125)

"It'd Serve You Right if I Let Him at You. Picking on a Little Guy Like Him!"

A SAGA OF THE SEA

At Trafalgar—By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

A Sharp High-Pitched Shout, in a Middy's Excited Voice, Came From the Hatchway: "Boarders Away!"

THE Téméraire rolled slowly in the grayness of the October dawn, late but subsequently swift in this South Spanish latitude. Her starboard-braced topsails and courses shivered a little in the light west wind, her nakedly bare upper masts circled elliptically against the sky now bleached and luminous, as, with a creak of spars and rigging, a perpetual muttered groaning of timbers at stress, a far-down gurgle of water under her rotund hull, she lifted and dropped in alternate lopsidedness on the long Atlantic swell setting upon her weather beam. For an hour past, the watch had been vigorously swabbing and holystoning the forecastle, gangways, quarter-deck and poop to their sacred whiteness, stimulated to diligence by the rattans and knotted-cord starters of the boatswain's mates.

On the quarter-deck the lieutenant of the watch paced up and down, callously indifferent to that tyrannical brutality. It was the way of the navy; axiomatic was it that only by such constant ill-usage, supplemented by merciless floggings at the gangway, could the crews of press-ganged landlubbers, of King's Hard Bargains swept from the jails, of sullenly resentful seamen forced out of homeward-bound merchant ships, be wrought to smartness and discipline. Moreover, on that morning of the twenty-first of October, 1805, the lieutenant of the watch had other and more important things to think of.

Once again, as the ship rose, he lifted his telescope to his eye, picked out the Victory among those mistily discernible twenty-six other British men-o'-war similarly under easy sail on a northward course. She was away to windward, not far from the Royal Sovereign carrying Admiral Collingwood, the second in command. He held her enlarged through his glass, lifting on the swell, her royals and topgallants furled, her lower sails in gray distention, a touch of white foam under the beakhead of her black hull straked with lemon-yellow along the three tiers of gun ports. Still no signals flew from her halyards. He closed his telescope with a muttered oath of exasperation. Had those cowardly Frenchies and Spaniards after all given them the slip, slunk back into Cadiz?

It was improbable. As recently as four A. M., signal guns had boomed from the frigates watching them in the night, announcing that they were still at sea. Where the devil were they, then? He asked himself the question in a nerve-strung suspense that had become almost unendurable. Already forty-six hours was it since the Euryalus frigate had signaled that Admiral Villeneuve with a combined Franco-Spanish fleet of thirty-three sail of the line was issuing from Cadiz harbor for some purpose that could only be surmised.

Certain was it, however, that Boney, baffled in his world-wide maneuvers to obtain temporary command of the English Channel—not for nothing had Nelson chased Villeneuve to the West Indies and back again—had abandoned his long-planned invasion of England, had led his Grand Army from Boulogne across Europe against Austria. Immediately Nelson had sailed southward to forestall the enemy at the Strait of Gibraltar, lest the Mediterranean be his object. Yesterday morning had dawned to almost a certitude of battle. But the hostile fleet had not appeared, had been reported as apparently trying to push to the westward, perhaps to raid the British West Indies with overwhelming force. The British squadrons had promptly gone about—trust Nelson to have an instant match for every move—had sailed back to the northwest, kept well out of sight in the offing so as not to scare the enemy into a bolt for safety.

Uproarious in the wardroom last night had been the toasts variously drinking confusion to the Corsican upstart, drinking long life and the most glorious of victories to the greatest and best-beloved of British admirals. What officer had not thrilled with enthusiastic admiration at the genius in that recently issued memorandum which, scorning the old-fashioned dilatory method of forming parallel line of battle, prescribed that they should dash at the enemy in two squadrons, one to double on the ships of the rear, one to double on the center, while his van sailed on, impotent to return before the rest were annihilated? Now, if those unanimously exultant mess-table prophets were correct, that enemy should be discovered a little way to the eastward, too far from home for escape. But, as again and again he had verified since the first light, there was no sign of them on that still misty horizon where the sun had not yet appeared.

He resumed his pacing up and down the weather side while the routine of the ship continued in its everyday normality—scrubbers dragging the heavy holystones to and fro by the ropes rove to them, marines at sentry reiterating their melancholy "All's well" from their various stations, a quartermaster vituperatively cursing the helmsman at the great double steering wheel for yawing a point off his course. He glanced upward, hailed the lookout at the bare, dizzily lofty masthead. Was the man asleep? By the Lord, he'd have him to the gangway if he was! An answering voice came down to him. No strange sail in sight.

He snapped his fingers irritably, harshly bade a midshipman wake up and look about him, stop that whispering among the men kneeling to scrub under the slides of the sixty-eight-pounder carronades with prayer books—small pieces of holystone. It would be too bad if this battle—the first real chance the Frenchies had given them for years—should now elude them. A general action meant the possibility of promotion even for officers who, like himself, had no interest in high quarters. Quite likely it would also mean a period of home leave while the ship refitted—he thought of a fair-haired young wife in a clinging high-girdled gown who would rush at him with outstretched arms, who would burst into absurd tears as he hugged her tight, would laugh and weep and kiss him all at the same time. It might even mean, if he were really lucky, promotion and transfer to a command of his own—to some smart little frigate commissioned for an independent cruise, synonymous with prize money that would make him a wealthy man. Thank God, Nelson was in command of them—Nelson of St. Vincent, of the Nile, of Copenhagen—there'd be no doubt of a battle if he could only get at 'em, and no fumbling when it started!

Four bells clanged from the forecastle. Simultaneously there was a shout from the masthead: "Sail-ho!" He jerked round, saw a midshipman leap from the forecastle, race toward him along the weather gangway.

The boy gesticulated as he ran. "Enemy in sight, sir!" he shouted breathlessly. "Dozens of 'em! Away on the starboard bow!"

He himself sprang to the lee side, peered under the foot of the great mainsail. A joyous thrill went through him, electric through all his nerves. There they were! The mist on the eastern horizon had suddenly cleared. A forest of

masts, clothed with their lower canvas, stretched far from north to south on a southerly course.

He swung round again to the panting midshipman, spoke with curt coolness over the excited throbbing of his heart:

"Pray inform the captain, Mr. Blenkins."

A moment later the dull boom of a gun reverberated over the lifting gray sea. It was from the Victory. The puff of whitish smoke was still about her bows. He saw a signal run up on her halyards, turned to the signal midshipman on the poop, called up to him:

"What is it, Mr. Pitts?"

The lad put down his telescope, checked the hoist from the signal book held by a quartermaster, cried back:

"General signal, sir! Number 72! Form order of sailing in two columns!"

The lieutenant nodded in happy satisfaction. It was the first signal toward the conflict they could trust Nelson not to miss. In that already prescribed Order of Sailing, the Téméraire was detailed to lead the commander in chief's own column, the Victory third behind them in a massing of four formidable three-deckers at its head. Before he could give the preparatory order, he saw another signal going up on the Victory.

The midshipman called down again to the quarter-deck: "Number 76, sir! Course signal! General. E. N. E. flags!"

A third hoist went up on the flagship.

"Number 13, sir!" shouted the midshipman excitedly. "General! Prepare for battle! Hurrah!"

The watch below had swarmed on deck from every hatchway, were now crowding the bulwarks and the shrouds, were cheering exultantly at the sight of that enemy fleet more numerous than their own. From the other ships near them came similar cheers from similarly enthusiastic crews.

The lieutenant vociferated above that clamor: "Clear ship for action!"

Instantly a drummer on the quarter-deck rolled out the familiar, strangely stirring, vehement beat. There was a shrilling of boatswains' pipes, a headlong rush of men dashing to their appointed business.

It was ten o'clock in a blaze of sunshine. Capt. Eliab Harvey, in his newest uniform of tailed blue coat with white lapels and cuffs striped with gold, white waistcoat, white knee breeches and white silk stockings, a cocked hat athwart his head, walked up and down the quarter-deck of the Téméraire. The ship was strangely silent. Long ago had ceased that first scurrying bustle when the hammocks had been piped up and stowed in the nettings on either side of the waist, when the movable bulkheads had everywhere been cleared from the interior of the ship, when the boarding nettings had been rigged and the boatswain and his mates had gone aloft to secure the yards with additional chains and ropes. Long ago the men had been piped to a breakfast of burgoo and biscuit eaten as and where they could, since the little swinging mess tables between the guns had been sent below.

Now they were at quarters; the majority out of sight at the great thirty-two-pounders on the lowest gun deck, the twenty-four-pounders on the middle deck, the eighteen-pounders on the main deck. Nevertheless, abovedecks there were still very many of that total crew of seven hundred and eighteen men; the crews of the short-barreled, short-ranging, slide-mounted sixty-eight-pounder carronades, small-arm parties, topmen and sail trimmers, signalmen and fire fighters, grouped in disciplined silence at their respective stations. On poop, gangways and forecastle the squads of red-coated, white-breeched, top-hatted marines stood rigidly ranked as though on a shore parade. On the quarter-deck several lieutenants, the captain of marines, the surgeon, the master and his mate, three or four young midshipmen, held themselves respectfully aloof from the captain's monopoly of the weather side.

Captain Harvey spoke to none of them. From time to time he glanced up impatiently to the full spread of canvas languid in the faint wind almost immediately astern. Pitching slowly on the following swell, the Téméraire was not making more than two knots. She was now the second ship in the northernmost of two irregular columns sailing, a mile apart, due east toward the immensely long line of enemy vessels some four or five miles distant and now on a reversed northerly course. The two columns steered so as to strike that five-mile-long procession of ships approximately midway—in this light air it was impossible for the enemy admiral to maneuver an avoidance unless he wished to be caught in a hopeless confusion—the southerly column, in long sequence behind Collingwood's Royal Sovereign, somewhat nearer to it than the column led by the Victory.

Captain Harvey pished and fumed. A signal from the flagship had indeed ordered the Téméraire to take her proper station ahead, but Nelson was tantalizingly giving him no opportunity to reach it. Studding sails widely out from her foresail and fore-topsail, every rag that could be set stretched upon her yards, the Victory kept stubbornly in advance. Captain Harvey set his teeth. It was like Nelson, ever eager to be at 'em, to be first in the fray—but the Téméraire should be head of the line if he could get her there. He noticed that the wind shifted slightly toward the north, freshened the merest trifle. Instantly, his glance went to the sails, now susceptible of finer adjustment. He turned to the first lieutenant.

"Starboard braces, there, Mr. Kennedy!"

The first lieutenant vociferated an order. Boatswains' pipes shrilled in answer. There was a yo-heave-ho from men laying back on the braces at fore, aft and mizzen. The starboard yardarms came back a slight fraction, the sails filled so that every stitch drew. The first lieutenant shouted again: "'Vast hauling! Well!"

The Téméraire quickened speed perceptibly, clearly began to overhaul the flagship. The broad many-windowed stern of the Victory loomed larger and larger ahead. Captain Harvey thrilled with a suppressed exultation. The Téméraire would be first after all! Shielding that passionately beloved leader—who was there in the world like him!—from the initial brunt of that now inevitable great battle his ardent genius had so magnificently contrived. Her bowsprit was already but a short distance from the admiral's stern galleries. He turned to the man at the wheel behind him.

"Port your helm a little, quartermaster! Braces again, there!"

The ship swung a trifle to starboard, crept up alongside the Victory. Already her bows were level with the flagship's

(Continued on Page 178)

Studding Sails Widely Out From Her Foresail and Fore-Topsail, Every Rag That Could be Set Stretched Upon Her Yards, the "Victory" Kept Stubbornly in Advance

THE WOLVES OF CHAOS

VII

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

THIS farmer, or muzhik, was neither humble nor servile; he was merely respectful. He was a peasant; it was written on his face, in the power of his shoulders. Once he pointed vigorously at Cutty. Olga's velvet gutturals—something that she said made him throw back his head and laugh.

"What made him laugh?" broke in Cutty.

"I told him that you had stolen that uniform from Menjinsky. But you are right. He is Samson's man. No one reaches the haven unless he passes this man. Formerly a sergeant major in the Imperial Hussars. That means that he has good blood in him. Beyond the hillock is his house. Presently he will follow and get us something to eat. The moment it is dark we set out on horseback. We must go thirty miles, which means we must ride all night."

"Lord! How easy the whole thing has been!"

"God relents a little at times. You and I have earned this respite," she said, with a burst of fierceness that did not set oddly upon her. "What we have been through gives us the right to this mercy."

Meanwhile Samson Smiled. Strange Tales Crossed This Threshold and Never Recrossed It

"You had some password, some way of compelling him to accept your statements?"

"Yes. In 1916 he saw me in Petrograd."

Cutty nodded. "You are a great lady. Even I recognized that, after last night."

Olga shook her head. "My greatness depended upon the greatness of others. I am a penniless fugitive. Unless I find work for my hands, I shall starve. Oh, I know what has happened. I have no illusions. The world never turns backward. Titles are empty sounds unless behind them there are great estates and privileges."

"You are still a very great lady, Olga."

"If you think that, Cutty, nothing else matters. This man will give us a compass. We must be very careful of it, for it is the only sign this strange Samaritan—Samson—accepts. It means that we have been vouched for by this sergeant major. From now on we hide in the daylight and move in the night."

"If I weren't so tired I'd throw up my hat. Food, and maybe some tobacco! Ask him."

Olga put the question. "Yes, he has tobacco, if you don't mind a pipe that has been used."

"I can roll a cigarette. How do we finally get out?"

"Only Samson can tell us that. This man pretends he does not know."

"No break in the wall of caution. I like that. I imagine that we shall be bound under oath never to tell how we got out. That's the only way to handle a game like this."

Their dinner consisted of onion soup and hard palatable bread. Not having tasted tobacco but two or three times in two years, the muzhik's powerful black stuff made Cutty's head spin for a while. He would have to learn this happy vice all over again. Craving was in the imagination, he knew, tasting the actual fact, and sometimes these great expectations fell as duds.

Later, when they were ready to start, the muzhik gave Cutty an army canteen full of water, a pancake-shaped loaf of bread and two sprouting onions. They would get to their next objective before dawn. There a man would take care of the horses, which they would have to use again the following night. Midnight, tomorrow, should see them arrive at their destination.

Cutty saw that it was going to be difficult for Olga to ride in an army saddle. Her skirts would be in the way and her shins would be raw by dawn. Well, what couldn't be cured had to be endured. He took her hand in a friendly grasp as she was about to take up the reins preparatory to mounting. Before he could withdraw his hand she had bent and kissed it.

"Oh, I say!" he protested. "Without you I shouldn't have got anywhere."

"And without you—only God knows! What a dear and funny name it is—Cutty! To return to civilization, to the old familiar amenities, to clean streets and sane people. . . . Cutty, sometimes, when we reach nadir, we stay and die there. I know. Men do not like gratitude spoken; they prefer to feel that it exists. Thanks would sound so futile. What is the word when men go adventuring together?"

"Pals."

"Pals," she repeated. She thrust out her hand. Gravely he kissed it. "Now—now we are pals." She placed her foot upon the muzhik's palm and sprang into the saddle. It took her but a moment to adjust her skirts. "Ready!"

Cutty climbed upon his horse, waved an adieu to the muzhik and started off at a walk. They were to cross the field to the road, thence straightaway for thirty miles, true west; then five miles, true south. Once they got to the road, he would propose a canter, for, dark as it was, he could see that she knew how to ride.

"How does it feel to you," she asked—"the thought of once more to see your native land? Remember, I haven't any country now."

"If you wish I'll help you to make mine yours."

She did not reply. There were tears in her eyes. In a little while she would never see him again. Life—meetings and partings. The stars were out and she looked up, blinking, wondering where hers was—a troubled star.

The kiss disturbed Cutty. Open gratitude distressed him. He was afraid that the steel in her might bend, now that they were really on the way to the ultimate haven. Women were like that. They could carry on through hell-fire as stoutly as a man, but when the hour of peace came they were likely to sit down and weep.

Friendship. Forty-eight hours ago they had not known of each other's existence, and now there was a bond which only death could break. He had rubbed shoulders with mankind everywhere. All strangers were living stone walls through which no one might pass except it was breached from within, in the hour of some hazard. Olga. . . . Well, if she did not find her friends in Warsaw he would arrange to send her to Kitty. What a pair they would make and how they would balance!

Once in a while she spoke or he did—some irrelevant comment. From time to time he consulted the compass. He hadn't been on a horse since that wild ride toward Moscow. Tomorrow every muscle in his body would ache furiously. Canter, trot, walk; Olga must be in misery too. Sober old horses, perfectly tractable—that mitigated some of his anticipation.

They had ridden ten miles when Cutty, his eyes and ears keenly alive, reached over and touched Olga.

"Stop. Do you hear anything?"

She listened. "Yes. It sounds like a train far away."

"It is an airplane. It's a good ways off, but I don't like it. What did your muzhik say about the country?"

"Deserted. Either one goes to Moscow or flies to the frontier. Yes, yes; I hear the airplane."

"Off to the southwest. Let's canter a bit. Was it thirty-five versts or miles?"

"English miles."

"If I had a watch I could make the horse count the miles for me. What sign at the end of the road?"

"An army rolling kitchen in the ditch."

"We'll need the compass only when we leave the road, then. But I don't like the sound of that airplane."

Sometimes the road bisected a small grove of trees. Occasionally the dim outline of a ruined farm came into view. Mile after mile was left behind. Frequently he held a hand behind an ear, but the airplane had gone out of hearing. Now, he reasoned, an airplane would not be idly roving the heavens at night. It would be some kind of business trip; official Soviet mail for Moscow, or from. He had heard the machine, but he could not tell in what direction it had been going. The railways were in a frightful state of congestion and dilapidation. He sensed an abiding uneasiness. Kitty's belt was talisman; nevertheless, there was an insidious

doubt. From the moment he had escaped the Petrovski Barracks one thought had possessed him: If he found Kitty's belt he would escape out of Russia. And he was escaping. Yet instinct was beginning to talk with more authority than the gambler's touchstone. The recurrence of the thought that so far events—however swift the action of them—had gone too smoothly to be right aroused his suspicion, a vague thing at first, now as tangible as his hand. So, old eagle that he was, he redoubled the vigilance of his ears and eyes. He had survived all these years of adventure because he had never leaned too confidently upon good luck

They had advanced, so it seemed to him, measured by the gaits of the horses, perhaps fifteen miles, when they came upon a bisecting road. North and south there ran a beautiful *allée* of stately trees—a private road to some estate, was his deduction, but he could not see any habitation. A few hundred yards beyond this *allée*, Olga called his attention to a dark grim pile to the northeast. They halted.

"A castle," said Cutty. "Rubble, if we could see it more closely. Now is a good time to get down and walk. It will rest us. You still have that pistol?"

"Yes."

Stone walls lined the road. By the time Olga and Cutty were ready to remount, these walls turned abruptly and ran north and south. They had come to the end of some great estate which had not yet been divided among the peasants.

"Tomorrow we can sleep all day. You watch the north and I'll take care of the south. If you observe any kind of light warn me instantly. How does our run of luck strike you?"

"God owes us something."

Cutty hadn't thought of God. Somewhat ashamed, he raised his eyes to the stars. He had been on the rim of hell, but this girl had been down in the depth somewhere. She still believed in God

For all the stars, the earth was a smother of blackness. Even the dirt road, if they stared at it intently for any length of time, had a way of disappearing. During those moments of blindness they trusted to the horses, to whom the way would be more or less familiar. Besides, neither Cutty nor Olga had had any reviving relaxation, mentally or bodily, they had reached the point where even weariness lay behind them

To keep the superiority of mind over matter intact, Cutty began to conjure up little pictures interrogatively: What was Kitty doing; what was going on in old New York; had the world reversed its opinion of Soviet Russia; was the great game worth the candle; would the beefsteak be any good when he ordered it?

"To the northwest!" Olga cried out suddenly.

A pin point of light was visible. A window light or a fire; Cutty could not, at this distance, distinguish the one from the other. An airplane searching in the night and a pin point of light over there. Samson would have his scouting parties. His sergeant major had declared this part of the country deserted, uninhabited, because it presented no danger to Moscow. Riga, Vilna, Minsk, Brest-Litovski, there would be the Soviet in strong forces; they would not be wasting any force where it was needless If a farmer -muzhik—had returned, his presence would have been reported. Cutty realized that he had had some tremendous strokes of luck; he counted them for what they were. What exquisite irony it would be to touch the sleeve of Liberty, only to have it snatched away! Reconnaissance would be necessary, mandatory, to establish the character of yonder pin point of light.

Cutty's vague skepticism of the ultimate success of this mad flight now flared into a quality of lively and considerable dimensions, but, like the good tactician that he was, he planned instantly to meet this unexpected diversion.

"We'll go into the field at the left and maneuver to a spot opposite. Keep close to me. I may have to leave you to do a little scouting. But if anything should happen run for it. Don't wait for me."

What had been her thoughts during this night's ride? That she was alone—that she would henceforth and forever be alone. This man who had come so dramatically into her life, at a time when it was utterly empty, would set her safely across the Polish border, then go his way. A queer want was in her—that this adventure might go on indefinitely, that they together would escape this hazard and that, to the end of the world.

Primitive instincts, so long submerged under the conventions of caste and society which the revolution had blown about like dead leaves, became her guides and acclaimed her needs. This man, with his queer *nom de nique* -which told her that men loved him -had become in a few hours a knight out of a storybook. His shining mail was his honor. That he was in middle age was of no importance; she had been witness to the strength and virility of his manhood, sweetened by human kindness. So long as she was with him she was ready to accept any misfortune. But not to know what he was going toward, to be left alone in agonized waiting! It was not fear. She wished to be at his side should that light yonder mark the end of it all

'Did you hear me?"

"Yes," she answered. "But hadn't I better go with you? I can understand what they will be saying, if it is men."

"Someone must remain with the horses. Our lives depend upon them, in any event. It may be only a farmer returned. If it is a camp fire I must know. Oh, I shall not do anything foolhardy. I don't care what they are talking about, if that light represents a troop. I'm an old hand at doing this kind of work. So don't worry. Muzhik or soldier, I must know which. Follow me."

They took to the field and rode in a wide half circle, the far point being in direct line with the light. Far away to the west was a dense black patch; Cutty knew that this would be a spread of woods. There was a pinch of wisdom in the thought of making straight for this haven. But there was a point of honor to consider. If there were soldiers about, Samson must be warned of the fact. Another thing troubled Cutty: If there were horses yonder, and one of them chanced to whinny, these two would naturally answer companionably.

Cutty let go a long sigh. The light wavered—so it would be an open fire. But he was too far away to discover other signs. So he must reconnoiter.

Continued on Page 86

He Burned With Impotent Fury. Men and Horses, They Were Plainly Visible in the Firelight

PLAIN PEOPLE

By E. W. HOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

He Established a Weekly Paper and Violently Attacked Me

XVII

AFTER I had been in Atchison seven or eight years, I went abroad with three special friends—a banker, a lawyer and a wholesale merchant—and discovered that friends do not get along when traveling, for we returned on four different ships.

In London, Alice Meynell, the poet, invited me to her home for dinner, and she must have been ashamed of me. To begin with, I was not familiar with the great distances in London, and in worrying over the fear of arriving too early, arrived much too late. Another guest was Lady Colin Campbell. I had been greatly awed by London, but the presence at the dinner of a titled woman finished me.

An incident in the life of Ty Cobb has always appealed to me. When he was a pretty fair country ball player, and becoming noted for hitting the ball, his club won the championship and went to Chicago for the World's Series. In spite of his fame in the country, Mr. Cobb did not make a hit during the games. He was excited, and the harder he tried, the more certainly he missed the ball. I remember having great sympathy for Ty Cobb at the time, since I also am helpless when I wish to be particularly effective. In the old days when the Atchison Globe was attracting attention, I did my best work on the dullest days; a circus day, or one offering any other excitement, made me entirely worthless. I'm that way now; if anyone is coming to dinner, the day is ruined for me. I cannot help it; I was born that way, and no amount of effort on my part will change it.

At the home of Mrs. Meynell in London, I recall that her little son escaped from his nurse, and running into the room where I was, said:

"I want to see an American!"

I have since heard a good deal of the prominence of one of Alice Meynell's sons, and possibly this is the one. I sometimes think the English began making fun of Americans because of my mistakes when I accepted Alice Meynell's dinner invitation. If the English base their opinion of Americans on my conduct that night, their scorn is warranted.

On my return from London I learned that my brother Jim and Walt Mason, then employed on the paper, had been criticizing an evangelist who was holding a revival in a country schoolhouse near town. He soon called on me, and frankly confessed that what Jim and Walt had charged against him was true, but said he had reformed and was honestly trying to do better. The man favorably impressed me, and thereafter I sincerely tried to help him. The charge against him, which he confessed was true, was that he had been a convict in a penitentiary. I violate no confidence in making this statement, as he later traveled over the country wearing a convict's garb and sold a book referring to his experience in the prison.

For several months this man frequently consulted me, and I rather enjoyed helping a sinner, as I believe most men do. No doubt I gave him too much notoriety, and confess now, long after, that I may have been prompted to this because it was a joke on the preachers, with whom I never got along very well anywhere.

He finally moved to town and said he intended starting a livestock insurance company—a suggestion which no doubt came into his mind because he was undeniably popular with farmers wherever he went. I strongly advised against this course, telling him that many such organizations went to pieces in a cloud of scandal. But he insisted and founded his company. Later he established a bank. When I criticized his methods, he established a weekly paper and in the first issue violently attacked me.

The two other papers joined him in the fight on the Globe and there followed the most disgraceful newspaper row in history. I didn't realize then, as I afterward came to realize, that I should not have replied to these assaults; but I was young, peppery and foolish, and did what I thought was my best, but which I now realize was my worst. I was very grateful to a newspaper man named Will Owen Jones, of the Lincoln, Nebraska, Journal, who said I kept my three detractors busy, but it would have been a greater favor had he urged me to say nothing.

Finding that the people would pay no attention to the facts, I resorted to ridicule. We quit mentioning him in the Globe, but issued at night an anonymous weekly and distributed it free. Its very name was disreputable, and the contents worse. Strange as it may seem, this got under his skin, and we soon had him explaining and apologizing. He knew who issued the anonymous weekly, but could not stem its influence, for it only ridiculed him, and with such coarseness that copies now sell at twenty dollars each in Atchison. None of the mushroom papers that sprang up in Paris during the Reign of Terror were worse. Some of Walt Mason's first verses appeared in it, and I have marveled since that so gentle a poet could have written such things. Several other smart men around town could not avoid the temptation and assisted in disgracing the name of Gutenberg.

This man did one thing that pleased me—he wrote a letter saying I was a hard man to abuse, as he could get nothing on me, which I thought surprising, considering the charges he made. I shall always be grateful to him for saying my associates on the Globe were all my friends. He had written to various citizens of Falls City for ammunition to fire at me and inclosed in his letter replies signed by twelve citizens of Falls City saying my record there was good.

The joy with which many Atchison people received his abuse of me was the most humiliating experience of my life. Men I had never injured in any way, and with whom I was friendly, became violent partisans of the evangelist and assisted him substantially with money. He imported rough newsboys from Kansas City, and these sold his paper on the streets with loud cries about me. I pretended I didn't care, but did care enormously.

This incident was a part of my education; it taught me many things I could have learned in no other way. I cannot learn from a suggestion in a book; I must learn from experience and humiliation. Young people believe they are admired because of their youth and promise, but I began to realize, after the affair, that young as well as old must earn respect if they have it. There are scars on my heart now because of humiliations in my early years that were unnecessary.

Atchison people enjoyed these attacks on me largely because editors are seldom popular. When I had been in the town only a year, a lodge voted a gold-headed cane to the most popular editor. I was the newest and most insignificant one, and I blush when I recall it was voted to me over John A. Martin, who had been a colonel of a gallant Kansas regiment during the Civil War and was later twice governor of the state. I often quarreled with him, and am ashamed of that, too, though actually no more to blame than he was.

Once the Republicans induced him to accept a nomination for mayor, against his will; but they said—and no doubt he believed—if he would accept there would be no opposition. But there was opposition. I brought out a candidate—a Southerner named Tomlinson—and my candidate was elected.

John A. Martin was a type of man I would not personally have liked very well had we not been competitors. Early in our differences I called him the Old Grunt—another irreverence of my youth that I now regret—and we belonged to different crowds; there are always such divisions in a country town.

Some other prominent men there I also disliked, and knew they disliked me; but Martin had a successor with whom I got along so well I was able to induce him to get rid of an objectionable editor in his employ.

The manager of the Champion who obliged me so much was Luther C. Challiss, as unusual a man as I have known anywhere. He had formerly been a pioneer citizen of Atchison, later going to New York, where he operated successfully as a stockbroker during the exciting days of the war. He brought the worst charges against Victoria Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin and prosecuted them with such vigor that they were driven out of the country. I have

seen stacks of New York newspaper clippings warranting this statement concerning him. Later he failed completely in New York, from being a persistent bull in the gold market, and returned to Atchison when too old to recover. He died there, old, poor and patient, but so remarkable a man that I sincerely respect his memory to this day. John A. Martin was related to him, and on Martin's death, Challiss managed the Champion for a time for Mrs. Martin.

One of the last of my evening competitors was S. F. Stambaugh, and so specially my friend that I was able to get through him a summary of his telegraph news, as I had none at the time. This eventually resulted in my securing the Associated Press franchise we have had ever since. Stambaugh had a queer habit of peddling his telegraph news on the streets before his paper appeared, and this suggested he might be willing to give me a summary of it daily for a consideration. When he made the arrangement, his paper was very weak and the money I paid him very agreeable.

I am able to say now with sincerity that John A. Martin was so good a citizen I was compelled to work hard and behave to prevent his ruining me, as he wished to do. Although he hated me, he was one of the strongest influences in my life for good; he wished to ruin me, but really saved me.

I am more peaceable now, as others with scars are, but young fellows everywhere are forever looking for wounds with terrible earnestness. I suppose the world learns, but very slowly. I often admit I am a fool; younger people will realize they are fools, too, when they reach my age.

Probably there will never be another newspaper row as vicious as that in Atchison. Editors everywhere have finally come to appreciate the damage and disgrace in such affairs. Within a few weeks I have heard of an editor friend who is acting as newspaper arbiter in a big town with three. He receives a large salary for keeping down unnecessary expense and friction in rivalry, and the idea is so good it will undoubtedly be adopted widely.

The Atchison people learned as much as I did from the row with the evangelist. If they at first enjoyed four papers engaged in a fierce row and a gutter weekly appearing anonymously, they soon tired of it and have not longed for it since. While the excitement was at its worst, half the men in town carried pistols, and I have seen ten fist fights in as many minutes. For many years there has been but one paper in Atchison—the one I established with so much turbulence; the people seem as ashamed of that old time as I am.

XVIII

ONCE when I returned to the Globe office from a round on the street, I found the girl at the counter in tears and instinctively knew what had happened—my brother Jim was dead. For a considerable time he had been living in New Mexico for the benefit of the climate. A telegram said he had died peacefully and unexpectedly that morning.

Some others of my family relations had been so disagreeable that Jim's love for me was a special solace. My earliest recollection of him is of people gently saying when he did not hear, "Poor fellow, he has consumption." Although he was six years older, I cannot remember the time when I was not the stronger of the two, but he always had the tender regard for me that must have distinguished him when he was teaching me to walk.

My mother was his stepmother, but he was such a good boy that she never had a child of her own dearer to her than the motherless baby who came to her care on her wedding day. Whatever Jim said settled all childish disputes in our family, although my mother was sometimes compelled to decide against her own children, and all of us were proud when we heard him praised as the best boy in our neighborhood. Sometimes I thought I was as good as Bruce or Charley, but never thought I was as good as Jim.

I was not more than eleven years old when we moved to town from the farm and began work in the printing office. I was soon compelled to perform a heavy task every day or receive a whipping at night, but it was never necessary to give tasks to Jim; he did his best anyway.

He went away to work for himself before I did, and we heard the most wonderful reports of how his employer admired him, all of which were afterward fully confirmed. Wherever we went, he was distinguished as a good boy or a good man. I learned his industry in time, but never could learn his wonderful patience.

We were in the mountains together, always the same steadfast friends we had been as boys; in all our lives as men we never had a cross word. Finally we went to Atchison together and started the Globe, and I was constantly cheered by the kindest friend a man ever had. I often hear of men who had influences in their lives and always think they must have had some such friend as I had in my brother Jim. After we had gone to bed at night, he would figure it out how we were bound to succeed and he was always seeing cheerful visions in the future. I hope it did not occur to him, poor fellow, that in fourteen years he would be dead and I strong and well.

I never told him face to face how much I loved him, but after he went South the first time I wrote a letter in which I confessed what I believe he always knew. Indeed, that was his answer—he had always known it, and the subject was never mentioned again by either of us. But when his poor effects came back to me, after his death, I found he had carefully preserved the most sincere love letter I ever wrote. With this letter I have placed the one he wrote me and put them away as carefully as a mother puts away relics of her dead children. I never had a fault I did not confess to him, yet he was the only friend I ever had who never found fault with me. Did I deserve the kind things he has said about me, I should be the good man he really was.

After the funeral I sent Sarah Jane to look after father, who had made the run into Oklahoma in his old age and was living on a claim on which I had built a house. But he soon sent her away. He told me later that this was the cause of the trouble:

The first night after her arrival Sarah Jane noted that father had his bed beside a window and that he left the curtain up when he retired. She found fault with the arrangement, and he good-naturedly explained that he preferred it that way; that before dropping off to sleep he liked to look out at the stars and the sky. When he awoke he found his window curtain down. At breakfast they talked of the matter again, father saying the curtain was in his room, not hers, and he preferred it up at night, after long experience, and that he could not understand why it disturbed her.

Next morning he again found his window curtain down. This kept up until they finally quarreled and she left the house.

(Continued on Page 159)

Of Course on the Way Home We Met the Good Boy

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions, Five Cents the Copy; $2.00 the Year—52 issues. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador), Ten Cents the Copy; $4.00 the Year—52 issues—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

In Continental Europe and the British Isles $6.00 the Year—52 issues.

In Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador and Uruguay, $4.00 the Year—52 issues.

In all other Foreign Countries, $10.00 the Year—52 issues.

Remittances from outside U. S. and Canada by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 8 1928

The Man From Hoquiam

CHAIRMAN ALBERT JOHNSON of the House Committee on Immigration was first elected to the House in 1912 to serve in the Sixty-third Congress, and his constituents of the Third Congressional District of the state of Washington have kept him there ever since. As far as we can recall, he is the only representative of that district who has become a commanding national figure and who has served the nation as a whole with as much zeal and distinction as he has served his own district. He comes up for renomination at the September primaries.

Among his colleagues on the Immigration committee, Judge John C. Box, of Texas, John E. Raker, of California, and others have rendered aggressive and tireless service in the cause of immigration reform; but Albert Johnson, the Man from Hoquiam, more than any other member of the House, is entitled to be called the father of this movement.

He was the first man in Congress to perceive the selective possibilities of the quota system devised by Prof. Roy L. Garis and advocated in these columns. He was the author of the Johnson Immigration Act, whose benefits are freely acknowledged by ninety per cent of our voters of native stock.

The writing of this law upon our statute books was a great personal triumph, achieved only by indefatigable labor after a long and bitter fight. Ever since its passage, Albert Johnson and his colleagues who work with him have been engaged in defending it from the attacks of the alien group in Congress. They have not only kept it upon the statute books unimpaired but they have plugged some of its loopholes and have made it tight where at first it was loose.

Under the guidance of the Man from Hoquiam they have sponsored highly important legislation to suppress the bootlegging of aliens into the country, to tighten our naturalization laws, to facilitate the deportation of criminal, defective and otherwise undesirable aliens, and to raise the standard of our foreign-born citizenship, not only for the protection of American labor but for the safeguarding of our national blood stream.

In these circumstances the renomination of Mr. Johnson becomes a matter of national rather than of local interest. It is not to be supposed that he could put through the legislation he has to his credit without making powerful enemies at home, in Congress and in those cities dominated by alien populations.

It is, perhaps, not too much to hope that the voters of the Third District will consider their choice of candidates from a national, as well as a local viewpoint. They have their own local interests and they naturally want them protected. But considering only this side of the question they are very likely to perceive, as they have in the past, that if they go farther they will fare worse. The most helpless animate creature in Washington is a new congressman. Even though his talents are up to the average, it is a matter of years before he learns the ropes, knows his way about the departments, accumulates useful friends, and masters the art of getting things done. Long after the newness of his job has worn off, he is handicapped by the fact that important committee appointments and other sources of power go to his seniors in point of service. When it comes to getting things done and enlisting effective attention to home interests, the voters of the Third District could not fairly hope to produce an equal to the Man from Hoquiam until his successor had had eight or ten years of Washington experience behind him. Mr. Johnson or any representative of his type and experience can do more for the people at home with his little finger than a green hand can accomplish by the employment of every resource.

As a matter of national polity, we should rather see Mr. Johnson returned to Congress than be the recipient of the more pretentious honor of being elected to the governorship of his state. Whatever may be the consensus of local sentiment, it will be greatly to the credit of the voters of the Third District if they enable the nation to have the benefit of Mr. Johnson's services for another term.

Who Will Vote?

ON ALL sides the hope is expressed that the forthcoming presidential election will bring out a large vote. Among public-spirited persons there is a general feeling of shame that such a comparatively small percentage of those entitled to vote have availed themselves of the privilege in recent elections.

With two such outstanding figures as Herbert Hoover and Alfred E. Smith opposing each other, and with so many fundamental issues raised either in the campaign or by the past experience, viewpoint and personality of the candidates, it seems likely that voters who have been indifferent on other occasions may be willing to exert themselves sufficiently this coming November to visit the polls. For, after all, the effort required is not very onerous

Mr. Hoover, it seems to us, should appeal to a much larger percentage of women than usually avail themselves of the suffrage. In Mr. Hoover's record of achievement there is enough to appeal to the most adventure-loving man. Constructive work in many lands is what many a desk-bound slave dreams of. But the humanitarian aspect of the candidate's services must strike home to every woman's feelings and sense of values.

But we are not concerned at this moment with any particular election, issue or candidate. If a large vote is brought out in November the country will have gained thereby. It will be a fresh manifestation of the vigor of American institutions. But there is a question whether constant lamentations and figurative tearing of the hair over the voters' apathy is constructive in its effect. It is doubtful whether voters can be dragged to the polls by main force.

There are those who advocate imposing a fine upon the careless voter. The only advantage we can see in this plan is an addition to the public treasury, a new means of revenue. How ingenuous to suppose that a vote had only by threat of fine, or possibly imprisonment, is worth recording!

Failure to vote is unfortunate; but, like any other ill, it should be dispassionately analyzed and not merely denounced in a heated way. Suppose when a man contracts pneumonia the physician who is summoned spends his time in wringing his hands and tearing his hair. That is about the attitude which reformers take toward those who do not vote.

A few detailed studies have been made of the subject, and these reveal many excellent reasons why voting percentages are low. For one thing, population migrates to an extent which means that voting is not such a simple matter for great numbers. Two-thirds of the present population of California are natives of other states and many are recent arrivals. Two or three years ago Florida was filled with people who belonged in other states. No doubt arrangements can be made to vote even by those persons who move about, but it involves far more trouble than for the stay-at-home, and cannot reasonably be expected in all cases.

Illness accounts for many absences, and among the more ignorant elements of alien origin many women are literally too ignorant to vote. A careful study of conditions in the city of Chicago showed that the younger women in some of the poorer districts were actually afraid to go to the polls.

But leaving out those who have lost their franchises by moving about, or who have failed to vote through ignorance, fear, illness or force, we still have many people who evidently keep away from the little booths from carelessness, indifference and inertia.

It must be these whom reformers would drag or fine or bully into doing their duty. We have our doubts. Life in general is full of elimination tests; it is absurd that citizenship should have none. Perhaps inertia is as good as any. Those who will not vote deserve to be ruled by others; they deserve what they get.

Clearly, not all who do vote are the pick of the land. Petty officeholders and dependable handy men for small politicians—these always show up on election day. But perhaps they are the best fitted to govern if they take the trouble to do so. Just because men and women are well dressed, move in good society and belong to a golf club, we have no reason to suppose they are fit to govern if they are not enough interested to do so. No theory of democracy, no paper scheme of equality, can put power into the hands of those who are too feeble or indifferent to exercise it.

Nor have we any reason to believe that all nonvoters are of the substantial, golf-playing, business-man type. That is the idea conveyed by get-out-the-vote movements. But it is more likely that the suffrage abstainers are, in large part, the empty, useless, half-moron element which afflicts every community.

In New York State the commissioner of motor vehicles announces publicly every few weeks the removal of drivers' licenses from several hundred individuals for cause. This is but a slight indication of the burden of the vapid, worthless humanity that every state and community suffers from. We have just as much reason to suppose that this is the type of the nonvoter.

But whether those who stay away from the polls are otherwise respectable citizens or are the noxious, hell-raising, drive-while-intoxicated element, does not greatly matter. They cannot be made into worthwhile voters unless there is in them a sense of civic responsibility. To force them to vote would make for form without substance; institutions must have vitality within. If a man is not interested enough to vote, it is better that he stay away. Not all men are good citizens any more than all men are honest, wise, sober and industrious, and this fact might as well be recognized.

But it is said that party lines have ceased to be clear-cut, and that so-called political issues are too frequently unimportant. No one can make such a statement concerning the election in November. Besides, the argument works the other way around. If more voters went to the polls, issues would have a way of defining themselves and becoming important.

Government touches our lives at almost every point. The man or woman who does not help to frame its policies and personnel has no cause to complain of the result. The world is encumbered with people who talk from morning to night of this or that evil, but it is all idle, empty-headed chatter, because their actions speak so much softer than their words.

War Profits and Postwar Losses

By ALONZO E. TAYLOR

TO THE average American, at the opening of 1920, the sky gave no sign of impending storm. The prospect seemed boundless. Here and there an economist, faithful to his rôle as prophet of the dismal science, muttered something about "after the Napoleonic War" and "after the Civil War"; but such voices were drowned in the acclaim of booming business. Coal operators and miners looked forward to maintained or expanded demands for coal-driven power. Lumber camps anticipated a decade of active building to bring construction abreast of the population and of the times. Textile mills felt that years would be needed to repair the world's depletion in fabrics. Manufacturers, who had been checked in the development of new devices by pressure of war work, awaited an era of labor-saving machinery, conveniences and luxuries. Farmers looked forward to continuing expansion of agriculture. Shipbuilders and shipping companies believed that America had come into her own on the ocean. The automobile, the aeroplane and the radio confidently awaited the reward of their extraordinary possibilities. Bankers looked forward to continuing extension of enterprise. Here and there an occasional manager reduced the inventory and increased reserves; but for the most part inventories were being increased and orders pyramided. No limit but the sky. Americans seemed to believe that the world had finally got an inevitable war out of its system and that a new day had dawned—the day of peaceful commercial penetration and universalized economic efficiency.

Advice for the Optimist

AGRICULTURE entered fully into the spirit of the new decade. The farmers did not lead in the boom; they tried to keep up with the procession and but few resisted. From a comfortable vantage ground, they looked forward with confidence into the future. They did not presume to forecast, but it did not occur to them that the business men of the towns and cities could be mistaken. Nor did it occur to many of them that if agriculturists and industrialists climbed together and later had to jump for safety, industrialists might find better landing places than agriculturists.

Not only were future prospects regarded as promising, ranging from fair to brilliant, but the accounts at the close of the decade were regarded as satisfactory. Producers, manufacturers and distributors, varying from group to group, regarded the operations of the preceding years as having been generously remunerative. Not merely the three years since the entrance of the United States into the war, not merely the six years since the opening of the war; the decade from 1910 to 1920 had been filled with business accomplishments. The country went through a business crisis before 1910, but after 1910, what Americans in all walks of life regarded as prosperity was continuous except for a short break at the outset of the war.

Content and optimism reigned on the farms. Prosperity was not comparable in all lines of agriculture, but to this farmers were accustomed. Returns had been good, land values were high and new ventures appeared promising. The preparations for the crops planted in the fall of 1919 and in the spring of 1920, and the operations of animal husbandry, revealed in striking outlines the expectations of agriculturists.

As indications of the general view, it will suffice to quote from the writings of two distinguished farm leaders, one an outstanding publicist, the other a leading farm economist. In an editorial in Wallace's Farmer of January 30, 1920, stood the view of Henry C. Wallace, later Secretary of Agriculture in the Harding Administration, a view at once optimistic and cautious:

> Readers of Wallace's Farmer who have financial obligations coming due during the current year, and who are spread out rather thin financially, would do well to make arrangements at the earliest possible date for seeing themselves thru this year. We seem to be on the high tide of prosperity. Business conditions are good, and there are plenty of people who are predicting that they will be still better. Notwithstanding this, our advice is to play safe.
>
> The indications are that interest rates will be increasing and that money may perhaps become tighter. We are spread out rather thin. Credit has been expanded tremendously. Some unforeseen happening may precipitate conditions which will be very trying to people who are in a situation to be pinched. We advise our readers to pay off their debts instead of risking their money in promoted enterprises. We have come to a time when it is wise to make everything snug and tight. If trouble does not come, no harm will have been done. If it does, those who take our advice will have occasion to thank us for it.

J. D. Black, in an article in the American Economic Review for June, 1928, referred to the years 1917 and 1918 as "those prosperous years for agriculture when prices of farm products were forging ahead of retail prices, taxes and wages of farm labor."

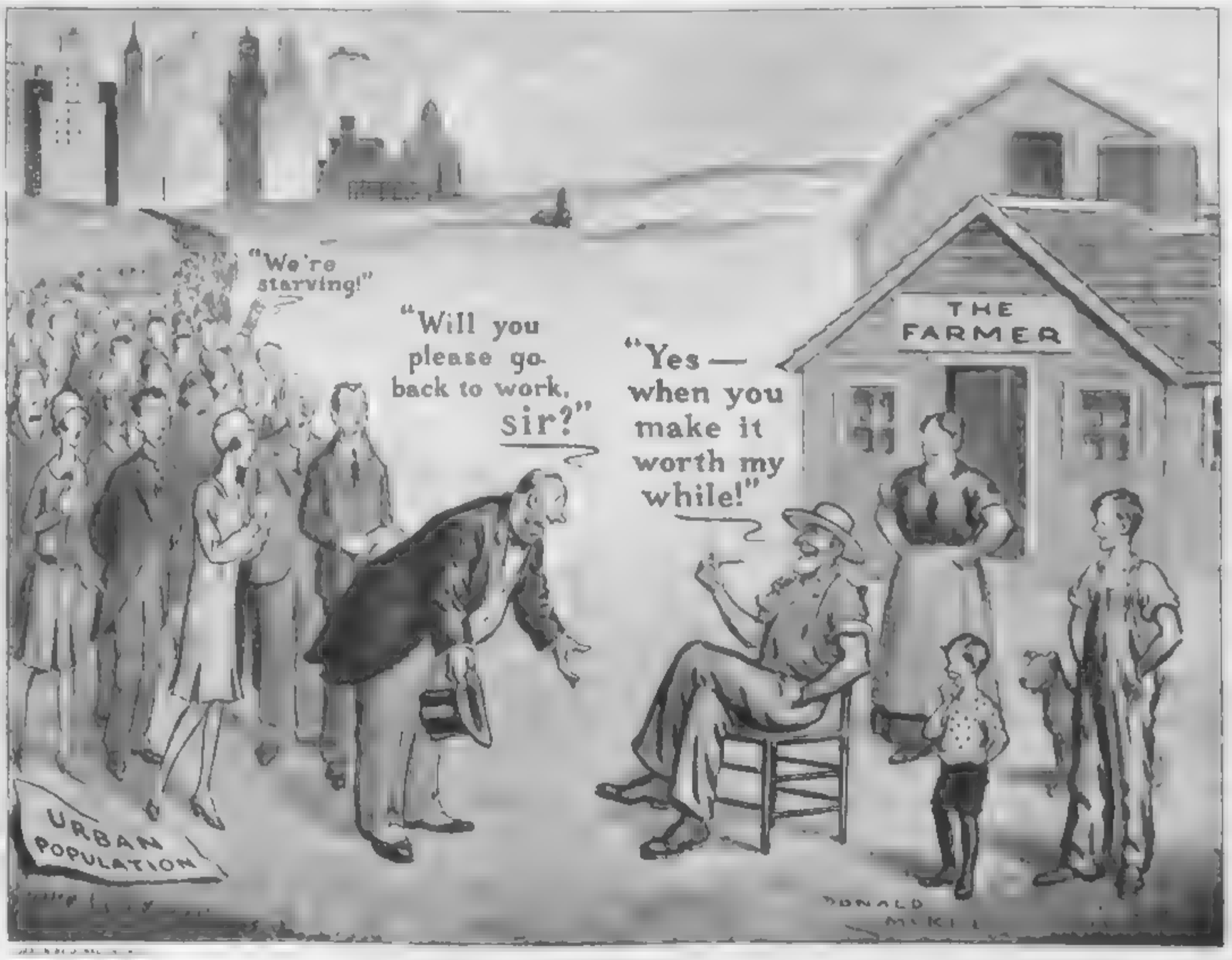
The picture changed entirely in 1920–21. Following illusion in the boom came disenchantment in collapse. Beginning with the summer of 1920 occurred a world-wide decline of prices. Silk was the conspicuous leader, but other raw materials were speedily involved. The all-commodity wholesale price index number was 247 in May, 1920, and declined to 138 in January, 1922. The products of mines, of forests, of soils and of animals were alike involved, not proportionally but heavily. The gross incomes of the corresponding producer classes were drastically reduced within a year. Holders of raw materials in second hands suffered correspondingly; inventory losses on rubber, silk, cotton, copper, sugar, oils, packing-house products—in fact on practically all unhedged raw materials were enormous.

Farm Land in a Bull Market

AT THE same time the prices of finished goods did not decline correspondingly. The trend was evident but the decline lagged. These relations were not rigid, since significant variations occurred; but broadly considered, the prices of finished goods as a class declined less precipitously and to less extent than those of raw materials. Under these circumstances, the purchasing power of the raw materials was substantially, and in many cases profoundly, depreciated.

With collapse of the boom and fall of prices occurred decline of land values. The reported values of farm land and buildings had nearly doubled from 1910 to 1920, rising from $34,800,000,000 to $66,300,000,000. This was not the expression of doubling of earning power. There was some increase in earning power, but speculation had a large part in increase in land values. Increase in land values was particularly striking in the Central States, of which Iowa afforded a good illustration, the reported value of farm lands and buildings rising from $3,300,000,000 in 1910 to

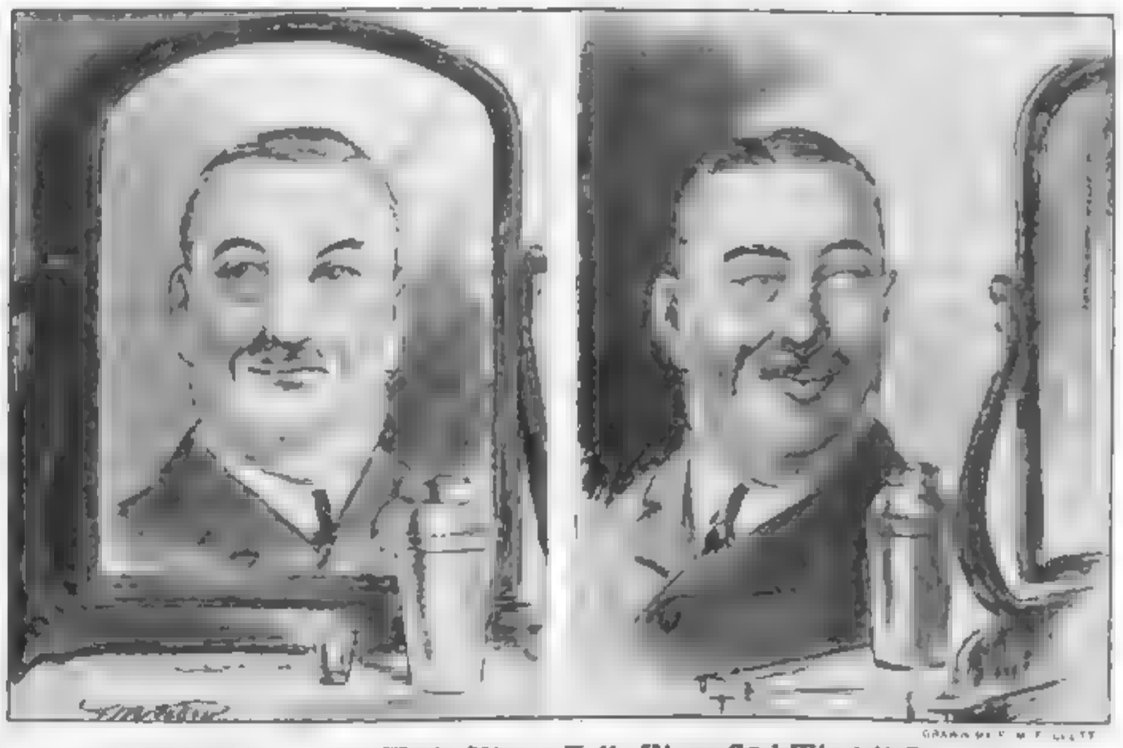
(Continued on Page 169)


"We're starving!"
"Will you please go back to work, sir?"
"Yes — when you make it worth my while!"
THE FARMER
URBAN POPULATION
DONALD MCKEE

SOME DAY

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"Say, Can You Beat It? Of Course That Bonehead Would Choose Just This Time to Get His Head Stuck in That Jar"



What a Prominent Wet's Mirror Tells Him—And What it Doesn't

"Jarvis Meek, You're a Liar!"

Tabloid Triangle

I HAD a little husband, his middle name was Gay;
I lent him to a lady to ride a mile away;
She pinched him, she leashed him, she led him off to Spain;
But I have lots of alimony, so I can't complain. —C. R. S.

A Ballad of the Quizzical Age

ASK how I'll vote at the next election;
Where is the hospice of St. Bernard;
Ask my reaction to vivisection;
When is a ten-spot the lowest card.
Ask me how many's a corporal's guard;
Ask me how much is the lion's share—

(Continued on Page 190)

Hostess: "Hamilton, What are You Doing With That Silver Cup?"
Butler. "If You Please, Ma'am, the Guests Just Awarded it to Me for 'Avin' the Most Original Costume!"

Yegg: "Believe Me, After This Job is Over I'm Gonna Take a Nice Long Vacation"

Right from the heart of sun-sweetened tomatoes comes Campbell's Tomato Soup!

Full of health and goodness—it is a treat to your appetite! Such wonderful glow and refreshment! The tomato is famous for its tonic properties, and Campbell's use only the finest tomatoes.

The pure juices and the rich tomato "meat" are strained to a fine puree and blended with nourishing butter and tempting seasoning.

Everybody likes Cream of Tomato!
Enjoy it prepared with Campbell's.
Easy directions on the label.
12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE DUKE STEPS OUT

He Got Out of the Low Chair in Which Mr. Corbin Had Originally Placed Him. "I Can Think Better on My Feet," He Said, Feeling That His Ears Were Pinker Than They Had Ever Been Before. "Prize Fighters Are Like That"

XXIII

By LUCIAN CARY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE Duke lay on an improvised rubbing table in a suburban hotel the morning of Decoration Day while Barney rubbed and rubbed and rubbed. The Duke had eaten no food since the morning they had all motored down from Cranesville to the edge of Chicago. He had eaten no food for two days and he had had almost nothing to drink. When his thirst got overpowering they gave him half a lemon to suck, and three times a day he got a tablespoonful of weak tea—nothing more. And still he was a pound over. Barney would rub that last pound off in the next four hours or the Duke would lose the ten thousand dollars Jake had posted as a forfeit. Jake and Mullin came in and looked on.

"Boy," Jake said—"boy, I got to tell you there is another reporter here yet."

"Throw him out," the Duke said.

He had been interviewed and photographed until he was almost as tired of newspapermen as he was of the fight fans who persisted in claiming acquaintance with him, who got by the policemen at the end of the corridor and the hotel's detective, and even Baby-Face McElroy, and burst into his rooms to shake hands with him and slap him on the back and feel his arms. They all wanted to touch him with their hands.

Jake glanced at Mullin. "Sure," Jake said—"sure I will throw him out. But ——"

"But what?" the Duke snapped.

"He says he is a student from the collidge and they have got enough to print it that you are Van Blarcom."

The Duke sat up and dangled his legs over the edge of the table.

"I thought you wanted that story kept under cover, Jake?"

Jake shrugged his shoulders. "I did. But now it makes no difference. We are sold out. Only general admissions are left. It will only make the odds better for your friends, for which I don't care. I don't bet—never. My wife she won't let me bet any more."

Mullin spoke up:

"This kid seems to have the story, Duke, and he's a nice kid. He says he's working his way through college—reporting for the local paper up there and acting as university correspondent for some Chicago paper. I think you might as well give him the break."

The Duke grinned. He wanted Susie to know. He only regretted that he could not tell her himself. But perhaps it was better this way. She would know sooner.

"All right," he said: "show the boy in."

He put on trunks and boxing shoes while Mullin went out and came back with a thin young man who had an unruly crop of red hair and the manner of one about to explode with excitement.

"My name's Erickson, Mr. Wellington," he said to the Duke, "and I'm from the Grandison Morning Standard and the Chicago Evening Bulletin and ——"

"I'm glad to meet you," the Duke said, holding out his hand cordially.

"I've never met you before," the young man said, "but I've seen you before. I was in the theater the night that Norah McCune got you out on the stage with her and I've seen your car lots of times—it's a Benham."

The Duke nodded.

"Well, the other day," Mr. Erickson continued, "one of the Chicago sports writers printed a story about visiting you at your training quarters at Cranesville and he said you drove off in a Benham car. That made me stop and think, because Benham cars are not common around Grandison, or Cranesville either. So I looked up your pictures. We didn't have any at the Standard that were any good, but I got the city editor to order a layout from the Bulletin. They came last night, and when I'd looked them over I was so sure that I took the night train for Chicago."

"And what can I do for you?" the Duke asked.

"You can confirm the story."

"All right," the Duke said.

"You do confirm it?" Erickson cried. "It's true?"

"Surely," the Duke said. "Don't you believe it?"

"Why —why," Erickson said, "I guess I was still afraid maybe I had made some mistake. They told me they wouldn't print it unless they were sure, because it would be libelous if I couldn't prove it."

"It's quite all right," the Duke said. "When are you going to print it?"

"We can't print it until tomorrow morning," young Mr. Erickson said. "I mean, the Standard can't. But I want to give it to the Evening Bulletin. If I hurry they can have it on the street this afternoon here in Chicago."

Continued on Page 38

Libby's 100 Foods

One of them is CATCHUP made from red-ripe tomatoes

NATURAL COLOR AND FLAVOR
FREE FROM PRESERVATIVE

Libby's Tomato Catchup

Is your recipe file cased! "What shall we [illegible]day?"—72 tested recipes, little [illegible] from appetizers to dessert[illegible] Name and address plainly printed to Mary Hale Martin, Dept. C-21, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago. Canadian Kitchens, Chatham, Ont., Canada

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods . . . ask your grocer for Libby's

Pickles and Condiments		*Canned Meats*		*Fruits and Vegetables*	
Pickles—	Olives	Corned Beef	Potted Ham	Sliced Pineapple	Prunes
Sweet	Queen	Corned Beef Hash	Potted Meat	Crushed Pineapple	[illegible]
Sour	Stuffed	Roast Beef	Boneless Chicken	Peaches, Pears	Spinach
Dill	Ripe	Veal Loaf	Chicken à la King	Apricots	Pork and Beans
Sweet Mixed	Olive Oil	Vienna Sausage	Sliced Dried Beef	Cherries, Royal Anne	Sweet Potatoes
Sweet Mustard	Catchup	Beef Steak & Onions	Chili Con Carne	Cherries, Maraschino	[illegible]
Sliced Sweet Dill	Chili Sauce	Ra-gon (beef stew)	Mexican Tamales	Fruits for Salad	Sauerkraut Juice
Home Made Style	Mustard	Meat-wich Spread	Mince Meat	Plums, Apples	Tomatoes
Sweet Cauliflower	Chow Chow	Lunch Tongue	Bouillon Cubes	Apple Butter	*Milk*
Salmon	[illegible]	Deviled Ham	Beef Extract	Berries	Evaporated Milk
Red Alaska Salmon	Sweet Relish		Chop Suey	Jellies, Jams	Condensed Milk

(Partial List)

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY ~ CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 36)

He turned toward the door and stopped suddenly and held up his left hand with all his fingers spread out. He counted up to four, his lips saying some abracadabra. When he had finished he whirled around.

"I know what I forgot!" he cried. "I forgot to ask you why you did it. The rule for reporting is to get who, what, when and why, and I haven't got why."

The Duke smiled. "If you were a prize fighter and you wanted to go to college, wouldn't you feel that you'd be more comfortable if your fellow students didn't know who you were?"

"I suppose I would," Mr. Erickson said.

"There is another reason." The Duke pointed to Jake. "My manager here made me promise I wouldn't give myself away. He was afraid the fight fans would think I was no good if they knew I had gone to college."

"That's human interest," the young man said. "Can I print that?"

"If you like."

When the young man had gone the Duke shadow-boxed for three minutes and got back on the table and Barney rubbed. At half-past eleven the Duke was still a quarter of a pound over. At half-past twelve it was only two ounces. At one o'clock Barney set the scales for one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

"Now, kid," he said, "hold your breath."

The beam lifted slowly as the Duke's weight settled on the platform. Barney cursed in whispers as if he were afraid a loud tone would make the beam jump. The beam stopped halfway, wavered, dropped back.

"Kid," Barney yelled, "we've saved ten grand! Who says ya can't make the weight? Get your clothes on an' let's go!"

When the Duke was dressed Barney took a bit of grease paint and worked on the long scar across the Duke's forehead, blending it into the skin above and below so that it would not show. He didn't want Kerrigan or any of his handlers to see how recently healed that scar was.

They drove downtown to the offices of the boxing commission. There Barney and Jake and Mullin and the Baby-Face surrounded the Duke and rushed him through the crowd of fight fans and into the elevator. It took an hour to be weighed officially, to be examined officially and certified fit to fight, and to pose for flash-light photographs.

"Boy," Jake said, when they were back in the Benham—"boy, what did you think of this Kerrigan?"

"I didn't think anything about him," the Duke said tartly. "I couldn't think about anything but food. Do I eat or don't I?"

Jake chuckled. "You eat, boy—you eat a big meal."

They took the Duke back to his hotel and let him eat, and then they put him to bed and pulled down all the shades tightly against the bright May sunlight and told him to forget everything and sleep—sleep till they called him at nine o'clock.

The Duke knew that he couldn't think about Susie Corbin and go to sleep. With an effort, he wrenched his thoughts from her. He thought instead of Miss Florence Atwater and what she would say when she read her morning paper and learned that the young man who had won her confidence was a prize fighter; and what Boss Walker and Tommy Wells would say, and the two detectives and the big policeman and the Widdecombs and Jack Gardiner and Pauline. He remembered the Widdecombs' dinner party and how they had asked him if he had ever seen Duke Wellington in the ring, and how Widdecomb and Professor Gardiner had agreed to take in this fight. The Duke smiled and presently forgot to remember.

XXIV

THE Gamma Delts had voted to take a chance on the weather and make their formal a garden party. Thus they could take advantage of having a larger lawn than any other sorority at Minnewaska. They had put up a screen of awning cloth and laid a board floor for dancing and strung Chinese lanterns and hoped. The weather had justified their daring. The evening of Decoration Day was warm and still and sweet with the odor of lilac. Happy girls in summer evening dresses flitted from house to lawn and from lawn to house in the twilight after dinner, making sure that there were enough lanterns and not too many, and deciding that when the moon had risen above the trees they would need only the lights over the dance band's instruments.

Susie Corbin, being president of Gamma Delta and privileged, had solved the problem of whether to ask Tommy Wells or Boss Walker by asking them both. She was talking to them both at the edge of the dance floor and trying to keep her mind on the task of amusing them both, when Pauline, quite late for a chaperon and quite breathless with excitement, arrived.

"Susie," Pauline cried, "I've just had this telegram from Jack." She thrust a yellow sheet into Susie's hand. Susie bent her head and read:

CHICAGO EVENING PAPER SAYS THAT DUKE WELLINGTON, LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION, DEFENDING HIS TITLE HERE TONIGHT HAS BEEN ATTENDING MINNEWASKA UNDER THE NAME OF JAMES VAN BLARCOM HAVE JUST SEEN BARNEY AND FIND THAT THE CHAMPION IS OUR JIMMY AND NO OTHER TURN ON YOUR RADIO

JACK GARDINER

Susie gave a little heartfelt "Oh!" and offered the telegram to Boss Walker. For a moment Susie and Pauline looked at each other, and then Pauline put her arm around Susie and swept her close. Boss Walker and Tommy Wells read the telegram through twice, their heads close together.

"No wonder that truck driver's nose looked like a smashed tomato after Van Blarcom hit him," Boss Walker muttered.

"Let's try the radio," Tommy Wells said. "Come on!"

Tommy and Boss Walker hurried into the house, into the living room, and Pauline and Susie followed them reluctantly, dreading what they might hear, yet driven by an irresistible curiosity. Tommy sat down in front of the machine and twisted dials. Suddenly the voice of the announcer filled the room:

"Folks, I wish I could tell you what a gorgeous scene this is. I am standing beside the ring, almost under it in fact, at the bottom of a great bowl filled to the brim with people. There is a perfect blaze of light on the ring. But as I look off into the dusk of the tiers and tiers of seats I see what looks like thousands of big fireflies in the dark. That's the flare of matches lighting cigarettes. It's a warm May

(Continued on Page 134)

"And Here Comes the Champion—Duke Wellington. He Climbs Into the Ring and Throws Off a Plain Dark Blue Bath Robe and Shuffles His Feet in the Rosin"

Just what is Quality in a lubricating oil? You ought to know

1 The natural lubricating value of the crude petroleum from which it is made.

2 The care and experience used in refining.

3 The engineering exactness with which an oil meets the mechanical needs of each type of engine.

On these three points the quality of Mobiloil has been built.

We ask you to consider Mobiloil not on what we say about its manufacture but on the hard, cold facts about Mobiloil performance.

Wherever hard lubricating jobs are to be done, Mobiloil is doing them.

Whether it is the conquest of the Sahara by the Citröen cars, or the conquest of the air by Colonel Lindbergh, Commander Byrd and others—Mobiloil is usually the oil that is chosen.

When Cannon Ball Baker breaks the transcontinental automobile record with a Franklin Airman—he chooses Mobiloil.

And when motorists all over the world are particular about their oil—they choose Mobiloil. Mobiloil is asked for by more motorists than any three oils combined.

For lubricating quality, you are always sure when using

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Look for the red
Gargoyle trade-mark
on the Mobiloil container

Fair retail price—30¢ a quart from bulk, except "B" and "BB" which are 35¢ a quart. (Prices higher in Southwest and Far West)

The World's Quality Oil

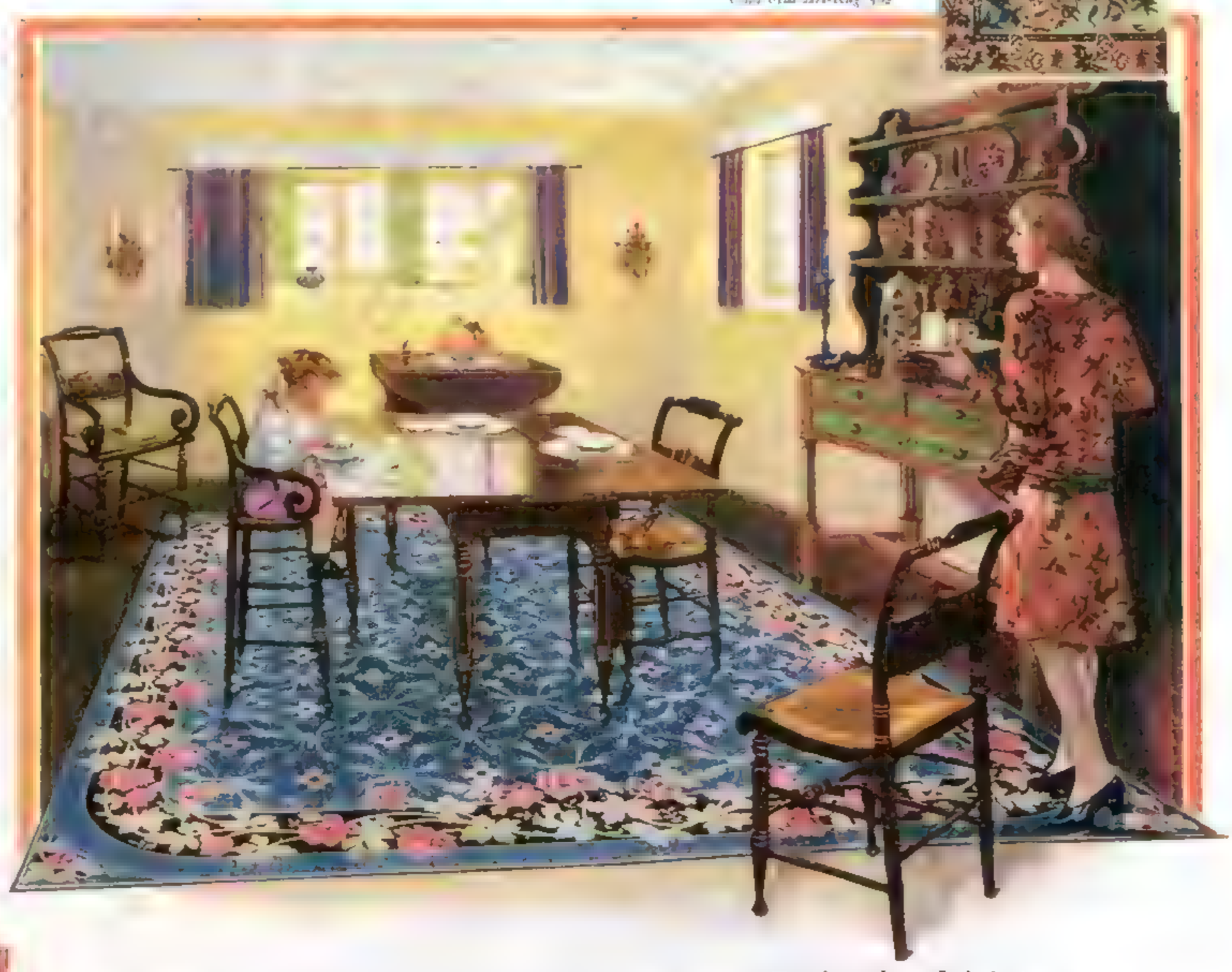
Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

"Du Barry" a masterpiece of Congoleum Rug designing!

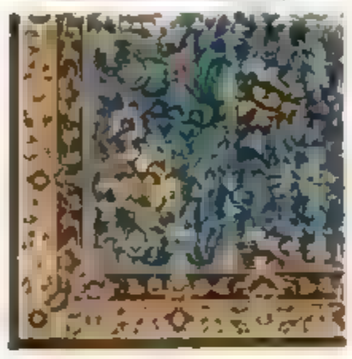
"CHRYSANTHEMUM"
Gold Seal Art-Rug 322

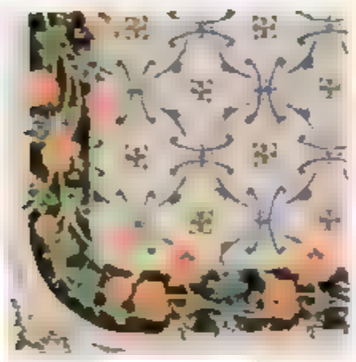
"KASHMIR"
Gold Seal Art-Rug 562



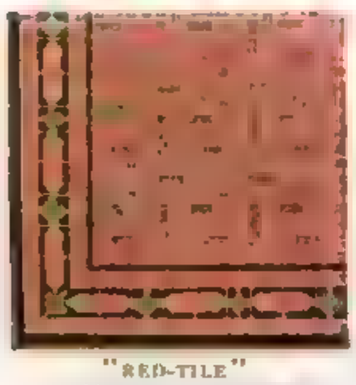
The "Du Barry" design shown on the floor is Gold Seal Art Rug 326. If you prefer an oval rug effect, just cut along the rounded lines at the corners of this rug—and there you are!

"WILTSHIRE"
Gold Seal Art Rug 574





"ANTOINETTE"
Gold Seal Art Rug 328



"RED-TILE"
Gold Seal Art-Rug 3[illegible]

THERE is only one Congoleum; and only one company making Congoleum Art-Rugs. Originated, developed, perfected, and for 16 years produced only by Congoleum-Nairn Inc., the largest manufacturers of smooth-surface rugs in the world.

NOTE how in the attractive room above, the floor itself becomes an important part of the whole room scheme. The rug is "Du Barry"—one of a colorful family of genuine Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs. Its fascinating old-world pattern and delicate arrangement of colors are enriched by a contrasting flower-strewn border of ebony black.

Many Designs of Rare Charm

Other patterns, equally distinctive and equally exclusive, may be had in genuine Congoleum Rugs. See them in your local stores.

You can be sure that any *Gold Seal* Rug that strikes your fancy will be correct in design and color. For in spite of their low price Congoleum Art-Rug designs are authentic—all of them creations of celebrated artists and designers. Sizes up to 9 x 15 foot rugs.

And the *Multicote Process* of manufacture is still another exclusive feature of genuine Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs. It builds toughness, strength and rugged wear-resistance right through the entire pattern.

When you buy a genuine Congoleum Art-Rug you get the utmost quality and value that money can buy.

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL ART-RUGS

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.
Factories at Kearny, N. J.
New York Philadelphia Chicago
Boston Pittsburgh San Francisco
Minneapolis Kansas City New Orleans
Dallas Atlanta Rock Island
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal

FOR your own protection look for the Gold Seal on the face of the pattern—you will find it only on Congoleum Rugs.

Free—

"COLOR WHERE AND WHY" a new [illegible] handbook by Harriette Lee will prove a boon to thrifty housewives. It contains a wealth of practical information and decorative suggestions as well as a helpful Color Scheme Secretor. For [illegible] copy. Address Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J.

Name [illegible] R. F. D.

The Grab Bag Grabs Everything in Sight

By Henry A. Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

TUESDAY, Sept. 7, 186— bully. old John Flanigin has started his concreek sidewalk. last Saterday he was boiling tarr in a big iron wash boiler and there was so mutch black smoak that sumbody started a fire alarm and Fountain no. 1 and Torrent no. 3 come on the run thinking from the smell and the smoak that old Bill Elliotts pig pen was on fire. well when they got there and found out they was fooled they pertended they dident know that old John Flannigan was only boiling tarr and they ran the suxion hose down in Mrs. Widdow Commodore Longs cistirn, old Commodore is ded so that is why they call her widdow, and put 2 streems on the fire and the iron wash boiler and put out the fire and cooled off the tarr until it was as hard as brickbats. and i wish you cood have herd old John Flannigin and old man Strattan whitch runs the gas wirks and sells the tarr to the town sware.

they spent the rest of the day picking the tarr out of the boiler with pick axs so it wood boil again. and they brougt 2 moar cords of wood and got reddy to begin Monday whitch was yesterday.

today they boiled it again while a lot of men dug up the path and put in stones. then they covered it with boiled tarr filled with little pebbles and when they got throug they drove down sum stakes and naled sum boards to keep the peeple away. me and Pewt is going over erly tomorow morning to see what was caugt.

Wensday, Sept. 8, 186— me and Pewt went round at 5 o'clock this morning. there was 2 of old Bill Elliotts hens. they both was caugt and cackling. Rody Shattuck's old pett white cat whitch lives at the corner of coart and Elm streets was caugt and sort of yowling out of the corner of her mouth. we got old Bill out of bed and he swore auful. then he got a board and laid it acrost and got hold of his hens and yanked them out.

then he was going to get the cat but she yowled and bit him and he sed she cood stay there til crismas for all he caired. then old Bill tride to get the board back but it was stuck and Bill sed he was lucky to escaip with his life. then we went home. but it was a pretty good catch for the ferst nite. they dident get Rody Shattucks cat out until about 11 oh clock and Rody sassed them for 4 hours steddy.

Thirsday, Sept. 9, 186— today me and Pewt went up again. prety good luck the 2th time. there was 2 cats, a old rocky mountain rooster and a mans shoe, the man had escaiped. nobody knows who he was or what he wanted but Pewt sed it wood be prety eezy to gess what he sed. this is almost as good as setting nite lines for fish or grabbing in a grabb bag in the may fair. old John Flannigin got bit twict in getting the cats out. they wood have clawed him but when he got them out evry cat had a big gobb of concreek on her feet and coodent get it off.

father says the Exeter Newsletter had augt to have a lost and found collum like this:

lost a pett cat. white with black ears. a libberal reward will be pade for her retirn. RODY SHATTUCK.

found. mans shoe in concreek sidewalk. number 10. must have belonged to 1 legged man as it had no mate. this was a right foot shoe. enny one legged man whitch has lost his left leg can have the saim by proving property. large gobb of concreek sidewalk goes with shoe. no charge for the gobb. JOHN FLANNIGIN. concreeker.

lost. the seet of one pair of black broad cloth briches. left in the cellebrated concreek bog of our xpert concreeker. if the saim is returned owner will remove the concreek attached if he can and retirn it to the contractor or leave it with the seleckman where the seet of the briches may be left.

A SITTIZEN WHITCH VOATED FOR THE CONCREEK SIDEWALK BUT WHITCH WISHES HE HADENT

lost. 1 pair of falce teeth with red rubber gumbs. last chewn when subscriber stepped in concreek sidewalks. i did not miss them at time becaus i was having all i cood do to get out.

cuery. mister edditers. isent it about time that sumthing is done to abate the nusence in front of the unitarial chirch. xperience has taugt us that concreek is a delussian and a snair, particularly the latter. havent we got enny rites at all.

SITTIZEN.

cuery. mister edditers Smith Hall and Clark. i am a sittizen and tax payer in Exeter. i am and have always been a beleever in progress. but i vew with alarm the atrocius vilation of our rites as sittizens when a bogg, a morass a trapp for the feet of the unwary is set on a publick hyway of our town in the person of what is suposed to be a concreek sidewalk in front of the Unitarial chirch. peraps we have no rites as sittizens, voaters and tax payers. it certainly looks so. but have our innosent birds and pett animals no rites. have they no rites i say. doesent the law say sumthing about cruilty to animals. peraps the matter may come befoar the coarts. there is a limit. bewair.

SITTIZEN, VOATER AND TAX PAYER AND FREND OF DUMM ANIMALS.

father has sum pretty good idears. i bet if he was editer of the News Letter insted of old Smith Hall and Clark he wood maik things humm. of coarse it is eezy to go two far as i did when i published the lambaster and the book of poims and got into truble. but ennyway they was moar intersting than the News Letter. General Marstin sed they was the most intersting books he ever read. but father wood know jest how far to go and whitch is mutch better than not going at all.

Friday, Sept. 10, 186— the gratest thing has hapened that ever did. twict a man died and old Francis had to go to his funeral in North Hampton and eech time we had a holiday. but this time the opening of school has been put off for 2 weeks on account of scarlet fever and we have all had it and so we needent be scart.

Saterday, Sept. 11, 186— gosh it is prety tuff on Beany. he has been kep in the yard for most a week and hasent been aloud to have me over there. of coarse i have seen

(Continued on Page 83)

He Jed Chirch Wood be Better Than Staying in the Yard for the Rest of His Life

The New CADILLACS
+ + *The New* LA SALLES
+ + *The New* FLEETWOODS

THE MOST COMPLETE AND EXTENSIVE LINE EVER PRESENTED

No Other Cars in All The World Like These

THE Cadillac Motor Car Company invites the attention of every motorist to the perfection of the new Cadillac-La Salle Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission in the newest and greatest Cadillac, La Salle and Fleetwood models.

With the perfect synchronization of transmission gears effected by this new Cadillac-La Salle Syncro-Mesh Transmission, gear-shifting becomes an effortless and almost unconscious gesture, contributing immeasurably to the complete relaxation that motoring should be. The standard method of shifting gears is, of course, retained.

The latest and greatest Cadillacs, La Salles and Fleetwoods are lavish with a host of similar manufacturing refinements that go far deeper than mere outward beauty and are far beyond imitation.

New Cadillac-La Salle Duplex Mechanical System of Effortless Four Wheel Brakes, the most scientific, costly and efficient ever developed.

Security-Plate Glass, for your greater protection. New adjustable front seats, easily adjusted to suit the comfort of any driver. Principles of pneumatic control engineered in chassis and body construction to assure maximum quietness. New rich modernity in finish and appointment. Chromium Plating, the new metallurgical treatment that assures permanent lustre of exposed nickel parts.

More powerful 90-Degree, V-Type, 8-Cylinder Engines—incomparably smooth and silent.

+ +

In addition to 22 refreshingly beautiful Fisher Bodies for the New Cadillac and the New La Salle, there are 14 exclusive and exquisite custom-built models, Fleetwood designed and Fleetwood built, that vie with the fabulously expensive motor equipages that Europe offers. These new models are now ready for inspection at all Cadillac-La Salle showrooms.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Division of General Motors Corporation
Detroit, Michigan Oshawa, Canada

FIFTY BODY TYPES AND STYLES BY FISHER AND FLEETWOOD

FOR METAL ONLY

(Continued from Page 19)

and a horse that was still older and a few dollars left over. So we started out.

We had no regular route or customers or stock. Sometimes we'd get as much as eighty or a hundred miles from the city, but mostly we'd stick pretty close around it. From the middle of April until the end of May we peddled flowers; starting in with pussy willows and ending with lilacs for Memorial Day. You'd be surprised the way people will buy flowers in the spring; especially city people. Sometimes we'd just load up with any sort of little potted plants from some greenhouse in the country—cheapest ones we could get—drive into the city and have every last one gone by night. After May we'd turn to garden truck, and when watermelon time came we'd peddle watermelons. In the fall it was apples, and still later oranges. Fred knew all the tricks of the trade; he'd been in it before the draft.

In winter, when the trade slacked off and it was hard to get anything to peddle without having to pay too much for it, we collected junk. At night we'd turn our stuff over to one of the small junk yards and cash in on it; so much a pound for old rubber, so much for bags, so much for rags, so much for old newspapers. The owner of the yard was a young Italian named Galiotti. We knew he had half a dozen crews of junkies out cracking up old cars for him; every night there was a big heap of automobile metal piled near the scales. But that's about all we did know about it.

Cracking Old Cars

"Look here," he said one evening in December, "why don't you fellows drop your peddling for a while and start in junking old cars for me? I'll stake you to a truck if you want to try it. You can pay me back out of your earnings."

Fred looked at me and I looked at Fred. Our horse, Pete, was about getting ready to lie down anyway. So was the wagon.

"What's the big idea?" Fred asked. "Ain't these other fellows you got cracking cars for you any good?"

"You bet your life they're good," he told us. "They're bringing in 2000 pounds of metal a day. Trouble is, some of 'em are too good. This morning that big Polack you've seen around tried to steal a spare tire from a car in back of the garage where they were loading some junk. Got himself caught at it too. He'll get sent up sure. His partner took the truck and lit out. If you fellows want to take their places, I'll back you."

"When?" I asked.

"Soon as you want," he said. "You ought to start the first of the year."

"Yeah?" said Fred. "Why the first of the year? It'll be terribly cold then."

"That's when the old-car business gets good," Galiotti told us. "The secondhand-car market is different. That comes up in the spring, right at the beginning of warm weather. But old cars that are worn out usually hit the dead line right at the end of the year, when the license runs out. In January there's snow on the ground, and you can't run an old car much anyway. Too expensive and too cold. Owners don't pay the new license and the old bus just naturally goes out of commission. When spring comes, if it isn't sold, there's a new reason for using it, and a late license may start it in again until New Year's. January, February and March—those are the best months in the junk business."

The offer sounded so good we thought there must be some catch in it. Junk-yard men don't just go around passing out $300 to peddlers.

"Where do you get off," asked Fred, "in a deal like that?"

"I get mine, all right," he told us. "I pay for the metal you bring in, so much a pound—say twelve cents for aluminum and nine for brass. The price shifts around. While the war was still on, when this whole business of cracking old cars really started, aluminum went up to more than forty cents a pound. That's when there was really big money in the game. One time that Polack's partner brought in a bus that cracked up nearly $300 worth of metal. He gave a hundred for it and cleared two. But it's not like that now.

"You know what metal is. Aluminum and composition—just those two. Not iron; iron's just iron. After I buy the stuff from you, I sort it into all the different grades. All you have to do is collect brass and aluminum. I divide the composition into bronze, heavy brass, light brass, yellow brass, red brass, copper, and all the rest. I get about three-quarters of a cent more a pound for it than I pay you. That's where my profit comes in. I sell to Jake Bernowitz, right next door here. He sells it wholesale to the shippers. Then it goes to the foundries and mills. That's the way it starts back around from old cars into new ones again. But unless you fellows bring the metal to us, neither Bernie nor I nor any of the others can make a cent out of it. See? That's why I want a lot of weight coming in."

"If everybody keeps cracking up these old cars," Fred put in suspiciously, "pretty soon they'll be all gone."

We knew that besides the crews bringing metal in to Galiotti, there were others working for other yards in different parts of the city. Dozens of 'em. But Galiotti only laughed.

"Listen!" he told us. "When the war started there weren't a million and a half cars in the whole country. Now they're making more than twice that every year. Do you know how long a car lasts on the average? Less than seven years. With the number of cars there are in the country now, that means 3,000,000 old boats pass out every twelve months. Get me? Isn't that enough to pick from?"

"Yeah," said Fred, "but they're most of them little light cars without enough metal in 'em to fill a baby buggy."

"There're more than 1,000,000 cars registered in this state right now," says Galiotti. "Let's say one in a dozen has good metal value. Say 100,000. That means 15,000 good, heavy cars ready to junk every twelve months—more than 1000 a month in this state alone. How many do you fellows think you need? All the junkies working out of the city together don't crack up more'n 3000 or 4000 a year."

"How about it?" Fred asked me.

"I'm on if you are," I told him. "At least we'll be a truck to the good, if we ever get it paid for."

Next morning Fred came in with forty dollars. He'd sold Pete and the wagon. Forty was about like stealing, but we were glad to have the money. Selling the old horse and wagon was like shoving off from shore somewhere without a compass.

Bid and Asked for Junk

We began looking around for a truck. We soon located a little two-cylinder wagon in the corner of a garage that we could get for $125. It needed tires and quite a bit of work, but we figured the whole thing would come to less than $300, which was what Galiotti was willing to put up. It looked good, but for all we knew it might have a crystallized crank shaft that would break and wreck the whole motor the first day out.

By Christmas we were all set to go, with a loan from Galiotti of $300 checked up against us. The last fifteen dollars we spent on a heavy tow line and a box of secondhand tools. The new tow line didn't last long. We forgot and left it behind at a dump heap with the remains of an old car inside of a fortnight. After that we depended on any old length of chain or wire cable that we happened to pick up. But the old tools lasted right along. Besides a full assortment of pliers and wrenches and hammers, we had a couple of good hack saws to cut metal with, some small sledge hammers up to about six pounds, a pinch bar, and two five-foot crowbars.

When we were set we felt fine. We started out on a bitter cold morning, but we knew from our peddling how to look out for that with old clothes and gloves.

Every garage we came to had a line-up of old cars out in back, frozen up in the snow. We looked 'em all over, figuring what they would give us in metal. It seemed like easy picking, there were so many to choose from. But when we came to ask prices everything was too high.

One old codger who ran a filling station had about a dozen wrecks lined up behind it. One was so old it would have made a good museum piece—big, high tonneau and no doors, with a strap over the hood to hold her down. But when we offered him five dollars for it, he wanted to murder us. Said he was going to get $100!

By noon we'd traveled sixty miles without finding anything we could buy for metal. We stopped at a roadside dog wagon to get a bite to eat. The junk business didn't look so good! After we'd each put away a big plate of stew and a couple of cups of hot coffee and a slab of pie, we started out again, ready to buy anything from a motorcycle to a steam roller. Inside of an hour we found an old boat we could get for ten bucks. It was a car that had sold for twelve or fourteen hundred dollars, I should say, nine years before.

The Call of the Hammer

"I know that baby," Fred told me, "and she's got an aluminum crank case."

We scratched at it, but under all the grease and dirt it was hard to tell whether it was real metal or just iron. We decided to take a chance on it, paid the owner his ten dollars, and hauled her away. We turned down the first dirt road we came to, and inside of two miles found a lonely hollow with a couple of wrecks in it, where we figured we wouldn't be interrupted. Then we started in to crack it up.

Under the front seat we found three pennies. From under the back seat we dug out a quarter, three dimes and a copper. Under the carpets we found two cents in one place and six in another—one penny and a nickel. Sixty-seven cents all together.

"There's good luck," said Fred. "Money lying around loose in the first car we crack."

While we were still working on the body a fellow came along and looked the old car over. Later we found that was nothing unusual; there were almost always three or four men or boys hanging around before we got through.

Funny thing, everywhere you go there seem to be people within sound of hammering with nothing better to do than stand around and watch somebody else work. But this fellow had a small truck he'd stopped beside the road when he came over. Presently I saw him looking at the size marked on the tires. I nudged Fred.

"That bird's going to make an offer on a shoe. Probably uses the same size."

Sure enough in a few minutes: "Want to sell any of these old tires?" he asked. "Give you half a dollar for that one on the right rear, if you're just going to throw it away."

"We can get that much for it as junk," Fred told him. In the end we made a sale for a dollar and a half. He put it on one of the wheels of his truck right away. Just out of curiosity I went over and took a look at the tire he was taking off. It had a bulge in it as big as an orange and would probably have blown out inside of another mile. If I'd only seen it before we made that sale, we could have made him pay three dollars instead of one and a half. For him, finding that size tire just then was about like finding a five-dollar bill. That certainly showed

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

THE Road to Romance leads to The Home of Romance which happens to be Universal City, Cal., The Home of Universal Pictures—the strangest city in the world—a city of talented souls whose sole business in life is to create pleasing entertainment for you. Can you imagine a more delightful occupation? It's a serious one though, serious because its success depends on creating the kind of entertainment that the people want. That's why I ask you so often to tell me what kind of pictures you like and who are your favorite stars. The Slogan of Universal is, that "It can be done," and your suggestions, opinions and requests will not fall on deaf ears. During the past year, Universal has been very successful, partly because thousands of readers of this column have extended their aid. What about you? You have ideas. Can't I have them?

—C. L.

WANTED—somebody in every city, town, village, hamlet and farm to correspond with me about Universal Pictures. I'd like to know what you like. And if there is anything about our pictures that you don't like, I want to know that, too. Let's exchange views. I'll answer you.

Lewis Stone in "The Foreign Legion"

ATTENTION—Who is your favorite movie star? I want to classify the stars. I want to give you what you want. Naturally, I have my own opinions. That doesn't satisfy me. I want to know yours. I'd rather please you than please myself.

TAKE NOTICE! Universal has produced *"The Foreign Legion,"* a brilliant and daring story adapted from the novel *"The Red Mirage,"* by that fine writer, J. A. R. Wylie, starring NORMAN KERRY, LEWIS STONE, MARY NOLAN, JUNE MARLOWE and others. Can you imagine what such a cast would do with any story? Mention it to your favorite theatre.

June Marlowe in "The Foreign Legion"

REMEMBER! Rupert Hughes wrote *"The Girl on the Barge."* It was published by the Cosmopolitan Magazine. Universal has produced it in picture. It is a drama of elemental passions and occurs on the Erie Canal. It is unusual and a drama of everyday folks. I am anxious to have you see it.

MY MESSAGE TO YOU—Mark my word,—you're going to see REGINALD DENNY in some splendid pictures this coming season. Corking stories that fit Denny's sparkling personality to a "T". Just note these titles—*"Red Hot Speed," "His Lucky Day," "The Night Bird," "Clear the Decks."* Ask your theatre manager to show them.

Reginald Denny

AND DON'T FORGET—*"Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Man Who Laughs," "The Collegians," "Anybody Here Seen Kelly," "Jazz Mad," "The Last Warning,"* mystery *"Lonesome,"* the most unusual love story ever produced.

I want to hear from you. Write me today. I'll answer immediately.

Carl Laemmle, President

Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free.

To meet a popular demand Universal will send photographs of actual scenes from "The Collegians" as follows: Set of 5, 50c; Set of 9, 90c; Set of 18, $1.80, Set of 25, $2.50.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

"Bill—why don't you put a set of *live* casters on that chair?"

"YOU'LL save that rug—and your nerves. I bought a set of Bassicks for my chair—a set for my desk, too. No gnawed floors and gouged rugs in my office now."

You are never conscious of casters when furniture rolls on Bassicks, for Bassicks always start quickly—turn smoothly—roll easily and quietly. No tugging. No straining. That means longer life for floors, floor coverings and furniture—and peace for you.

If your office supply house or hardware dealer cannot take care of your needs—make selection from list below and send to us with remittance and dealer's name

Three Bassick Casters recommended for office use

Ruboid Wheel — *For use on linoleum and composition floors* — Size GWG $2.70 set

Fibre Wheel — *For use on carpets, rugs and hardwood floors* — Size FBB $1.30 set

Atlasite Wheel — *For use on wood and tile floor* — Size FAB $1.20 set

How easily *it rolls* on Bassicks

BASSICK Casters

me the importance of finding out what a man wants anything for before setting a price on it.

It was no cinch to crack up that car. Some bolts had to be unscrewed, some had to be broken off, some had to be cut. Every time we decided wrong we lost a lot of time, and mostly we decided wrong. When we got down to the motor, we pried it loose with the two crowbars after enough bolts were cut or loosened, and dumped it off onto the ground. That alone took us nearly an hour. Then we cracked it down, bit by bit.

The first piece of the crank case that broke off, Fred hefted. Then he put it down again and looked at me. I lifted it. It was too heavy for aluminum and it wasn't the right color for brass. Say, but we felt cheap! On our first buy we'd reckoned on a metal crank case and got only iron—not worth hauling to town!

We worked until dark on the car with everything we had. It was worse than blacksmithing or making little ones out of big ones on a rock pile. We decided we'd left an easy trade to run into a hard one, like a pair of fools. We never got back to the city until after nine o'clock. In the morning we ached all over. And when we came to weigh in our stuff we found we had less than eighty pounds of metal. We got about eight dollars for it. We'd paid ten. Besides that, we'd worked all day, eaten six meals, and driven the truck 100 miles. All together that first day's work cost us about five dollars apiece. Maybe we didn't feel blue!

A Necessary Tool

The next day was just as bad. We didn't find a single car that we were sure enough of to buy.

"Look here," said Galiotti that night. "You fellows have been out two days without finding a single car worth cracking up. Tomorrow you take Bill along with you." Bill was a handy man who worked at the yard off and on. "He was on a spree yesterday and isn't in shape to work hard yet anyway. But he'll tell you what to buy. If you find a car, he'll help you crack it up; if you don't, I'll pay him for the day myself. When you're after metal you've got to know how to find it. I didn't know you were so green."

That arrangement worked out pretty well. We weren't twenty miles from the city before Bill spotted a couple of old machines behind a local garage. We had thought he was asleep, but he wasn't.

"No use stopping there," we told him. "We tried that guy out day before yesterday. He wants too much—twenty dollars."

"There's a couple of them," said Bill, "that are worth it. The rest I wouldn't take as a gift."

He picked out two heavy old boats, about the worst-looking wrecks in the lot. "See what he'll take for those two. They've both got a lot of metal in 'em.

"Come on," he went on, when Fred had gone in to dicker. "Get out the magnet and we'll see if I'm right."

"Magnet?" That was a new one on me.

Actually, I believe Bill's mouth dropped open.

"You mean to say you haven't got a magnet? You've been trying to buy cars to crack up, without a magnet? You got all the other tools and left out the only one you couldn't do without? Well, it's no wonder you haven't brought in any metal yet!"

Fred came out to tell us we could get the two cars for thirty-five dollars.

"First we go buy us a big magnet," said Bill.

So we climbed into the truck and drove to a hardware store where we could get a heavy magnet.

"You can get a bigger one in the city tomorrow," Bill said, "but this'll do for now."

Then we went back to the garage and he stuck it against the two old cars he had picked out.

"Iron will pull it," he explained. "Brass and aluminum won't."

Sure enough, neither crank case pulled the magnet at all. Under the grease and dirt, that made them look like any others, they were solid aluminum. Bill had spotted both machines at a glance, although one had a name on it I'd never even heard of. He was a wizard.

"But I wouldn't buy either of 'em without putting a magnet on 'em," he insisted. "Even a car that started out with a metal crank case may have been given an iron one before it got old. Always put a magnet on 'em before you buy, and if she pulls, keep your money."

Thirty-five dollars for two cars still seemed too high to us. It looked like an awful lot of money to pay for such junk. But Bill said we could get it out of one car alone, as well as our expenses, and have the other for profit.

We towed the first machine about two miles, to a place where a fill was being made on a new subdivision. We slipped the man in charge a couple of dollars to let us crack up the car there. Dozens of old car bodies were already in the fill, ready to be covered over. If some fellow starts digging a hole in his back yard there, twenty years from now, he's liable to get the surprise of his life—a whole jungle of scrap iron.

With Bill to show us what to do, tearing that car down was very different from the first time. He knew just when to drop the big wrench and give the metal a crack with a sledge hammer. Off came the radiator, first of all—that's always a big prize on any machine—all metal. Inside of an hour we were down to the motor. Bill knew just where to stick the crowbars to pry the transmission loose at the clutch, and then dump out the motor over the front end of the chassis onto the ground. What had taken us an hour took him less than five minutes. He went after it as if it were a big walnut he had to crack to get the meat. By the middle of the afternoon he had the crank shaft—the last thing in the whole works—lying there clean as a bone, with every last bronze bearing picked off it. Then we hove all the old steel, gears and clutch and pistons and all the rest, over the edge of the dump. They weren't worth enough to bother with. We loaded our pieces of broken metal onto the truck. It made quite a pile. We had time left to go back to the garage and get our other buy and tow it into the city with us. Bill said he would crack it up, right there beside the curb at Galiotti's, first thing in the morning.

When we came to weigh in we found we had 580 pounds of metal. Galiotti paid us $62.55 for it. Our layout, including six dollars for Bill, was about fifty dollars all together. That left us twelve dollars ahead for the day, besides the other old car. The next forenoon Bill had that cracked up while we were away, and got another nice lot of metal out of it, worth fifty-one dollars, which was all clear gain except three dollars to Bill for his morning. The two cars netted us all together almost an even sixty dollars. We paid Galiotti half of it on what he had advanced for the truck. That was better.

Prize Packages

We learned to look for money in every car we took in. Nine wrecks out of ten had at least a penny in them, and often the amount of small change rattling around with old bolts and washers was surprising. I suppose most of it had rolled out of pockets and fallen down behind seat cushions. Once we found a ten-dollar bill.

The biggest prize of all was a diamond ring. We found it hidden away in a crack under the rear seat of a big foreign car. Likely it dated back to one of the earlier owners or some guest of ten years before, when the machine was worth a fat eight or ten thousand dollars. It had quite a good stone in it and we sold it to a jeweler for ninety dollars. Three or four times, in its old age, the car was probably sold for less than the ring was worth.

Besides money, we often found all sorts of small odds and ends. Toys were common—cap pistols and little dolls and tops and sling shots. Once we found a cheap watch. All we had to do was wind it. In the pockets of the doors there were road maps, pliers, handkerchiefs. Sometimes we came across a vanity case or a lady's scarf, and often we found very good gloves. One time we found a gold pencil.

We often had someone come along, like that guy with our first car, and make us an offer on a tire or part of the machine we were cracking up. On nearly one car out of three we made some kind of sale. One man paid twenty-five dollars for an old-style high-tension magneto. We saw he wanted it and made him come up as high as he would. Usually, though, we chucked the parts out on the dirt and let 'em lie there.

It took us quite a while to get used to throwing good parts out onto a dump. It's nothing but worn-out machinery, to be sure, but often separate parts, gears or pistons or crank shaft, may still be perfectly good.

Sometimes owners of cars get to have a real fondness for them. Once we tried to buy an old roadster that stood beside a two-car garage; only to find it had been rolled out there for repainting. The owner told us he'd never think of selling it.

"Why," he said, "we've been in all kinds of places with that car—mountains and desert and city traffic—and it's never once failed us."

His wife, a fine, gray-haired lady, came out and joined him. She was even more indignant than he was at the idea of selling the car.

"Of course, we don't use it now," she said. "It's almost eighteen years old. But if we ever have to part with it we'll see that it gets decent burial."

If they'd known we only wanted to crack it up and leave the parts on some dump heap, they'd have thought we were murderers.

A Highway Bandit

Another time we bought an old seven-passenger sedan for fifteen dollars. It had a convertible top with heavy aluminum supports. The owner gave us permission to break it up in a field beside the house, provided we'd cart the pieces away. It was a Saturday morning and his three children came out to watch us. That was all right until Fred picked up a sledge and started cracking off the top supports. There was a smash of breaking glass from the windshield at the first blow, and one of the children, a little girl about ten years old, burst out crying. She ran into the house. In a few minutes her father came out and called the deal off. He gave us back the fifteen dollars, with a couple extra thrown in for the time we'd lost.

Along in March, when we had cracked up more than seventy cars, we bought an old school bus for three dollars. It was so heavy that we had a lot of trouble towing it on the icy roads, so we started cracking it up as soon as we found a level place beside the road with no houses in sight. We had just pried the motor out when a young farmer came along. He stopped his team and came over to us.

"You can't junk that car here," he told us. "This is private property. Get along out of here, now, and don't leave a thing, or I'll have you in jail."

We explained we had no way of getting the motor onto our truck until we'd broken it up; it was too heavy. Finally we offered him five dollars to let us finish, and promised to take every single scrap of junk away with us. He took the money.

"Five dollars is five dollars," he said, and went away.

We were patting ourselves on the back for keeping out of trouble when a motorcycle cop showed up.

"You fellows can't get away with that," he said. "Let's have a look at your license."

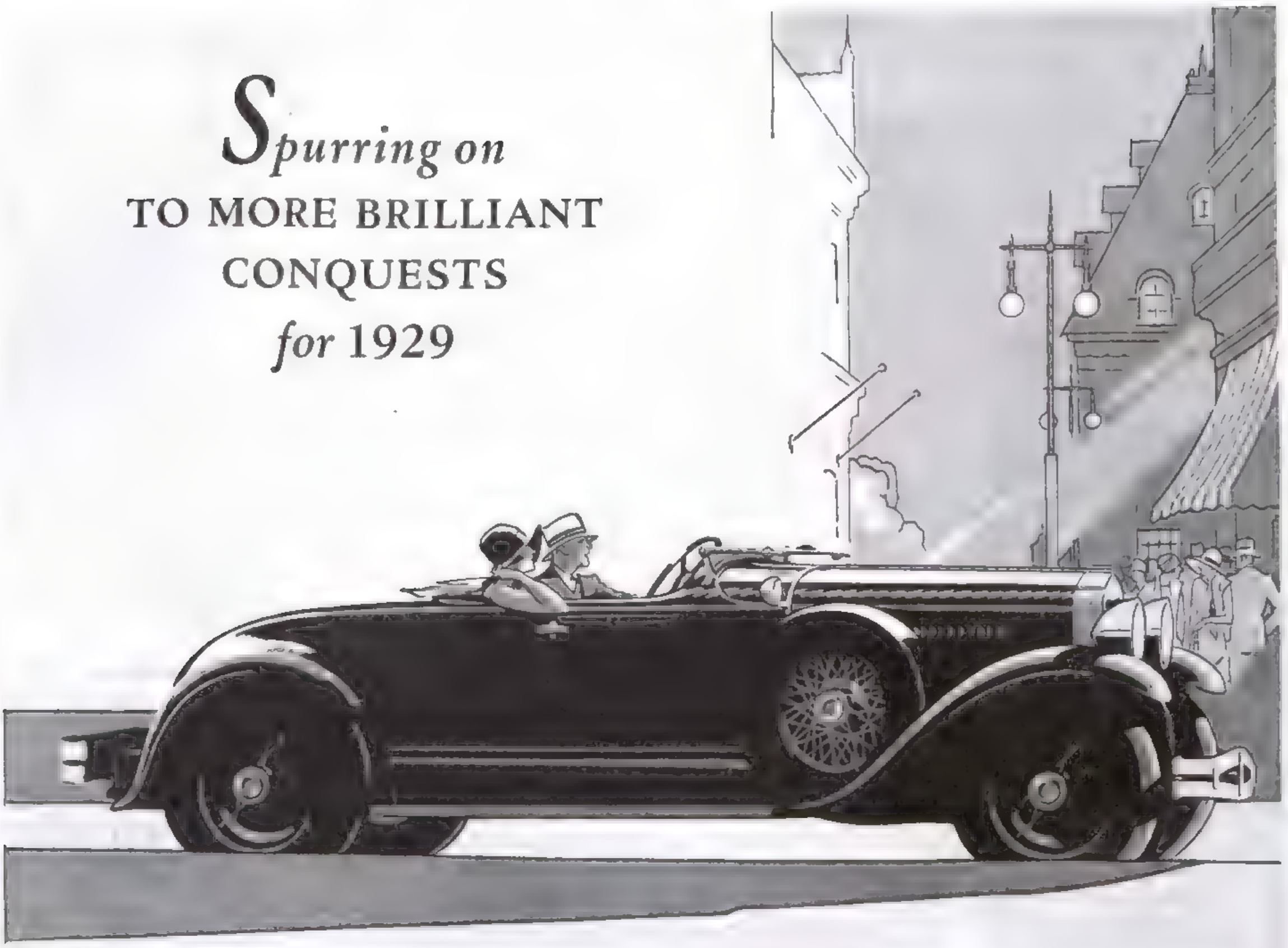
"That's all right," I told him. "We got our permission to junk this car right here. Paid five dollars for it."

When we described the farmer, the cop began to laugh.

"The owner of this property," he told us, "is an old bird that lives up yonder on

(Continued on Page 48)

Spurring on TO MORE BRILLIANT CONQUESTS *for* 1929



THE record-breaking success of the first Century Hupmobiles—their complete conquest not only of their own markets, but of markets never before open to Hupmobile—was but the forerunner of what was to come.

Already, the new 1929 Century models are excelling last year's popularity, and gaining greater volume of public favor with every passing day.

New in their beauty, more beautiful in the newness of their "tailored-metal" excellence, they go beyond merely promising even more brilliant records for 1929—they are already winning them.

If you would drive the century's best, and the century's greatest value, you have only to become the owner of a Century Six or Eight. The day you do that, you enter into a kind of motoring satisfaction and owner-satisfaction that is as rare as the new Century beauty.

Forty-two body and equipment combinations, standard and custom, on each line. Six of the Century, $1345 to $1645. Century Eight, $1825 to $2125. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

HUPMOBILE

1929 CENTURY

SIX AND EIGHT

NEW Risk in Postage Penalty

More than *eighty-eight million* "postage due" stamps were issued to postmasters last year. Petty amounts had to be collected from millions of addressees—somebody's customers—because of senders' errors. And now, to reduce the volume of short-paid mail, the government has added a penalty, doubling the risk of customer-irritation.

You never know how often this happens in your business—with unreliable or non-computing scales. Toledo Postage-Computing Scales—no springs—remove the increased business hazard. They insure enough postage in every case, but without waste. And they guarantee full benefit of the reduced rates for fast air mail service.

A Toledo representative will check your letters, air mail, circulars and parcels, and show you any errors that may exist in your daily mailings. Write us.

TOLEDO SCALE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO
Canadian Toledo Scale Company, Limited
Windsor, Ont.

TOLEDO SCALES
NO SPRINGS - HONEST WEIGHT

(Continued from Page 44

the hill. He telephoned in about you fellows after driving past and noticing what you were doing. Your friend was just being a good fellow and telling you the right thing to do."

In the end we each had to pay a fine of twenty dollars for junking a car on private property without permission. Nearly every town has put in some sort of law like that.

That day's work set us back nearly sixty dollars.

By the middle of April we'd cracked up 105 cars. We weighed in enough metal to bring us nearly $3700. It averaged about thirty-five dollars a car. They were nearly all heavy cars—most of them cost maybe $4000. We paid about eight dollars apiece about $850 in all. We ran the truck about 8000 miles. It cost us $630. Besides that, we paid Bill $312 for fifty-two days' work and cleaned off our debt to Galiotti. When we figured out our season's returns, we found we had each cleared about eight dollars a day for the time we'd put in, besides getting what was left of the old truck. As we'd agreed to bank anything above five dollars a day, this gave us a nest egg of better than $300 apiece. Then we went back to peddling.

Next season we did still better. In four months we cleaned up $2600 clear profit. The price of metal had dropped off, but we knew more about buying cars. We traded in the old truck on a good four-cylinder model for an extra $230. By the first of May we were so well satisfied with the business that we decided to keep right along with it, even though we couldn't get so many cars during the rest of the year.

People never seemed to get into their heads what we wanted the old cars for. That's true even yet; the average owner can't understand breaking a car up for nothing but metal.

One day we saw an old American car under an apple tree beside a barn. We looked it over, and when the owner came out we offered him two dollars for it. He was a city man and laughed at us.

Turning a Neat Profit

"Why, you could drive it away with its own motor!" he said. That's always a mark of value to an owner—that it will run. But not to us. Finally, after a lot of talk, he said we could have it for fifteen dollars. We wouldn't give it. The machine was a medium-priced make and would only junk about nine. We were just going away when the owner turned toward the barn.

"If you're only looking for junk," he said, "there's an old car in here you can have for two dollars if you'll haul it away."

He took us into the barn and showed us what was left of a heavy old-timer that had been stripped clear down to the motor and body. Lamps and everything like that were gone, and the rear-axle housing was broken.

"Two dollars?" I asked. "You'll have to let us break it up here behind the barn, because we can't tow it. But we'll take all the stuff away."

That was jake with him, and we gave him two one-dollar bills. It took us all day to crack up the car and haul the pieces away. The crank case alone weighed nearly 400 pounds, solid brass.

A few days later, when we were out that way again, the owner stopped us and asked us what we made on his car.

"About ninety dollars," Fred told him.

You should have seen his face. "I never heard of such a thing," he said.

"Most people never seem to," I said. "Every old car has three values. That's what fools people. There's the secondhand value and parts value and metal value. Everybody knows about secondhand cars, and a good many know about parts. But nobody seems to know about metal. When an old boat's worth less than $100 it's about gone for transportation. It costs too much to keep fixed up. Well, it's still worth something to parts men. Its gears may go on working for thousands of miles in some other old bus. But when we get a car it lasts about three hours. Even if it's running when we get it, it'll soon be only broken metal and wood and iron and glass. All we want is the brass and aluminum."

Out on Their Own

"That's all right," he said. "But why didn't anybody ever tell me a car may have ninety dollars' worth of brass in it?"

"It isn't often," I said, to let him down easy, "any old car is worth that much. Metal values are mostly low. But once in a while there's a case like this old boat of yours, worth more to junkmen than to anybody else. Some foreign cars aren't worth anything to parts men, because there's no demand in America for old parts of most foreign cars. They're already gone for secondhand, because people who can afford to keep a heavy foreign car going don't want to drive an out-of-date bus that looks like junk. But they may still have good metal value. One high-class American machine has more than five hundred pounds of aluminum in it."

"I wish somebody'd told me that before you came along," he said. I believe he felt worse over letting that car go for two dollars than he would have if he'd lost $10,000 on the stock market.

In our third year of junking we decided to make a change. We found a bunch of empty lots at the edge of a town about twenty miles from the city, in a poor district. There was an old storage shed on one of the lots, about twenty feet wide and sixty feet long. We hunted up the owner and got a lease on the whole block where the old shed was for $100 a year. We got Bill to come along with us, at the same money we'd been giving him before. He'd had a row with Galiotti over drink. As soon as we found a car we'd tow it around and leave it for Bill to crack up, while we went after another. Presently we had the whole block littered up with scrap iron.

Inside the shed we stuck up a lot of stalls. We used old lumber from fallen-down barns or whatever we found, and built them ourselves. I don't believe we spent fifteen dollars on the whole building. On each one of the stalls we stuck up a board that had the name of a car written on it. The stalls ran clear around the inside of the shed. Then, instead of throwing the parts of old motors away, we'd toss good pieces into the stalls labeled for that particular make—crank shaft, clutch, timing gears, transmission gears. Sometimes the whole rear action would be good enough to keep.

The yard itself, with our junk pile of old car bodies, was advertisement enough. People began to drop around and ask if we had such and such a part for this or that machine. We sold for prices way under the regular secondhand shops of old-line wreckers. Almost before we knew it we'd started a business. Old tires alone brought in quite a good revenue—a dollar for this casing and three dollars for that, where before we'd been turning them all in at eighty or ninety cents a hundred pounds. Pretty soon we had to make separate bins for different sizes. Of course we still junked a lot of stuff, keeping only the best parts and the best shoes.

Presently the lot got piled up so deep with old bodies that we had to do something about it. We got an acetylene torch and hired a couple of men to help Bill out, and cut them up. We got enough out of the iron to pay for cleaning the whole place up, and a small profit besides. It cost about three dollars apiece to cut the old carcasses up, and we got just about that much for the iron. We got around fifteen cents a hundred pounds for steel, twenty for cast iron and sheet iron, and forty for wrought iron, like the springs.

There were about ten times as many inquiries for parts of small cars as for big ones. So, when we ran across a light car within a reasonable distance of the lot, we'd give a dollar or two for it and haul it in. We usually got almost enough out of the radiator to pay for bringing it around. Even small-car radiators rarely weigh less than twenty to thirty pounds, so that we could get a dollar or so out of them at seven cents a pound. Hauling these small cars in proved mighty profitable; we sold a lot of parts from them.

Large and Small

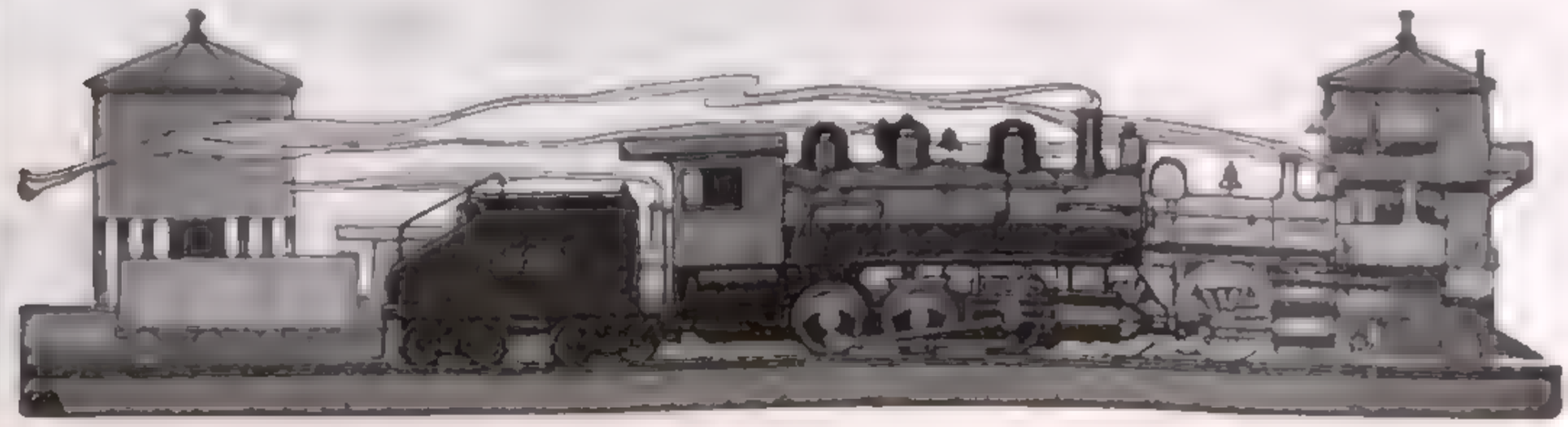
That changed our whole layout. Little by little, almost without knowing it, we were turning into parts men instead of just junkies. The parts business took so much time that we had to get other fellows to go around and look at cars for us. We put out two crews of two men each. That meant two trucks, besides the one we still kept for our own use when we could get away. We had to keep the first two men we'd taken on, to cut up bodies and handle the new junk that came in. That made six in all, besides Bill and ourselves—a working crew of nine. The business warranted it. Fred took to it like a kitten to warm milk. He was really a business man all the time, only he'd never had a chance to find it out.

Last year the business ran more than $50-000, with more than 15 per cent of it profit. We each put everything we got above $2500 back into better trucks, another building and additional equipment.

We're still pikers compared with the really big wreckers. One man in a town no bigger then the one we're in—about 5000 does a $250,000 business. Galiotti, who's gone into the game, too, is already doing almost as much as that.

Last year he junked 2000 cars. Besides parts, he's built up a lot of trade in cheap tires. He does a more complete job of salvaging cars than we do, and sells a few secondhand.

Bill is still getting six dollars a day. Now and then he goes off on a spree, but the rest of the time he's O. K. He's one of the best mechanics I've ever seen. Once in a while Fred or I will get on a truck with him and go scouting for more old cars, picking up lunch at some dog wagon the way we used to. There's nothing in the world like it to make food taste good.



Breaks All Stock Car Records for 24 HOURS

and all intermediate times and distances *averaging over* 84 m.p.h.

Had the car that formerly held the 24 hour record been in this test against Auburn, it would have finished 226 miles behind Auburn. But breaking the record, at this remarkable speed, is only incidental. Auburn does not impose the hardest possible strain and punishment upon its cars in order to sell speed. But, to conclusively and irrefutably prove Auburn's efficiency, strength and endurance. In these highly competitive days of extravagant claims, the public is entitled to the unvarnished truth about the relative value of motor cars. And this is no "claim," but a certified record, sanctioned and conducted under the supervision of the American Automobile Association. A factory must have extreme confidence in the efficiency and stamina of its car to let it speak for itself in this public and official manner. Furthermore, to prove it was not a marvelous piece of luck for one car to do this, we entered two Auburn stock Model 115 Speedsters. Both of these cars were taken off of the end of the assembly line at the factory and driven down to the Atlantic City Speedway. Both of them broke the record with a difference in average speed of only three tenths of a mile per hour. Never before has there been such wonderful and consistent performance. The most significant thing is that neither of these cars in over 2,000 miles of continuous high speed travel required the slightest mechanical attention. This furnishes the public definite and trustworthy proof that Auburn is a better-designed, better-engineered and a better-built car capable of finer performance and greater endurance. And THAT was the purpose of this test. We will be glad to send you free an illustrated booklet giving the complete story upon request.

STRAIGHT EIGHT

AUBURN

POWERED BY LYCOMING

This car was equipped with a high compression head, fuel pump, and 3.4 axle ratio which is standard for all Speedsters. It had wire wheels and special 6-ply tires, including two spare wheels and tires on sides, which are optional equipment.

76 Sedan $1395; 76 Sport Sedan $1295; 76 Cabriolet $1395; 88 Sedan $1695; 88 Sport Sedan $1595; 88 Cabriolet $1695; 88 Speedster $1695; 88 Phaeton Sedan $1895
115 Sedan $2195; 115 Sport Sedan $2095; 115 Cabriolet $2195; 115 Speedster $2195; 115 Phaeton Sedan $2395.
Freight and Equipment Extra.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

HAIR *can be saved!*

KEEP DANDRUFF AWAY

This New Booklet, Mailed Free, explains the real secrets of hair health. If dandruff and baldness are tightening their grip: if your scalp is dry and itching, turn to...

GLOVER'S

HAIR APPLICATION & MANGE MEDICINE

FOR more than a half century Glover's has proved its positive value for giving new hair growth and freeing the scalp from dandruff. Its quality and formula cannot be improved.

If you want a head of thick, healthy hair—get a bottle of Glover's "Hair Application & Mange Medicine" and a cake of Glover's Medicated Soap today. Then follow Glover's Natural System of Hair Culture as explained in the booklet pictured above.

Write today for a free copy.

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., INC.
Dept. P, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.
40 East 34th Street, New York

GLOVER'S
HAIR APPLICATION & MANGE MEDICINE
to be followed by a shampoo with
GLOVER'S
MEDICATED SOAP

Note: Glover's is the only real mange medicine nationally known and used for growing human hair.

NEW YORK—MY MAMMY!

(Continued from Page 7)

city. Roberta, however, hurried her cohorts along. At the gate there was much kissing. The mothers cried and Uncle Washburn spoke in a sepulchral voice:

"It was like this when I went to Ithaca."

Then, led by two redcaps freighted with bags, they started down the stairs. Roberta looked back and saw Mrs. Kirkland's face pressed to the bars, her eyes red and despairing, and it came to her that this must be the way other mothers looked, peering between other bars, as their sons shuffled wearily back down the long cold marble corridor that led to the death cells. She shuddered.

"Roberta!"

"Yes?"

"If you find they haven't any laundry in that place, send your clothes back, parcel post, and I'll get them done at the Snow White."

"All right!"

The town that Al and Roberta approached was just a normal, very slowly growing community, now at that point in civic progress where its old-fashioned modest Board of Trade was slightly surprised and embarrassed to find itself tonily rechristened the Chamber of Commerce. Wide shaded streets meandered lazily through a half-dozen blocks and then petered out into areas known as suburbs mainly because they weren't yet built up. Distances were short and cool under the trees; business men walked home for their midday dinners, and none but traveling salesman and other out-of-towners used the two dispirited restaurants.

Now and then, under short-lived pressure, there had been spasmodic efforts toward Boost Riverside campaigns, using its climate and nearness to a long white surf-flattened beach as arguments to inveigle visitors and industries, but the town had never really responded whole-heartedly to these commendable notions. There was an energy and competition in them that found no agreeability in the contentment of the townsfolk.

They were quite happy as it was. Entertainment they found in the movies and a country club. Hucksters brought sweet fresh vegetables directly from the earth to their back doors. They gossiped a little, retired early and were simple in their tastes. They did not know that Edgar Guest was not regarded as the greatest of living poets; they would not have cared had they known; they liked him nevertheless.

Little happened that was exciting. Once or twice a month they drove to Atlanta to raise whatever particular innocent hell they fancied, and occasionally they went to New York and returned exhausted. For the rest, it was all very easy, very leisurely, very amiable, very soothing. The sun shone and there was no harshness.

The Kirklands' train came into it on a damp fresh morning, and even Al, absorbed in the rushing spectacle of great magnolias draped in silent gray moss, was moved to admiration.

"Will you look at those trees!" he exclaimed. "Ain't they the darbs!"

"I certainly seen worse!" agreed Roberta warmly.

Presently the train stopped under a shed and they found beyond the station a doubtful looking flivver, at the wheel of which sat an indolent-looking colored brother. With one or two deep sighs, he got them and their bags into the back seat.

"Gwine t' de hotel, cap'n?"

Al gave him the address of the house which the company leased for its assistant manager. The driver, abandoning all idea of an immediate start, turned around with real interest.

"Mus' be gwine live heah, cap'n."

"Yep."

"Well, suh"—the news appeared to give him conspicuous satisfaction—"then Ah reckon Ah better teck y'all th'ough de town so's you an' de missy can see whut hit's lak."

"Snap out of that, boogy!" Al said sharply. "You'll drive to that address I give you, and no phony business."

The colored man looked surprised. "Ain't costin' nothin', cap'n," he said. "'Tain't much further 'at way."

"Snap out of it, I said. Look for your suckers somewheres else."

They started, and Al spoke to Roberta out of the side of his mouth, his eyes never leaving the driver. "Get that, will you? Trying to make a sucker out of me!" She nodded wisely, and for the rest of the way they stared warningly at the back of the embarrassed negro's neck. Their fears, however, appeared ill-grounded when presently he drew the flivver to a halt in front of a small house half hidden by a high privet hedge. His charge, the chauffeur said mildly, was a quartah.

"I wonder," Al said, looking after the car, "what his partic'lar racket was."

But Roberta was not listening. She stood gazing with bright eyes at a low yellow cottage, circled with flowers and half caped with vines in blossom. A narrow brick walk ran around the side, and over it all, house and yard, hung a softness and fragrance that are found only over homes that have been pleasantly lived in for several years. There at the gate they stood looking at it.

"Not bad," Al said finally.

"I seen worse," she agreed.

It wasn't so bad at first. In fact it was exciting. The house was already furnished with plain but comfortable pieces. A colored woman came and allowed that she had been instructed to fix things up. Within an hour they were settled in quarters beyond anything Roberta had ever dreamed, and Al went out to report his arrival and readiness for work to the Empire Packing Company's branch. He returned, later in the afternoon, to find Roberta quietly exultant.

"Say," she exclaimed, "but can you picture this?"

"It's the darb, all right," he replied, falling into a morris chair. Then: "I seen the old goat that runs this branch."

"Yeh? How is he?"

He thought for a moment. "Pretty smooth old goat," he said then. "Politer'n hell."

"Yeh?"

"Too polite. Misterin' me all about the place—Mr. Kirkland this, Mr. Kirkland that."

"Better keep your eyes open, kid."

"Don't tell me! But he ain't the only one. They ain't so dumb here, and don't believe it. I ast one guy—I just ast him to tell me where this dump was. He pulls some of this politeness stuff, too, and was going to take me, he said. All I said was 'Snap out of it, Jack. You ain't dealing with a rube this time,' to show him I wasn't going to be any sucker and tip him."

"What did he say?"

"What could he say? He seen I was a New Yorker and didn't try to pull anything else. He prob'ly thought I was some kind of hick and he was going to charge me a smacker for leading me two blocks or something, but when he seen I was a New Yorker and not ready to be taken by any small-time con man he shoved off."

"Did he say anything?"

"Oh, he said 'Beg your pardon,' or something. They got a smooth line, these guys. You got to watch your step."

Roberta looked thoughtful. Then: "That's prob'ly the line they use down here in the sticks—this politeness stuff." But she said it doubtfully.

They woke the next morning with the sun thrusting light across their bed. The odor of roses and honeysuckle floated in the windows and the early day was cool and damp. From down the street they heard the tinkle of a thin bell as an early huckster's cart moving slowly toward the city market. Half awake, they lay in sweet luxuriance.

"Will you listen to them birds?" she asked.

"Waked by birds!" Al murmured. "Write your Uncle Washburn that—we was waked by birds singing. What kind of birds you suppose they are?"

"Mockingbirds, stupid. Right outside our bedroom window we get mockingbirds to wake us up. Can you beat it?"

They listened for half an hour.

For days, for two weeks, they moved about in keen enjoyment. Not in speech to each other did they commit themselves, to be sure, but nevertheless they lolled in it—in the pleasure of intercourse that Al found, in the long gray evenings, stretched out on the lawn, in the gay organdie atmosphere they found in the streets of mornings.

"Picture 'em in New York now, sweating their shirts off," Roberta gloated. "Picture 'em stretched out in Central Park, wishing the sun would shrivel up and grow cold."

"Can you beat it?" he asked, flat on his back on the grass off the side of the yellow cottage.

"Gee!" she murmured.

Al got up at seven. That was early, but somehow here they didn't mind. The mornings were so fresh and bright. He came home for lunch—dinner, they called it in Riverside—and took a nap afterward. They got to know some people and stood a little uncertainly on the edges of parties, not quite sure how they should behave. Home later, they exclaimed in astonishment at what they'd seen and heard.

But through all this novel pleasure began to trickle a thin vein of concern. It had to do with the new job. For a while Al tried to keep it to himself, and then it seemed to become a problem beyond his capacity, one which left him a little bewildered.

"You know," he remarked as they lay on the lawn one evening, "they's something phony about this."

"About this what?" Roberta asked.

"This politeness," he replied. "They think they got me on the ropes, but I got my eyes open." He spoke grimly.

"What's all this you're talking about?" she demanded. "Ain't things going right?"

"Yes," he said, "and no."

"That's a great answer."

"Somebody's been stealing their hams."

Roberta lifted her head and stared at him. "Who in the name of Christmas wants to steal their hams?"

"That remains to be seen," he said darkly.

"Come on, stupid," she said sharply, "what's all this about, anyway? Loosen up."

He sat up. "Well, I'll tell you," he said slowly. "I was in business ever since I was fourteen in New York, and when I begun getting a load of all this mister this and mister that and thank you and all that, I just said to myself, I said, 'Al, old kid, this ain't all on the up-and-up, because that ain't the way things are.' I said to myself, I said, 'Well, babies, I don't know what your racket is, but you ain't dealing with any rube this time. You're dealing with a New Yorker.' I said to myself, I said, 'You can shoot the works and I'll be ready.'"

"Well?"

"So I didn't say anything, see? I just said to myself, 'Well, I can be polite, too, and we'll see what happens.' So I kept my eyes open, see, and pretty soon it's all clear. First place, this old goat is getting out soon and there's his job open. Second place, there's another guy there, one of the home talent, that's a kind of assistant manager, too, understand? He's a home boy and if it wasn't for me he'd get the job."

(Continued on Page 50)

THE motor-car industry never has produced a car at the prices of the new Nash Standard Six "400" model seven close to these cars in desirability and value.

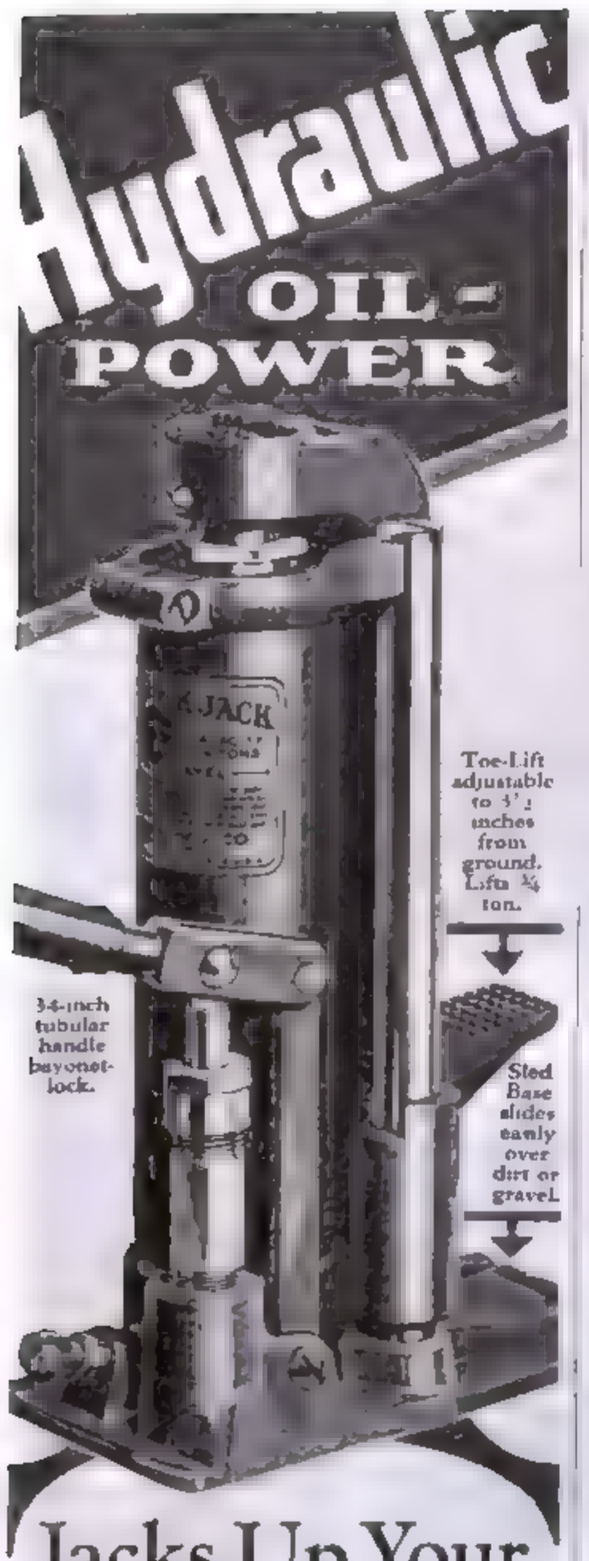
Did you ever hear of a car at *well-under-$1000* with a 112¼-inch wheelbase, a double-drop frame, together with Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, front and rear, and bumpers and bumperettes as standard equipment?

Have you ever seen a car at *well-under-$1000* with a high-compression, high-turbulence, full-pressure-lubricated, vibration-dampened, 7-bearing motor that will produce such power and speed as the new "400" Standard Six motor? You never have!

And have you ever tried to find a car at *well-under-$1000* with as much beauty, luxury and quality as this great new Nash? The new Salon Bodies with their exquisite coachcraft, new *one-piece* Salon fenders, big "400"-design cowl lamps, are the style sensation of the year.

The World has a new and finer motor car, priced *well under $1000*. See it and drive it before you decide.

THE NEW NASH "400" SERIES


Hydraulic
OIL-POWER
JACK
Toe-Lift adjustable to 3½ inches from ground. Lifts ¾ ton.
34-inch tubular handle bayonet-lock.
Sled Base slides easily over dirt or gravel.

Jacks Up Your Car So Easily

HERE is the jack you've been waiting for—a jack that will handle any car, no matter how low its axles are—a jack that "Lifts without Labor", and is always dependable.

Picture any conditions you will—low-slung car—rutted road—a flat balloon. Just slide the Blackhawk under, engage the ram or toe, give the rigid handle a few easy strokes, short or long, and up goes the car with amazing ease! Lowering is even easier. Just open release valve with handle tip and down comes the car *smoothly* and *quickly*.

The Blackhawk Allcar model, with two lifting points, handles any car. Sells at $12.90. Your dealer has this jack or can quickly get one for you. Write us for descriptive literature.

BLACKHAWK MFG. CO.
Makers of the famous Blackhawk Socket Wrenches
DEPT. P-9 MILWAUKEE, WIS.
(*Canadian address: 32 Eastern Ave., Toronto*)

Write for Industrial Folder showing full line of Blackhawk Hydraulic Oil-Power Jacks, capacities up to 75 tons.

1. Floor-Lift 20 tons on head—15 on toe.
2. Motor-Coach 7 tons.
3. Motor-Truck 3 to 12 tons.
4. Heavy Lift 12 to 75 tons.

BLACKHAWK JACKS
INDUSTRIAL and AUTOMOTIVE

(Continued from Page 48)

"You mean you think they're getting ready to gyp you?"

"What are they polite for then?"

Roberta was silent.

"You see what they was doing? They seen a smart guy coming in there straight from New York, and they seen that they got to do something if this local yokel is going to get the job, because they know at headquarters whether I'm good or not, and if they was to wait for headquarters to act I'd be the next manager, because even if I wasn't good, still when you come from New York it stands to reason I was better than this rube they got around there now."

Roberta drew a worried breath. "You really think so, Al?"

"How you going to explain all this politeness then? Because what they're doing, or think they're doing, they're just being polite so I won't get wise to what they're doing."

"But, Al," she insisted, "they can't do anything if you do everything right, can they?"

"That's where these hams come in," he explained. "Somebody got to squawking around there that somebody's stealing hams and ——"

"You don't mean, Al, that they'd say ——"

She stopped, and Al didn't answer. They lay then in silence, thinking. One star thrust a gold point through the blue sky and they watched it morosely.

"Hey, neighbor!" Al sat up. The man who lived next door, now bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves, was peering over the fence at the side, in one hand his garden hose. "Nice evenin', eh?"

"It's all right," Al replied warily.

"Thought if you wanted it I'd water your flowers a little—been a mighty hot day, you know."

Al's eyes narrowed. "How much?" he asked.

"How much?" repeated the neighbor, apparently not understanding.

"That's it—how much?"

The man laughed. "Nothin'," he said. "Just thought you might like a little water throwed on your flowers. Had the hose out, you know, and ——"

He stopped. For a second Al was silent. He almost said yes, and then he was gripped by a natural caution. "None of that," he said sharply. "When I want 'em watered, I'll water 'em."

The man looked at him curiously and then said "Suit yourself, suh," and disappeared.

Al waited a minute and then moved nearer Roberta. "See that?" he said in a low voice. "See what his racket was? He was going to water them flowers, just like he was doing it for nothing, you see, and then in about a week you'd be getting a bill for about two smackers for watering flowers. That's the way they work around here."

"But, Al, maybe he ——"

"Did you ever see anything like that in New York?"

"No, but ——"

"Nature's nature," he said firmly, "the whole world over. Nobody's doing things for nothing."

A dozen other gold points flecked the blue sky now, and they lay back and resumed their interrupted ruminations. A soft twilight breeze cooled them, and fireflies began blinking against the hedge. Roberta turned over, and resting on her elbows, held her chin with her cupped hands.

"Some night!" she said softly.

"I'll bet you they's plenty at Palisades Park tonight." Roberta watched the fireflies. "Yes, sir," he repeated dreamily, "I'll bet the mob's over there right now. Joe and Aggie—they'll hitch up yet—and Eddie and Helen and Tom and that crowd. That's some place, that Palisades Park."

"You said it!"

"Joe told me they was going to have a new roller coaster that'd skin you alive, it was so steep and fast."

"Christmas!"

He lay on his back, staring at the stars. "That boat trip coming back—that ain't bad," he said.

"When you got your own crowd."

"Get some guy like Eddie playing the uke and a good bunch of fellows and girls singing and that ain't bad at all."

She stared ahead into nothing. "The way you can see the lights of the ferryboats and in the windows of tall buildings," she said softly—"I always liked that."

"You certainly don't find nothing like that here," he said positively. "You can look until your eyes pop out and you won't find nothing like that here."

"No, no ferryboats."

"Nor tall buildings either." He paused. "And that don't mean I'm knocking this place either, because it's all right."

"I certainly seen worse," she agreed.

"You said it. Everybody else seems to like it all right."

"It's great."

Another silence.

"But—remember that chop-suey place we went with Gus and Irene that night? Remember that funny little Chink?"

"Wasn't he a scream?"

"They certainly had some chop suey in that dump. How'd you like to be eating some of it now, there in that place, with Gus and Irene and the gang?"

"We'd be there tonight if we was in New York, I'll bet a hundred dollars. We'd prob'ly have Gus with us. A night like tonight we'd be taking a bus ride up the Drive—see the battleships in the river. Christmas, what a sight!"

"Ain't they the darbs?"

"Maybe we'd be coming back by Joyland or the second show at Proctor's."

"Prob'ly find the whole gang there a night like tonight."

"Eddie and Joe and Gus and Irene and them Swenson girls and Charlie ——"

"—— and Frank and Emma and Aggie and Red and Henrietta."

"All of 'em," he sighed.

Dark had come, and quiet. They lay on the soft lawn near the vine-covered cottage and a gentle breeze fanned them. They listened to the katydids and a song away off somewhere in the distance. Wrapped in a wistful sadness, they lay on the grass, with the scent of clover in their nostrils, and dreamed of New York.

In reality, Mr. Cobb was not greatly concerned about the occasional theft of hams from his branch. He was a little old man, quite truly a bit of an old goat, and it was his mild belief that hams were always being stolen. A man did his best, within his limits, to stop it, but he did not permit himself to become greatly exercised over it.

He assumed, probably correctly, that one of the draymen was the culprit, and he promised himself and young Joe Sloan, his other assistant, that before long he was going to take a look into it and see which one was guilty. He did not tell Al, because he had a simple, honest notion that, being a New Yorker, Al would not be interested. It was another of his beliefs that New Yorkers were not interested in anything he had to say.

Al was the first of the species he had ever had under such close observation, and he was thrilled, if considerably mystified, by what he saw. As, for example, on the morning Al came to the office with quite the most amiable air he had achieved since coming to Riverside.

"Good mornin', suh, good mornin'," Mr. Cobb greeted him as usual. "Nice day, suh."

"Good mornin', suh," said young Sloan. "Mighty nice day today."

"Swell!" Al agreed heartily. "See what the Yanks did to the Detroits yesterday?"

"Suh?"

"What the Yanks did to the Detroits."

Mr. Cobb gave him all his attention, alert to a new manifestation of a New Yorker. "What's that, suh?" he asked.

"Just 10 to 1 in the first and 7 to 3 in the second—and the Babe come through with three homers!"

"Yes, suh," Mr. Cobb encouraged him.

"I say the Babe come through with three homers—three, I say—three!"

"Yes, suh." Mr. Cobb nodded with the air of kindliness that one exhibits to idiots. "That's mighty fine, suh, mighty fine." Then he and young Sloan, an absorbed witness, exchanged looks. They did not say anything—they merely looked at each other.

It was far, far from the innocent old gentleman's wish, but somehow the brief exchange of words was a dampener that Al could not shake off all day. Study it over as he would, he could not bring himself to believe that the old goat's obvious interest was prompted by anything less than malice. He could not believe that Mr. Cobb could not, actually, be interested in three home runs. One, yes—two, perhaps; but three, never.

He was morose when he got home, as usual these past several days, and sat glumly while Roberta read a letter from her mother. Mrs. Wilkins wrote:

Dear Daughter: We are as usual. Gus come in tonight and asked what you was writing. I told him you were both all right. He said some of the boys and he was in a baseball pool, that he win $100. I do not know myself. Uncle Washburn took us to Manhattan Beach. He has a job now. Ella fell of a bench and sprained her ankle. Everybody had a good time but Ella. The greek that had the soda parlor sold his place. They have a swell ice cream parlor, the new people have. We were there last night, everybody was. They had a opening and they give souvenirs, not much, but free with soda. I saw Eddie there with that Swenson girl, the blond one, and they was cutting up. I wish she was my daughter a minute or two, I would show her. Write again.

"I kind of hate to see that Greek get out," Roberta commented. "They had some swell pineapple delights."

"Yeh."

"Remember when we went there?"

"Yeh."

"Them new places," she said, "they got quite a swell appearance. I mean, the way they fix things."

"Yeh."

"What's the matter, stupid? What's eating you?"

"Nothing," he said, "only I think they're getting ready to sink a harpoon in me soon, and ——" His voice trailed away.

"And what?"

"And I don't care," he said defiantly. "I got so I don't care. I don't mind telling you I'm getting good and sick of this dump. The way they're high-hatting me, it gets on my nerves and I'm tired of it."

"Kiddo," she said kindly, "don't let 'em get your nanny. What's happened now?"

He told her. He explained the American League situation, tracing the rise of the Yankees from the first day of the race to the present percentage, and likewise the Babe's record. He painted a background of impeccable precision and detail and then laid it before her to show the full extent of the morning's outrage.

"And you can't tell me," he said defiantly, "that that guy didn't know all that. He was just being high-hat, that's all, and I'm sick and tired of it."

She did not say anything. She had no need to. She was beginning to understand, both what he said and what was behind what he said. After all, they had been born in the same place, lived all their lives in the same place, learned and felt the same things. She only looked out of the window, a little curiously, at the swaying green trees.

"Then I don't suppose," she ventured thoughtfully, "that you want to go to this country-club dance they got here tonight."

"Who ast us to any country-club dance?"

"A man—a Mr. Woodley, said he was president and asted us because Mr. Cobb asted him to."

He stared dispiritedly at the floor. "I don't feel like no dance tonight," he said; and added, "not no dance here. Besides"—he paused—"it's prob'ly a trap of some kind." He rose and wandered off into the bedroom.

He woke the next morning in a worse humor. It seemed that an innocent little

(Continued on Page 53)

The toughest sole for the toughest service

"Give us a sole that will stand up to the hardest job *a work sole* ever tackles.

"Give us a sole that *not even a growing boy* can kick and scuff and batter into shreds.

"Give us a sole we can *guarantee* to outwear any other sole!"

This is the sole you get in the Goodyear Wingfoot Sole—the salvation of the family pocketbook in these days of rising shoe costs.

This is the sole that Goodyear flatly *guarantees* to outwear any other sole.

Waterproof, they protect the health of the wearer and the life of the shoe. They make any good shoe a better shoe.

Made of the scientific material developed for Goodyear Wingfoot Soles exclusively. Do not let anyone tell you anything else is "like" Wingfoot Soles. Do not confuse Goodyear Wingfoot Soles with any others.

It is tough enough for the toughest service, and good-looking enough for company best. It will not mar any floors.

It is the peerless walking mate of the famous Goodyear Wingfoot Heel.

It is the peak of Goodyear's experience in making more than 30,000,000 pairs of soles.

Since its recent introduction, more than 200,000 pairs of Goodyear Wingfoot Tan Soles have gone into all kinds of service. *And not one single pair of them has ever come back!*

You can get these *guaranteed* soles on new shoes made by America's leading shoe manufacturers, or have them put on by your favorite shoe repairman. On any shoes, they give a new standard of service, a new measure of foot comfort, and a real protection for your pocket. Try a pair!

When Goodyear started out to make a perfect shoe sole, Goodyear became a shoemaker. Built and equipped a model shoe factory and shoe repair shop. Put one of the shoe industry's skilled experts in charge, and under his supervision made and tested and re-tested 10,000 soles, of all materials, to get this guaranteed longer-wearing sole

Guaranteed to Outwear Any Other Sole

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1928, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

WINGFOOT SOLES

SEE!

SEE a Paramount Picture tonight! See the most popular stars of the day! See them in these new pictures attuned to these changing times, these fast-paced days! Ask your Theatre Manager for the dates!

"THE WEDDING MARCH"
Directed by and starring Erich von Stroheim, with Fay Wray and ZaSu Pitts. Many of the scenes are in Technicolor.

"FORGOTTEN FACES"
With Clive Brook, Mary Brian, William Powell, Baclanova, Fred Kohler, Jack Luden. Victor Schertzinger Production.

"DOCKS OF NEW YORK"
Starring the popular favorite George Bancroft, with Betty Compson and Baclanova. Josef von Sternberg Production.

"THE WATER HOLE"
From a story by Zane Grey. With Jack Holt and Nancy Carroll. F. Richard Jones Production. Many of the scenes in Technicolor.

"WARMING UP"
Starring Richard Dix in a comedy-drama of Big League Baseball. With Jean Arthur. Fred Newmeyer Production.

"SAWDUST PARADISE"
Starring Esther Ralston, the Blonde Goddess of the screen. With Hobart Bosworth and Reed Howes. Luther Reed Production.

"THE FLEET'S IN"
Starring Clara Bow, the most popular girl on the screen, with James Hall. Malcolm St. Clair Production.

"BEGGARS OF LIFE"
With Wallace Beery, Louise Brooks, Richard Arlen. William Wellman Production, from Jim Tully's saga of Hobohemia.

"THE MATING CALL"
By Rex Beach. Starring Thomas Meighan, with Evelyn Brent and Renée Adorée. Directed by James Cruze. Produced by Caddo Co.

"THE FIRST KISS"
Starring Paramount's Glorious Young Lovers, Fay Wray and Gary Cooper. With Lane Chandler. Rowland V. Lee Production.

"LOVES OF AN ACTRESS"
Story of the Parisian stage and boulevards starring Pola Negri. With Nils Asther. Rowland V. Lee Production.

"JUST MARRIED"
From a story by Anne Nichols, author of "Abie's Irish Rose." Co-starring Ruth Taylor and James Hall. Frank Strayer Production.

HEAR!

See and hear a Paramount Picture tonight! In theatres equipped to show "sound" pictures Paramount now presents the first *quality* "sound" program. Paramount Features, Paramount News, Paramount-Christie Comedies, Stage Shows on the Screen—all in sound, all Paramount! Watch the newspapers for theatre announcements of Paramount Pictures in sound. Silent or with sound—*"if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

Paramount Pictures

PRODUCED BY PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 50)

mockingbird, going about its matutinal singing as Mother Nature had intended, chose to perch upon the window sill, a game, gallant little figure against the bright sky of dawn, and there burst into a rippling cataract of melody the like of which no human could attain.

Suddenly, to its horror and astonishment, a left shoe banged against the sill, a miss by less than an inch, and, panic-stricken, it flew away, none knows where.

"That's what's the matter with this dump," he said savagely—"them birds."

"He wasn't doing anything ——"

"I never heard such a noise in my life as them birds every morning! You don't no more'n get good asleep when, cheep-cheep, off they go. What for the name of Christmas have they got to hang around this house? Am I a bird lover or something?"

"That you ain't, kid!"

"Well, you'd think I was, the way they hang around here. My nerves are all shot, just from listening to these hick birds outside this window—noisiest place I was ever in." She said nothing. "Sometimes," he said slowly, "I think I'd give a hundred dollars if I had it to hear a steam riveter again."

She walked with him to the gate when he left and he was too much distraught to notice. Then when he'd gone she stood looking a little wistfully up and down the quiet street. A colored sister was sweeping the sidewalk next door; two little boys were throwing stones at a tree; a drayman singing a melancholy song kept his horses barely moving.

She walked back around the house, by the narrow brick path, and stopped to hold a rose in her hand. She put her nose close to it and then walked on slowly, all the way around, back to the front door, pausing now and then to look up at the sky, at the vines on the cottage, at the violets along the borders of the walk.

Finally she went into the house, into the bedroom, and with no expression in her eyes she began to take dresses off hangers and put them in suitcases.

Though he did not know it definitely, as he knew definitely what Mr. Cobb's greeting would be, there was trouble in the back of Al's thoughts. Not into words did his mind translate it, but somehow he seemed to know that this was to be his last day at this job. He was sullen and depressed, a haunting, nagging imp of an impulse pestered his thoughts, and he acknowledged the customary greetings ungraciously.

"Good mornin', suh, good mornin'," Mr. Cobb said. "Nice day, suh."

"Good mornin', suh," said young Sloan. "Mighty nice day we got, suh."

"What's nice about it?" Al demanded.

He labored all morning in the rear of the plant, checking a carload of hams being unloaded from a car on the siding that ran past the door, and he snarled at the helpers until they moved slowly, sullenly, muttering to themselves.

At noon they disappeared in the stable to eat their lunches and drink soda water, and he, oddly perverse and irritable, did not get his hat and head homeward. He did not even telephone Roberta. He simply strolled out of the yard and across the siding and sat on a box against a telephone post. He smoked cigarette after cigarette, seven of them, and then a train a long passenger train came down the main track and roared to a stop, its engine just across the station line, its string of Pullmans ending in an observation car directly in front of him.

Two well-fed gentlemen wearing caps, and a cool-looking young lady sat in the rear vestibule. One of the men yawned and said "Wonder what this place is," and the other folded the newspaper he'd been reading and looked around. His eyes rested on Al. Then he tossed the paper out.

"Want to see this, friend?"

The paper fell directly in Al's lap and he picked it up without a glance at the gentleman, without a word of thanks. He merely opened it and began looking over the first page. His eyes lighted—it was a New York paper, a sporting edition of two days before.

He devoured the headlines: Yanks Down Browns; Babe Gets Thirty-first; Two Gang Slayings Baffle Police; Tot Falls Five Stories, Lives. Five Dead as Mercury Soars; Millions Invade Coney as Record Heat Wave Strikes City; Subway Jam When Car Jumps Track; Millions Delayed During Rush Hour. Bullet Fired at Cop Kills Bystander; Autoist Shot by Guardsman Near Death; Throat Disease Kills Nine in Town; Harbor Roars Greeting as Airmen ——

Music, music, music!

Then he became conscious that the young lady was speaking, and of him. Her voice was low, directed to one of the gentlemen, but nevertheless he heard.

"Just think," she was saying, "he's probably been sitting just like that all day—just sitting in the sun since five this morning. That's the way they are in these small towns—no energy, no interest in anything. I'll bet if I asked him a question he'd just say 'Huh?' like a pig or a goat. He's probably got a quarter in his pocket and is heavenly happy because ——"

The train started and he heard no more. He sat staring straight ahead, a queer look in his eyes. Then he looked down again at the front page of the paper, and after the train, the lady, a white spot, barely visible in the distance. He rose slowly, his eye suddenly determined, his lips tight in a grim line, and thrusting the paper into a hip pocket, set out for the plant.

He passed the loading platform and continued through the long shed to the front office. He threw open the door sharply, and Mr. Cobb and young Sloan, almost in a brief siesta after their lunch, raised their heads. The assistant from New York stood before his superior's desk; he glared down at him a moment and then spoke.

"I'm through," he said with clipped words, "and don't give me any gaga."

Mr. Cobb's and young Sloan's feet dropped simultaneously from their desks to the floor, and Mr. Cobb leaned forward eagerly alert to any new manifestation of the incredible character of a New Yorker.

"Suh?" he asked.

"You heard me," Al snapped. "I said I'm through—quit—washed up. I'm beating you to it, see? You thought I was going to sit around here while you and this dim-wit here"—indicating the aggrieved Mr. Sloan—"throwed a harpoon into me. Well, I'm just beating you to it."

"Why, suh, I cain't say ——"

"Outside with that!" Al interrupted, raising his voice. "I been onto you two Judases ever since I walked in. Prob'ly thought I was just another hick, I suppose, and was going to let you job me out of the place. Well, let me tell you two rubes right now, I'm from New York, understand? I'm a New Yorker. It'll take more than a couple of small-town con men like you two to get me."

"Suh"—Mr. Cobb and young Sloan exchanged looks of profound bewilderment—"I cain't say as I know ——" He floundered.

"Well, I'll tell you," Al said, smiling savagely. "Maybe you think I don't know what's going on. Maybe you think I'm just a dope. Well, listen, I got onto it you was going to try to hang that ham business on me right off. You thought you was slick, but you wasn't dealing with any rube, fellow. So laugh that off!"

"Hams, suh ——"

"Hams, suh," Al mimicked him—"yes, hams, suh! Gonna hang that on me, you was, and boot me so's this dim-wit could get that job of yours. Don't try to tell me anything, fellow, because I know! And I'm through, see—through! You can take your job and ——"

Mr. Cobb sat back aghast, unable to comprehend a word that was being said; he could only look helplessly at young Sloan, who sat on the edge of his chair, his mouth open, and stared at Al.

"The next time," the latter shouted, working himself into a fury, "pick out somebody not a New Yorker. Pick out another rube." He turned suddenly on young Sloan, who jumped nervously. "As for you, you cheap dope," he said, "you can have this tank-town job. Take it and keep it! I'm getting out, see? I'm getting back to God's country—to New York!"

He glared at them both, and then, turning on his heel, was out of the door, and it slammed after him with a bang that made Mr. Cobb and young Sloan leap from their chairs. It was minutes before they spoke. Their eyes on the door, they waited as if for some answer that might come through these wood panels, and then Mr. Cobb drew a long breath.

"Did you hear that?" he asked. Young Sloan had no words. "Well"—Mr. Cobb drew another breath, perhaps of relief—"I cain't say I'm surprised." Young Sloan looked at him questioningly. "No, suh," Mr. Cobb said firmly, "I cain't say as I'm surprised—because that's the way New Yorkers are."

"Really?" asked young Sloan.

"Yes, suh," Mr. Cobb said positively. "All New Yorkers are like that—always doing things you cain't tell what it is. In fact I been lookin' for something like this for some time."

"The way he mentioned hams," young Sloan ventured—"what do you make of that?"

"There ain't any way of telling," Mr. Cobb explained, refusing to challenge a mystery plainly beyond his comprehension. "But before long I got to look into where those hams went. Another one gone this mornin'."

Al bounded up the steps, a grim but happy smile on his face. He'd come home in great strides, almost chuckling aloud. Once there came a question in his mind, a question that his suspicions had been justified; after all, they hadn't understood, those two in the office. But as suddenly as it came it disappeared. What did it matter? What did anything matter? He was out, away, ready for New York.

"Roberta!" He called it at the door and then ran from the living room into the bedroom, where she sat in a chair at the window, her hat on. "Kid," he said exuberantly, "pack the bags! We're ducking!" She stood up, still looking out of the window. "We're through—washed up, kid," he laughed. "We're through with all this—we're headed for the big town!"

She turned, smiling oddly. "They're packed," she said.

"Packed!" He stared at her, and then answered her smile with another. "Kid," he said, "you're the darbs, you are! You guessed it!" He took her in his arms and kissed her on the nose. "At two o'clock, baby," he said, "there's a rattler out, headed in the general direction of New York—understand, kid? And we'll be on it!" He let her go and danced out of the room, singing and laughing in turn. Roberta looked out of the window again, at the roses and violets.

Fully half the crowd that clustered around Gate 34 on the lower level belonged to the Kirkland-Wilkins reception committee. They were chattering excitedly, the sisters and cousins and aunts and Uncle Washburn, who'd taken a day off from the shop, and a half dozen relatives were stationed at the iron fence to note the first appearance of the returning couple. They all moved about restlessly and asked guards again and again whether the train was late.

At last it arrived. A long line of debarking passengers climbed the stairs with redcaps, and finally there was Al and Roberta, waving and jumping. They made their way slowly, and on the level, against the grating a score and more of Kirklands and Wilkinses and connections waved back and shouted. Other passengers turned and watched.

Through the gate they came, and into arms Mrs. Wilkins cried and hugged her daughter and son-in-law Mrs. Kirkland cried and hugged them as well as two nephews. Everybody shook hands, and Uncle Washburn felt Al's back and shoulders to prove that he was real. Relatives on the edge of the crowd clamored for opportunity to embrace also, and it was ten minutes before they moved, a mass of shouting people centered about Al and Roberta.

"Who would that be?" a curious traveler questioned a guard. "Lindbergh and Gloria Swanson?"

"That's probably a New Yorker," the guard answered politely, "returned from a long, hazardous and perilous trip to Paterson, New Jersey."

Al had a joyous row with a redcap over his baggage and there were many heated words with a taxi starter who had no taxi to start. "Keep your shirt on, will you?" that official demanded. "You think you the only one wants a cab?"

Al's heart leaped happily; it was the first time he'd heard such harsh words since they'd left a month before. "How would you like a slam in the jaw?" he demanded.

They got the cab finally, he and Roberta and his parents and Uncle Washburn, who had managed to elbow his sister out of the fifth seat. It turned up Seventh Avenue, the others following by Subway and Elevated, and came into Times Square. Al and Roberta were by the windows, drinking it all in.

"Look!" he whispered. "There's the Paramount Building!"

"Good old Paramount Building!" she said softly. "Don't it look natural? Ain't changed a bit."

"And look! Sing Lung's Celestial Gardens!"

"Good old Sing Lung's!" She looked at the landmark with slightly clouded eyes. "Good old chop suey!"

"And Roxy's!"

"Good old Roxy's!"

They looked at Roxy's reverently.

That afternoon there were forty-five thousand people at the Yankee Stadium. The stands were great fields of moving white dots that were faces, and voices that lifted in a deep roar as a tiny white-clad figure swung a bat and raced along a white line, sliding into the bag in a little explosion of yellow dust. Gray-clad figures ran to appointed posts, and a speck of a white ball sailed in from a far corner. Another roar as the umpire spread his hands, palms down—safe!

Two white dots far off in the left-field bleachers were Al's and Uncle Washburn's. They had cut and run as soon as they could, and now they sat side by side, their coats in their laps, shoulder to shoulder, with hundreds of other Als and Uncle Washburns. Their foreheads burned in the sun and perspiration rolled down their faces, and their eyes were fixed on the white and gray clad figures far away below them toward the stands.

"They'll get to him in the next one," Uncle Washburn said. "He's weakenin' now."

"Sure, they'll ruin him in the next one."

They wiped their faces and sat back. Uncle Washburn looked at Al proudly. Some bubbling emotion appeared to get the better of him then, and abruptly he turned to the man on his right.

"My nephew," he said, indicating Al. "He's been out of New York."

"Yeh?" In real surprise the man looked with some interest at Al. "How far?"

"South," Uncle Washburn said, pleased with the sensation he had caused. "Been away a month."

"Yeh?" The lifting of the man's voice indicated even greater surprise. "How was it?"

"Not bad," Al replied casually, as a man does who can take anything in his stride. "Not bad."

"That so?"

He studied Al interestedly until the next inning started, and then, still unsatisfied with this curious phenomenon, he turned away reluctantly. Al, pleased and thrilled at this attention, looked up thoughtfully at the sun, across the field to the players, around to the forty-five thousand red-faced men calling hoarsely into space. Then he leaned closer to Uncle Washburn's ear.

"You know," he whispered, "they ain't—they really ain't no place like home."

"I know," Uncle Washburn said solemnly. "It was like that when I went to Ithaca."

From Tall Skyscrapers

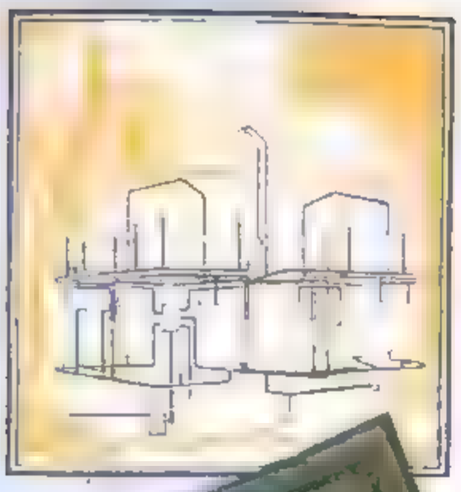
To Small Bungalows

General Electric Wiring Materials assure comfort, permanence and economy

The new Union Trust Building of Detroit is typical of the magnificent structures which, from coast to coast, are setting new standards in modern architecture.

In this imposing monument to American achievement, architects, engineers and builders have produced not only an object of beauty, but of utility, permanence and economy of operation.

Hidden in the walls of a towering skyscraper are miles of wire and tons of conduit. There are thousands of switches, outlets and fuses. How important that these should all be flawless in construction and lastingly efficient.



It is therefore with a sense of pardonable pride that we point to the General Electric Wiring Materials with which this great structure is completely equipped.

And you, too, can point with pride to the wiring in your home—whether bungalow or mansion—if you specify a General Electric Wiring System.

Write for your copy of the booklet which gives practical suggestions for wiring your home.

Section 40
Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

GE WIRING SYSTEM
~for lifetime service

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Look for this GOLD label on the shaft. It means you are getting a true Bristol—the only shaft made of "spring steel."

The SHAFT is "Everything" in the Club!

EVERY golfer knows, of course, that very few hickory shafts are the same in quality, for no two trees are grown under absolutely the same condition. But did you ever stop to realize that different makes of steel shafts vary just as much. The quality of steel and the process of manufacturing count for so much.

Bristol "Gold Label" Steel Shafts are made of *spring steel*. They are the only steel shafts made of this very high carbon steel. That is why they have so much snap, life and strength—the prime requisites of every good shaft.

We do not make complete clubs. We make only the shaft which we supply to the leading makers of golf clubs. However, there is a label in gold on every Bristol "Gold Label" Steel Shaft, no matter who is the maker of the club.

"made of Spring Steel"

"Bristol" Steel Golf Shaft

Free booklet—write

Upon request we will send you an interesting little book on golf, containing some very valuable tips by a well known instructor.

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING CO.
3091 HORTON STREET, BRISTOL, CONN.

SWORDS AND ROSES

(Continued from Page 23)

ports of the Confederacy—Charleston and Savannah and the entrance to the Cape Fear River. The first Federal ship to appear on the Cape Fear station, July twentieth, was the Daylight. She was soon followed by others—the number of blockaders off the New Inlet and the Main, the Western, Bar of the river was rapidly increased to more than thirty.

At night they formed in the shape of a crescent, with the points so close to land that it was practically impossible for the smallest boat to pass without discovery; armed picket barges patrolled the waters and often came under the walls of the Confederate forts.

A second cordon was maintained outside Nassau and the Bermudas, the chief ports of delivery and loading for the South. The Federal cruisers there were quite capable of ignoring the internationally guaranteed safety of all vessels within three geographical miles of neutral land. Still a third cordon of fast steamers later patrolled the edge of the Gulf Stream, where, after a hard night's run with only a glimmer of light at the binnacle, the blockade runners appeared with the early morning.

In the face of such preparations and vigilance, heedless of extraordinary hardship, imminent danger, the blockade was run throughout the war. It was run by swift steamers, tremendous for their day, and by pilot boats and insignificant yawls sailed by mere boys with a cargo of two or three bales of cotton; boats so small that when they were captured they were hooked to the falls of Federal davits and, with cargo and crew, ignominiously hoisted on deck. The successful trips of blockade runners brought enormous profits: a steamer carrying a thousand bales of cotton realized a quarter of a million dollars in an outward and inward trip of two weeks. Cotton could be bought in the Confederacy for three cents gold a pound and it was frequently sold in England for a dollar. The steamer R. E. Lee, under Capt. John Wilkinson, ran the blockade at Wilmington twenty-one times; he carried abroad seven thousand bales of cotton worth two million dollars gold. She brought back to the Confederacy equally valuable cargoes. The steamer Siren ran the blockade sixty-four times and her profit was millions.

An immediate, very special and optimistic industry was begun in Liverpool. Gere's General Advertiser published notices of regular lines of steamers intending to sail between England and the Southern States. "A first-class steamship will be despatched from Liverpool to Charleston on or about the fifteenth of July next. A monthly service will be established. Goods and passengers for New Orleans, Mobile and Savannah, can be forwarded by this line, Charleston having direct railroad communication with all the Southern and Western cities." This, however, was early in the war; the blockade rapidly became effective; large commercial or political plans for evading or ignoring it were abandoned. Only the fastest steamers, the most skillful and courageous, the most fortunate, commanders, were eventually successful.

The schooner yacht America, winner of the international races off Cowes, England, in 1851, was hauled out on the Thames River, rebuilt, and ran the blockade more than once with priceless cargoes of quinine, morphine, ammunition and surgical instruments. The Banshee, built for a Liverpool firm, was the first steel ship to cross the Atlantic. She was a side-wheeler of remarkably fine lines, two hundred and fourteen feet long and twenty feet in beam, and drew only eight feet of water. The Banshee was five hundred tons gross tonnage, with an anticipated speed of eleven knots and a crew of thirty-six hands all told. In 1864, however, the Colonel Lamb, commanded by Thomas Lockwood, of North Carolina, developed a speed of sixteen and four-fifths knots. She was the fastest vessel afloat.

These were, almost wholly, private enterprises. Food for the half-starved Southern armies, essential medicines and the importation of munitions of war, formed the great necessity for eluding the blockade; and Wilmington was the best situated port for that, since the two entrances to the Cape Fear River had thirty miles of sea and shoals, and Smith's Island, between them. From Smithville, midway of the bars, both blockading fleets could be easily seen, and an outward-bound vessel chose her most promising course; inward bound she had a choice of entrances following the wind and the weather. The approaches to both bars were clear of obstructions; the soundings were so regular that the coast could be followed for miles at the edge of the breakers.

Wilmington, during this period, was completely disorganized. It was filled with speculators from all parts of the South attending the weekly auctions of imported cargoes; desperate characters and acts of every variety made life and property precarious; it was not only unsafe to go about at night—there was a constant murderous fighting between the drunken crews of steamers and the soldiers stationed on land through the day. The civil authorities were powerless. Agents and employes of different blockade-running companies lived magnificently in houses rented from permanent residents who had retired to the country—houses where, in the past, John Newland Maffitt had danced so many cotillions. They paid fabulous sums for quarters of lambs and fresh vegetables and tea. Across the river the steam cotton presses occupied a low marshy flat, and there the ships took on and discharged their cargoes. Sentries were stationed on the wharves to prevent deserters from leaving the country.

Notable and romantic individuals, as well as the questionable, were familiar to Wilmington: Captain Roberts, of the Don, was in reality son of the Earl of Buckinghamshire and a port captain in the British Navy; the Condor, one of a fleet of fast three-funnel boats, was commanded by the celebrated Admiral Hewett, knighted by Queen Victoria and special envoy to King John of Abyssinia; Burgoyne, lost with the ironclad Captain in the Bay of Biscay, was an English officer and blockade runner. The Falcon made one trip under Hobart Pasha. The native commanders and pilots, however, were far more significant; they were not engaged in adventure but in a continuous danger and monotony of hardship.

James William Craig, pilot on the steamer Annie, cleared with his ship from Nassau and fell in with a hurricane; they were obliged to heave to for forty hours and lost their reckoning; they were without lunar or solar observations for three days. He was on the Lynx in a hurricane when her paddle boxes, sponsons and bridge deck were swept away. The Lynx was chased by the very fast Federal cruiser Fort Jackson and her safety valves were weighted down with the iron tops of the coal bunkers. John William Anderson, piloting the Mary Celeste and dying of yellow fever, hung by the wheel in the arms of two strong sailors. His face was the color of gold and his eyes shone like stars. "Hard starboard," he said. The wheel spun quickly and a shot from the bow gun of a pursuing blockader passed over the pilot house. "Steady," Anderson said, with the breakers on the coast of North Carolina before him. The Mary Celeste came under the protection of Fort Fisher; she crossed the bar and her engines slowed down in safe water; Anderson was dead.

In January, 1862, John Maffitt was ordered to the steamer Cecile to run the blockade. The Cecile, engaged in commercial blockade running, had been transferred to the Confederate Government by her owners, Frazier, Trenholm & Company, of Charleston. She was reported uncommonly fast and could stow to advantage seven hundred bales of cotton. Maffitt took on her cargo at Wilmington and dropped down the Cape Fear River in time to anchor off Smithville at sunset. They watched, through the twilight, the blockading fleet come to position outside the bar. The channel, the Federal attitude announced, was closed for the night. It was clear, with moonlight, and Maffitt was forced to wait until the moon had disappeared; finally he got under way and—he was sailing by the Western Bar—without lights, with nothing white showing, and in dead silence, the Cecile slipped past Fort Caswell and Fort Campbell. The only audible sounds were a rising northeast wind and the faint unavoidable splash and dripping of the paddle wheels.

Night glasses swept the horizon and suddenly, with a lowered voice, an officer announced the presence of steamers lying ahead. The thin phantom of the blockading fleet emerged out of the dark. The Cecile passed between two ships, so close that it seemed impossible to escape discovery; Maffitt went by other floating shapes. It was the pilot's opinion that they were free, when there was a white glare of Drummond lights. The sea was as bright as midday. Captain Maffitt shouted for full speed and there was an immediate increase of pressure and revolutions. A roar of heavy guns surrounded him, flights of iron shot tore through the Cecile's rigging; the steamer hung quivering after a heavy shock. A shell, Maffitt was informed, had knocked overboard several bales of cotton and wounded two of the crew. They had, however, escaped; the first cordon of the blockade had been run.

The morning was beautifully clear and serene; the Cecile ran felicitously until far in the afternoon, when a sail was reported from the masthead. Could she be made out? "Yes, sir, a large steamer is heading for us." Maffitt changed his course; he was followed and chase began. The engines of the Cecile were being overhauled, her fires cleaned, and at first her speed was inconsiderable. The steamer came up rapidly, under the flag of the United States, but night was swifter—there was a brief gold sunset and the dusk thickened. Then an actual derangement of his engine put all hope of escape from Maffitt's mind. In the face of disaster he sent for the chief engineer and inquired if he had a convenient quantity of coal dust. He had.

"Be ready," Maffitt said, "in fifteen minutes to feed it. Have clean fuel ready that will not smoke."

The Federal ship drew nearer, the coal dust was shoveled in and dense volumes of sooty blackness rolled out of the Cecile's funnels, drifting on a northeast wind to the south and west. The pursuing steamer turned and followed the bank of smoke, and, with clean coal, Maffitt continued uninterrupted on a northward course. At sunrise he lay in Nassau harbor discharging his cotton and receiving his return cargo.

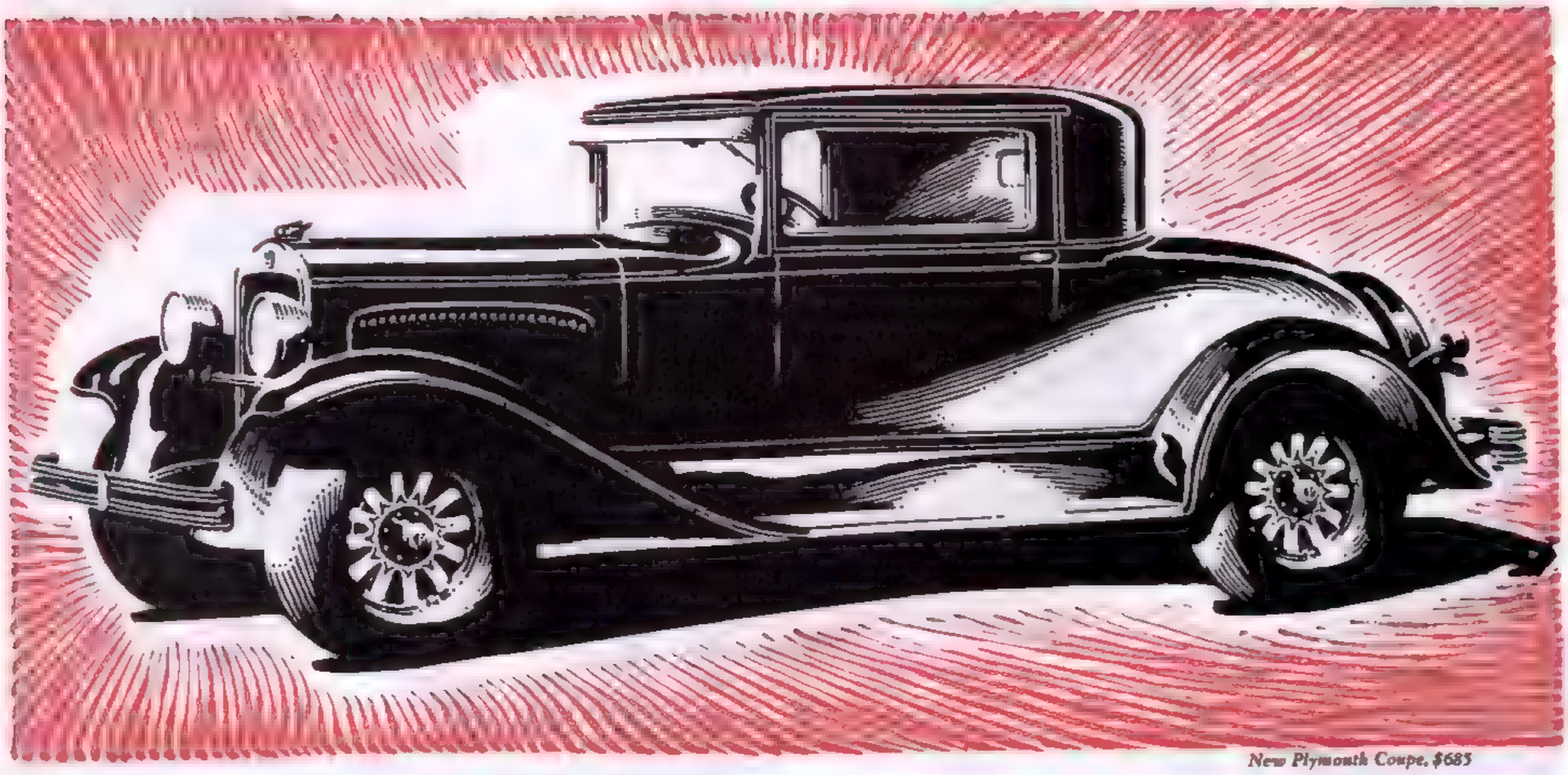
The Cecile sailed at evening and the following morning encountered three Federal men-of-war. She left them behind, but her bulwarks had been badly damaged, her spars splintered by shot and shell. There was an even greater necessity than common for speed and caution: Nine hundred barrels of powder formed part of the supplies for the Confederacy in the hold. Sail was reported again, two steamers ahead standing for the Cecile, but they were lost after an elaborate course of zigzag running. A burning vessel was then seen, four miles off and enveloped in smoke; Maffitt was obliged to go to her assistance. She was a Spanish barque, her ensign at half mast and the crew and passengers gathered helplessly in the stern. Ladies were among them. An officer was sent aloft to keep sharp lookout for the enemy, and the chief mate was dispatched to the barque in a cutter. The passengers, he found, were superior in calmness

(Continued on Page 59)

CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH



New Plymouth Coupe, $685

PACKED WITH VALUE

The Plymouth Dollar Buys the Most In Its Field

Packed with the value to which buyers who count the cost of motoring have long been entitled . . . Definitely above and beyond all other cars at or near its price—for style, for comfort, for distinction, for performance . . . A full sized car—long, low, wide and roomy—ample seating accommodations for adult passengers . . . New luxury and good taste in upholstery and fittings . . . Enriched with the new Chrysler style features—new chromium-plated slender profile radiator, new type fenders and pleasing new arched-window silhouette . . . True Chrysler performance and safety . . . Real high compression through the "Silver-Dome" high-compression engine, using any gasoline . . . For the first time at such price, light-action internal expanding hydraulic four-wheel brakes, with squeakless moulded brake linings, unaffected by any weather . . . Briefly, the new Plymouth out-looks, out-rides and out-performs anything else the lowest-priced group offers today . . . In this field, no other automobile dollar gives as great return as the dollar invested in Plymouth.

$675
AND UPWARDS

Coupe	$685
Roadster (*with rumble seat*)	675
2-Door Sedan	700
Touring	695
De Luxe Coupe (*with rumble seat*)	735
4-Door Sedan	735

All prices f. o. b. Detroit. Plymouth dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments.

"I finished it myself . . . with Duco"

NOW you can quickly, economically make your home gay with colorful painted furniture. Just finish it yourself—with gleaming, lasting Duco.

You will find a wide variety of unfinished pieces at stores everywhere. Choose now those you have wanted for so long.

It is easy to apply Duco. There is no delay. In a little while your work is ready to use—the Duco is dry

You can use genuine Duco with either brush or convenient hand-sprayer. It will beautify a multitude of objects in your home. Begin with it now. In all the modern colors and shades.

Genuine Duco is made only by du Pont. Take no chances—look for the du Pont oval on the can

FOR SALE BY GOOD DEALERS EVERYWHERE

DUCO

Duco for industrial application is obtainable from du Pont factories. Duco for general household use may be purchased from good paint and hardware dealers everywhere

made only by du Pont

DUPONT DUCO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 56

to the crew; the officers from the Cecile succeeded in extinguishing the fire, and Maffitt proceeded on with all possible quickness.

The next day—the last at sea was undisturbed, and Maffitt decided to go ahead at full speed for sixty miles and then run slowly into the fleet off Cape Fear; all lighthouses had been abandoned and the most exact navigation, a wide knowledge of currents and of the coast, were indispensable for approaching any Southern harbor. At last, after a headlong rush through the dark, the Cecile was slowly and carefully navigated with the guiding lead. Grim floating shapes came into view through a bank of cloud. A rocket swept with a sparkling rush into the sky and the calcium flare of Drummond lights distinctly illuminated the sea for miles. There was a hail. "Heave to, or I'll sink you!" Captain Maffitt acknowledged the direction and continued in a loud voice, "Stop the engine!" He heard, from across the water, the shrill note of a boatswain's whistle, the calling away of the cutters, the tramping feet of the boat's crews. "Back your engine, sir," he was ordered; "stand by to receive my boats." Maffitt whispered to his engineer:

"Full speed ahead, sir, and open wide your throttle valve."

The Federal officers first thought the Cecile was backing, then, with a salt cursing, command was given to fire. Drummond lights were burned. But, Maffitt related afterward, a radiant mist apparently raised the hull of the Cecile above the line of vision, and a broadside, instead of exploding the gunpowder destined for Albert Sidney Johnston and the battle of Shiloh, passed harmlessly through the rigging. Captain Maffitt had taken a chance so desperately slim that it could scarcely have been said to exist. The Cecile, followed by bursting shells, with a speed of sixteen knots, bore up at the white lines of breakers and quickly found the smooth water of the channel.

Maffitt discharged his cargo, took on cotton, and made the run to Nassau with no more incident than a few shots outside Cape Fear. Nassau, a somnolent resort of invalids, had suddenly assumed the air, the stir and excitement, of an important city. The magical blue harbor was filled with shipping, with deep cargo steamers from England and fragile blockade runners, painted pale blue, out of Wilmington. The warehouses, the wharves and quays, were piled with cotton and merchandise, together with great guns and small arms and ammunition, for the Confederacy. Captain Maffitt returned there again in the Cecile, and then, in April, he was ordered to the ship Nassau—she had been the Gordon—continuing the same duty. He wrote in his private journal:

MAY 4: I arrived in Nassau with the Gordon and twenty minutes after anchoring the steamer was crowded with visitors. I landed Mr. and Mrs. De Leon, my daughter Florie, who took rooms at the Royal Victoria Hotel.

At 11 P.M. Mr. Low, provisional master C. S. N., informed me that he had come over on the Confed. gunboat Oreto and at the same time handed me a letter from Comd. J. D. Bulloch that I would at once assume command and send Mr. Low back. I immediately surrendered the Gordon and informed Adderly and Co., to whom the Oreto was consigned, that, as a Sou. officer, it was my duty to become custodian of the lone Confederate waif upon the waters until the pleasure of the Navy Depart. should be expressed. The response to my communication brought three young inexperienced officers, strangers to the sea, with instructions for me to assume command, equip, fit out and immediately proceed to sea as a Confed. cruiser.

The Gordon—the steamer Nassau—returning, was captured and Maffitt's daughter, who had again taken passage on her, was sent to New York, where, he records, she was treated with the greatest courtesy.

The Oreto had been purchased in England, and sent out under bond, but it was proved that she had left unarmed, and on the eighth of August, 1862, she steamed into the Queen's Channel; the English colors were hauled down and the Palmetto flag was raised on the Confederate cruiser Florida. The first day at sea two of the crew developed a raving yellow fever. There was no physician aboard and the duty of caring for them fell upon Maffitt. He was forced to give up all thought of active duty; he brought the Florida to anchor off Cardenas; the crew had been reduced by the epidemic to a single engineer and two seamen; and soon, refused all aid by the governor, Maffitt himself was overcome. After a week of hideous suffering he was conscious of three somber-looking individuals in his cabin. One held a watch. "It is now twenty minutes after nine o'clock. I am convinced, from careful investigation, that the captain cannot survive beyond meridian."

He was, Maffitt informed him, a liar. He had too much to do, he continued, and could not afford to die. He recovered and sailed for Havana, and, unable to secure proper supplies there, he determined to fetch the Confederate port of Mobile. This was a perilous undertaking—Maffitt was still very feeble, the decimated crew was no better, and the entrance to Mobile harbor was so difficult he'd have to make his attempt by daylight. He hoisted English colors, but the U. S. ship Oneida ignored them; followed by two other vessels of the blockading squadron, she poured such a terrible fire into the Florida that every hope of escape fled from Maffitt's mind. One gunboat hung on his port bow and another at his port quarter, and their cannonading was as rapid as it was precise. He ordered the English flag down and raised his own colors. The loud explosions, the roar of shells and crashing of spars, were accompanied by the moaning of the sick men on the Florida.

Everything, then, depended on the engines and on the engineers; they, fortunately, performed their duty without interruption, and Maffitt slowly, with a splendid cold determination, brought his ship successfully into Mobile. He refitted the Florida, escaped the blockade again, and at sea, on January 19, 1863, he captured the Union brig Estelle. It was her first voyage, she was returning from Cuba with honey and sugar for Boston. Maffitt removed a few necessities and set her on fire. He coaled at Havana and on the twenty-second destroyed two Yankee vessels. Then he found that the coal taken on at Havana would not make steam and he was obliged to go in to Nassau. Running for the New England coast he encountered a hurricane; it drove him across the Gulf Stream and badly damaged his ship.

"The Florida unfortunately stows but nine days full steaming coal," he wrote. "I deeply regretted the capacity and badly cut sails that do so little justice to her beautiful hull."

In February he made a prize of the Jacob Bell, of New York, with a cargo of tea to the value of a million and a half dollars. A message came from the captain that he had ladies aboard, and Maffitt surrendered his cabin to them. They remained on the Florida five days and then Maffitt transferred them to the Danish brig Morning Star, bound for St. Thomas. On the sixth of March he ran alongside the Star of Peace, of Boston, from Calcutta. She was about a thousand tons register and had an invaluable cargo of saltpeter for the Federal Army. Maffitt took on board Captain Hickly and his crew and burned their ship. He steamed away to the east and, twenty miles distant, the saltpeter ignited: Maffitt was certain a more beautiful panorama was never witnessed on the ocean. He captured the schooner Aldebaran, New York to Marenham, Brazil, and burned her. Sixteen days later he captured the Boston barque Lapwing, bound for Batavia; she was a fine vessel and Maffitt put two howitzers aboard and ordered Lieutenant Everett to command her with two officers and a crew of fifteen.

He took the barque Colcord, from New York to Cape Town, and burned her on April Fool's day; on the seventeenth he captured the ship Commonwealth, for San Francisco; the ship and cargo were valued at three hundred and seventy thousand dollars and were, inevitably, burned. Maffitt took the ship Oneida, of Bedford, from Shanghai to New York -this was April twenty-fifth—her cargo of tea was worth a million dollars in the United States, and her captain, Maffitt thought, was rather an odd fish—he expected to have the rings on his fingers stolen. He captured and burned the Henrietta, of Baltimore, receiving her passengers and crew on the Florida; and on the sixth of May overtook the brig Clarence from Rio de Janeiro. Lieutenant C. W. Read, of the Florida, proposed to take the Clarence, with her papers and cargo intact, to Hampton Roads and attempt to cut out a gunboat or burn one of the merchant vessels assembled there. Maffitt agreed to that; on the eighth of May he was off the port of Pernambuco.

He applied to the governor there for permission to repair damages to his ship and take on coal; the governor refused, but Maffitt argued him into an agreeable attitude. On the thirteenth of May Maffitt captured and burned the fine vessel Crown Point. He then captured the Southern Cross, a thousand tons, loaded with logwood, and added her to his victims. He kept the Red Gauntlet, of Boston, for Hong Kong with ice, coal and musical instruments, beside him for a number of days in order to transfer her coal to his own bunkers. He spoiled all plans for the Benjamin Hoxie, from the west coast of Mexico. Her destination, the captain asserted, was Falmouth, England; but his clearance was very irregular, his destination was not secure; and, after taking on board the officers and crew and silver bars to the amount of a hundred and five thousand dollars, Maffitt fired her.

Soon afterward he captured the whaling schooner V. H. Hill, of Provincetown, and bonding her for ten thousand dollars, he put his prisoners on her at the captain's promise that he would land them in Bermuda. The Sunrise, bound for Liverpool, came next; she had a neutral cargo on board, a very few passengers, and Maffitt bonded her for sixty thousand dollars. On the eighth of July he sighted a Federal side-wheel man-of-war. She had four funnels and was identified as the U. S. steamer Ericsson. When she came within range the Florida opened on her with a starboard broadside and the Ericsson changed her course and bore off without returning a shot. Immediately afterward, within sixty miles of New York, Maffitt took the brig W. B. Nash, with lard and staves, and the whaling schooner Rienzie, and burned them both in the wake of the Ericsson. He entered the harbor of St. George's, in Bermuda, and was honored by the first salute paid abroad to the Confederate flag.

In May John Maffitt had been appointed commander, for gallant and meritorious conduct on the steam sloop Florida; he continued his cruise until his engineers notified him that the vessel's shaft required relaying, the machinery would have to be overhauled. Maffitt was in the English Channel and he determined to run into the harbor of Brest. Admiral Comte Guedon received him warmly at his palace. He was happy to inform Commander Maffitt that the French Government extended to him the hospitality of Brest. There were extraordinary rumors about the Florida: Her hull was filled with gold captured from the enemy; Maffitt was a sea vulture with an insatiable thirst for blood; his officers were pirates and his crew a set of cutthroats; outside the roads corpses had been seen to hang from the Florida's masts. A great crowd gazed at her from the quay when she was towed in and docked in charge of the engineers of the French arsenal. The young officers of the Florida, in bright new uniforms, attended the opening of the theatrical season, and it was universally agreed that they were too young, too handsome and too modest to be guilty of any crimes.

The Florida was not large. She mounted only eight guns—six 48-pound Blakleys, with a stern and bow chaser. She had been forced to leave Mobile with an insufficient

You can SEE when you need GAS
GASOLINE
but
You can't SEE when you need AIR... without using this accurate TIRE GAUGE
WHY guess at the air pressure in your tires when a few pounds variation from the specified inflation steals real dollars' worth of mileage right out of your pocket?
Definite tests have proven that balloon tires simply can't give the mileage that is built into them—much less riding comfort, safety, ease of steering and freedom from body sway—unless the correct air pressure is maintained by checking up, regularly, with an accurate tire gauge.
Tire worries are ended for the motorist who uses a U. S. GAUGE. It is guaranteed accurate, fits all wheels, is handy to use and as easy to read as your watch. The crystal is unbreakable. At $1.50, it's the best tire insurance you can buy.
At your dealer's or sent direct.
UNITED STATES GAUGE CO.
New York and Chicago
Makers of Pressure and Vacuum Gauges
All Sizes and Types for Every Purpose
U.S. GAUGE for testing TIRES

crew, and the oldest of her staff of officers, except for her commander, was twenty-seven. The London Times was informed by its correspondent that he had no difficulty in making out the Florida as she lay at anchor among some of the giants of the French Navy—a long, low, black, rakish-looking craft—a pygmy among these monsters, and yet a formidable pygmy, even to the unpracticed eye, the Palmetto flag flying proudly from her mizzen. John Maffitt was described as a slight, well-knit man of about forty-two, a merry-looking man with a ready determined air, full of life and business. His plainly furnished little stateroom was like a merchant's office. A round table in the center was occupied by books and manuscript, shelves were filled with account books and charts. Maffitt's cabin, every part of the Florida, appeared to have been built for use rather than ornament.

"We never seek a fight," Maffitt explained, "and we don't avoid one. You see, we've only two vessels against fifteen hundred, so we should stand a poor chance. Our object is merely to destroy commerce, so as to bring about a peace. We have taken, all together, seventy-two prizes and estimated the value at fifteen million dollars." However, he continued, there was very little actual treasure on board the Florida: The papers of the burned prizes were all kept, and a valuation made, in the expectation that when peace was restored the Confederate Government would make an equable appropriation of money to the captors. The captain and officers of the Florida were working on the faith of the future solvency of the South.

The Florida was soon ready for sea, but a severe attack at Maffitt's heart compelled him to apply for leave. This was in September, 1863. He was sent for rest and travel in Sweden, but he was extremely impatient to return to active duty, and he took command of a cargo ship sailing for the Confederacy. In June of the next year he was sailing from St. George's in charge of the blockade runner Lilian. The voyage for three hundred and fifty miles was uninterrupted, and then he sighted a Federal ship enveloped in dense clouds of white smoke from her Cumberland coal. She was dropped astern and the following morning Maffitt prepared to lay to between the outer and inner cordon of blockaders, waiting for the dark.

At half-past one an impressive steamer with immense paddle wheels and lofty black hull appeared at full speed from the direction of Wilmington. Before steam could be got up on the Lilian the enemy was uncomfortably near, and Maffitt ordered the mail bags to be brought up and weights attached, so that they might be sunk in the event of capture.

The pressure of steam on the Lilian rose from fifteen pounds to twenty, from twenty pounds to twenty-three; the pressure increased to twenty-six and the revolutions of the paddle wheels mounted from twenty-six to twenty-eight, to thirty-three, in the minute; and within two hours the tall Yankee ship was low on the horizon. It was necessary, then, to change the course of the Lilian, to run around her pursuer; but Maffitt drove his vessel so fast that he came within sight of the blockaders off Cape Fear before sunset. Night, fortunately, fell quickly; silently and with infinite caution the Lilian was worked in, past ship after ship, almost under their rails; there was no hail, no blaze of Drummond lights; once more Maffitt successfully came into a Southern harbor.

Soon after this, greatly to his satisfaction, he was ordered to Wilmington and the blockade runner Owl. On the twenty-first of December, 1864, Maffitt received on board the naval steamer Owl seven hundred and eighty bales of cotton, and, with three other vessels, ran clear of the Federal sentinels without the loss of a rope yarn. At St. George's, Bermuda, he found a number of vessels waiting intelligence of the outcome of a Federal expedition under General Butler against Fort Fisher, at the mouth of the Cape Fear River. Fort Fisher was reported to be safe, and six ships cheerfully departed for Wilmington; Maffitt had a second assurance that Fisher was intact and he laid his course for Cape Fear. But when he approached the channel there he was amazed to find only one boat on guard. He fetched around her without trouble; there was a conflagration on Bald Head and no response to signals; Fort Caswell, however, seemed quiet, natural, to Maffitt, and he decided to continue up the river.

When he came to anchor he learned that a second Union attack, under General Terry and Admiral Porter, had reduced Fort Fisher and that Cape Fear was in possession of the Federal forces. It was imperative for Maffitt to leave immediately; Union gunboats were within hail of him and he had already ordered the anchor chain slipped when the pilot on the Owl begged permission to go ashore, if it was for no more than ten minutes. He had left his wife ill and without means of support. This request Maffitt could not refuse, and while the pilot was absent, steam was raised and the anchor chain unshackled. The Owl, running out, was pursued by the solitary blockader.

"His artillery," Maffitt wrote, "palled under the reverberation of an explosion that rumbled portentously from wave to wave in melancholy echoes that enunciated far at sea the fate of Caswell."

The cargo of the Owl was exceedingly important to the South, and, with Wilmington closed to the Confederacy, Maffitt determined to land it if possible at Charleston. That port was more closely guarded than ever, and he accommodated his speed to arrive off the Charleston Bar at dusk. Throughout the day he was pursued by vigilant steamers along the coast: they would sight the Owl, fire up and make a dash for her, but the blockade runner drew off with such speed that the Federal boats almost immediately gave up the chase.

At nine in the evening he was close by Maffitt's Channel, the channel that, in the service of the U. S. Coast Survey, he had discovered and charted. At the western end of Rattlesnake Shoal the Owl encountered streaks of mist and fog; they lifted suddenly and Maffitt saw that he was about to run into an anchored blockader. There was barely room to put the helm hard-a-port, the ships missed collision by less than fifteen feet.

The Federal officer on deck cried the familiar order, "Heave to, or I'll sink you!" The command was disregarded and the Owl received his entire broadside. The turtle-back was cut away, the bulwarks in front of the engine room torn up, and twelve men were slightly or severely wounded. Rockets were fired and Drummond lights illuminated a fleet of animated vessels, but the Owl passed swiftly out of range and retired into the night.

It was useless to make any further attempt to land his cargo in Charleston, and Maffitt determined to proceed to Galveston, Texas. On the fifth of May—it was an exceedingly fine morning—Maffitt successfully ran through the fleet of sixteen vessels blockading the port of Galveston, but at the entrance to the harbor, at a point within range of the Federal guns, he unfortunately grounded on Bird Island. In the harbor there was a Confederate fleet commanded by Captain James H. McGarvey, two gunboats—the Diana and Bayou City—and four transports; and McGarvey and a volunteer crew went to the assistance of the Owl. Under a heavy fire, and directed by Maffitt with an exact coolness from the exposed bridge of his steamer, the blockade runner was floated; the people of Galveston, on the roofs of the houses fronting the harbor, gave a great cheer and the Owl—it was impossible for Maffitt to proceed with his design—escaped to sea. Later he was at Havana; from there he sailed to Halifax; the last hope for the Confederacy was exhausted, and, following his final official orders, he delivered the Owl to Frazier, Trenholm & Company at Liverpool. Mr Lincoln's blockade had reduced the South to a poverty that left no other course than surrender.

John Maffitt took command of the British steamer Widgeon, trading between Liverpool and South America. January, in 1867, he wrote to his daughter Florie that, as soon as his engagement in England ended, he'd return to the United States and see what could be done about the recovery of his property. He was unsuccessful in that—the North seized his estate of seventy-five thousand dollars and never returned it to him. David McRae, an Englishman, encountered him in 1868; he had heard a very great deal about Maffitt in the North, where he was widely regarded as the ablest naval officer in the service of the Confederacy. It was said that if he had remained with the Union he would have occupied Admiral Farragut's place. John Maffitt, McRae found, was a cultivated and gentlemanly man, with a fine cast head, a keen dark eye, a strong tuft of black whiskers on his chin, and a firm little mouth that seemed to express the energy and determination of his character. McRae remembered him well as he stepped about in his short military cloak, dignified and stern-appearing. He was, then, in reduced circumstances, but, like so many of his old military and naval associates, he was endeavoring to make a living and reconcile himself to the new order of things.

"The Confederate Navy," Maffitt explained, "minute though it was, won a place for itself in history. To the Confederates the credit belongs of testing in battle the invulnerability of ironclads and of revolutionizing the navies of the world. The Merrimac did that. And though we had but a handful of light cruisers, while the ocean swarmed with armed Federal vessels, we defied the Federal Navy and swept Northern commerce from the seas. If only," he added, "the old usage in regard to sea prizes in neutral ports had been still in vogue, we should have done more, and the pecuniary gain to the officers and men of the Confederate Government would have been immense—but a Confederate cruiser out upon the ocean was a lonely knight-errant. Her nationality was unrecognized; her facilities for supplies and repairs hampered by neutral proclamations that affected only her. She had to do everything for herself, live upon the enemy and contend friendless and alone in the world. . . . Well, it is all over now."

When it was clear that his property was lost, Maffitt returned to Wilmington, to North Carolina, where his daughter Florie lived. He managed to secure a farm of two hundred and twelve acres on the sound at Wrightsville Beach; he called his house the Moorings, and gathered there a stepdaughter, Mary Read, and Colden Rhind, one of his younger sons. Another son, Eugene, married a Miss Kate Martin; they lived with his father, and Kate's sister, Emma, came to see them there. Captain Maffitt and Emma were caught in a cold January rain, and he wrapped about her shoulders his antique faded blue cape, the military cloak of McRae's report. It would shield her, Maffitt said, as it had shielded him in his wanderings over land and sea for many years. Its silent folds, she replied, must hold a romantic history. Her conjecture, Maffitt assured her, was true; it had served him in Italy and France, in England and Germany and Palestine, and among the Pyramids. Years ago the Queen of Greece had worn it around her shoulders.

At Piræus, Maffitt, who was the captain's aide, was ordered to prepare the barge to bring on board the Constitution the king and queen of Greece. The queen was known to cherish a passion for dancing, and Captain Bruin ordered part of the ship's band to the quarter-deck. The queen looked wistfully at the captain, and he was obliged to admit that he was no waltzer. He beckoned to one of his aides, Midshipman Maffitt, who was quite an adept at the business, and presented him to the young queen—she was fifteen. Dusk floated over the harbor, muskets were arranged around the capstan with lighted candles in their muzzles. The queen of Greece, wrapped in Mr. Maffitt's cloak, whispered to him.

Emma Martin and Maffitt determined to write a book together and call it Oreto, or the Adventures of a Midshipman's Cloak; they changed the title to Nautilus, or Cruising Under Canvas. In November, 1870, they were married. Maffitt became a practical farmer: he raised grapes of different varieties, but especially the scuppernong, which he grew in great perfection. He had orchards of peaches and apples, and cultivated pears and figs, blackberries and strawberries and raspberries. A flower garden was carefully tended; he especially delighted in constructing arbors for climbing roses. His evenings with Emma were literary; they projected a great many books and papers; a description of Raphael Semmes was printed in the South Atlantic Monthly.

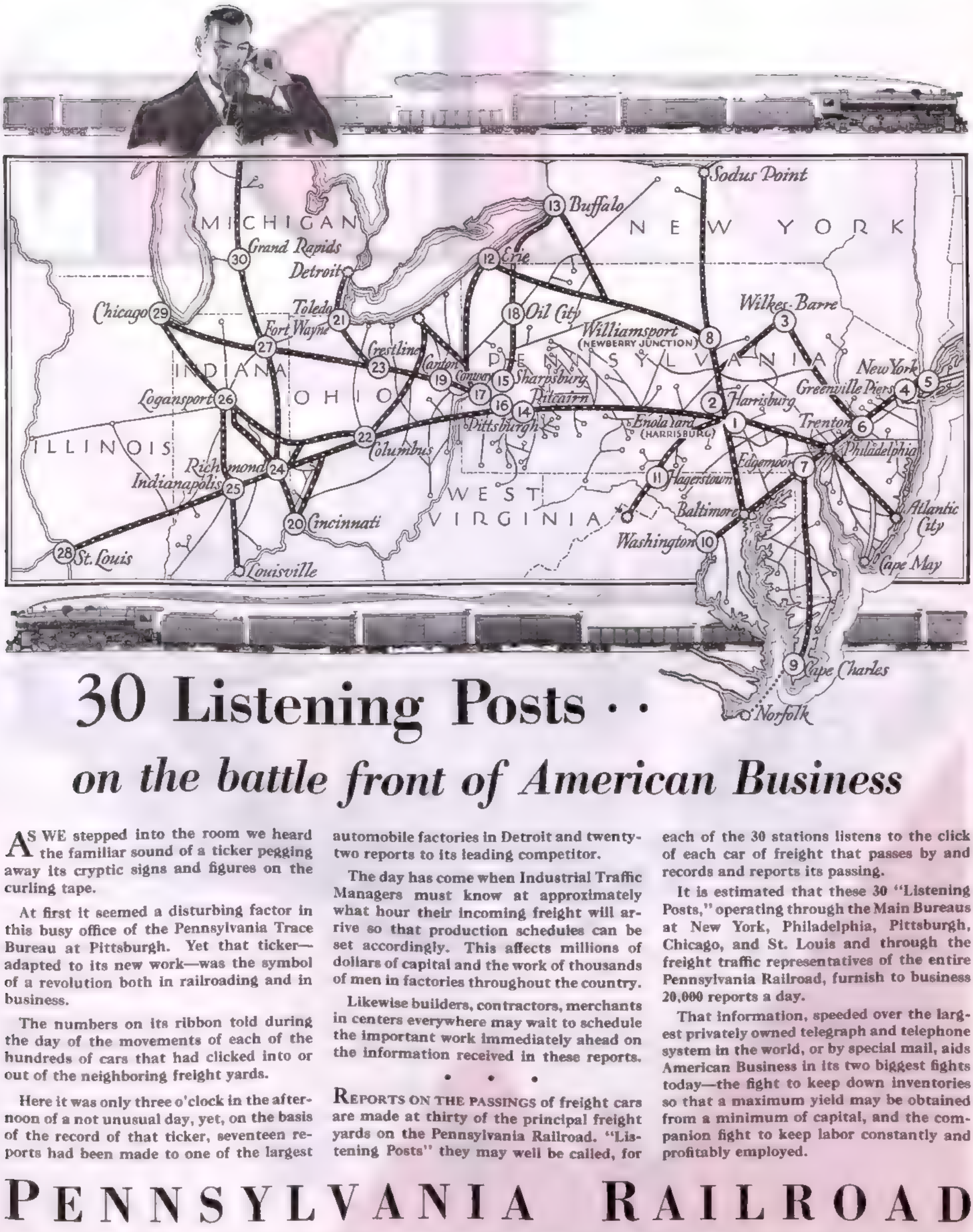
Mr. Cleveland was elected to the Presidency in 1884, and friends of John Maffitt's nominated him for a position in the custom house at Wilmington; the President refused to confirm the nomination and Maffitt's spirit was shocked. He had moved from the Moorings into Wilmington, both because he was now unable to superintend his farm and for the education of his children.

He failed rapidly. "The ship is ready," he said, his mind far from the actuality of dying; "the sails are set and the wind is favorable; all we are waiting for is Mr. Lambert to come and ask God's blessing upon us; then we will heave anchor and away on the billows."

His old age had been darkened by hardship and sorrow—both Florie and Eugene, his favorite daughter and his son, died before him—but his youth was a splendid panorama of romantic adventure. His life was bright with danger. It was performed with honor, sustained by courage. War and the sea possessed him—the two great enemies of monotony and fear—through the years of his maturity he had death to face—hurricanes in fragile iron ships, pestilence, and Federal shells in the white glare of Drummond lights. He literally sailed through battle fleets, without the privilege of returning a shot, when the sea was crushed with the weight of explosions directed against him; he sailed through fleets cunningly in the dark, with a glimmer at his binnacle and not a whisper along his deck, and lost not so much as a rope yarn. He took seventy-two prizes in a steam sloop with a crew of scarcely better than boys over all the Western ocean, and such were his exploits, his character and determination were such, that he compelled the assistance of France, the courtesy of the port of Brest, against all the influence of the United States.

John Maffitt was a midshipman when he was thirteen, on the Constitution when she was a man-of-war of the line; he danced, when he was lieutenant, the graceful and gay cotillions of a lost world; he was a commander in the days of the Confederacy. What happened in his old age, even his sorrow and loss, must have been remote compared with his memories. Nothing could have detracted from the dignity of his step on the changed streets of Wilmington. No other garment in the world owned the sustaining magic, the beauty, of his faded cloak. The blockade runners, the shadows on the sea, stayed vivid and recompensing in his mind. The sea and, appearing above the horizon, the smoke of Federal cruisers! Rising speed and the sting of salt spray, the white town of St. George's against the low sage-green Bermuda hills, the indigo harbor of Nassau, ineffable blue noons on the Gulf Stream, nights of stars and the regular beat of paddle wheels, all preserved him against the sense of futility, the vain regret, that in ordinary men and times bring life to an empty close.

The Florida was captured by Commander Napoleon Collins, of the United States Navy, at Bahia, Brazil. This was in defiance of all decency; the Florida had received permission to remain in port forty-eight hours. The Brazilian Government demanded her return, but she was arbitrarily sunk.



30 Listening Posts · ·

on the battle front of American Business

AS WE stepped into the room we heard the familiar sound of a ticker pegging away its cryptic signs and figures on the curling tape.

At first it seemed a disturbing factor in this busy office of the Pennsylvania Trace Bureau at Pittsburgh. Yet that ticker—adapted to its new work—was the symbol of a revolution both in railroading and in business.

The numbers on its ribbon told during the day of the movements of each of the hundreds of cars that had clicked into or out of the neighboring freight yards.

Here it was only three o'clock in the afternoon of a not unusual day, yet, on the basis of the record of that ticker, seventeen reports had been made to one of the largest automobile factories in Detroit and twenty-two reports to its leading competitor.

The day has come when Industrial Traffic Managers must know at approximately what hour their incoming freight will arrive so that production schedules can be set accordingly. This affects millions of dollars of capital and the work of thousands of men in factories throughout the country.

Likewise builders, contractors, merchants in centers everywhere may wait to schedule the important work immediately ahead on the information received in these reports.

• • •

REPORTS ON THE PASSINGS of freight cars are made at thirty of the principal freight yards on the Pennsylvania Railroad. "Listening Posts" they may well be called, for each of the 30 stations listens to the click of each car of freight that passes by and records and reports its passing.

It is estimated that these 30 "Listening Posts," operating through the Main Bureaus at New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago, and St. Louis and through the freight traffic representatives of the entire Pennsylvania Railroad, furnish to business 20,000 reports a day.

That information, speeded over the largest privately owned telegraph and telephone system in the world, or by special mail, aids American Business in its two biggest fights today—the fight to keep down inventories so that a maximum yield may be obtained from a minimum of capital, and the companion fight to keep labor constantly and profitably employed.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

DE

SOTO

SIX

DISTINCTIVELY BEAUTIFUL—SUPREMELY CAPABLE—THE LEADER IN VALUE. De Soto Six, down to the last and least detail, is an outstanding expression of Chrysler engineering and manufacturing ability—AT THE LOWEST PRICE FOR WHICH A CHRYSLER-QUALITY SIX HAS EVER BEEN SOLD.

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION *(Division of Chrysler Corporation), Detroit, Michigan*

Instead of pocketbooks,

busy men use

AMITY

FIND-EX

This patented red divider in the money compartment of Find-ex will keep the new small-sized bills separate from the larger currency

UNTIL *FIND-EX* was created, no pocketbook, billfold or wallet ever completely met a man's needs. The crowded contents of the old-style pocketbook were always buried and became soiled, wrinkled or torn. Now you can keep all your licenses, tickets, passes, photographs and memoranda neatly filed in individual, transparent envelopes. Clean, visible and removable in a second when you want them. A patented red divider separates the new, small-sized bills soon to be issued, from the larger currency.

FIND-EX comes in six varieties of leather, plain, tooled or with laced edges. At your jewelry, men's furnishing, leather-goods, drug, stationery or department store—$5. We will stamp your name in 22-k. gold, free.

There's a Key Kaddy to match every *FIND-EX*. Key Kaddy alone, $2; in handsome gift set with *FIND-EX*, $7.

Send for interesting "Book of Amity" No. 5, showing *FIND-EX* and other Amity products. Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wisconsin.

if stamped

AMITY

it's leather

DRAGONHEAD

(Continued from Page 13)

Yet Dragonhead, though by now he carried more than a little lead in his armored body, lived on. He passed the twelve-foot mark and, long afterward, the thirteen-foot mark, for in these later years his bulk increased more rapidly than his length. When Harrod first saw him he was fourteen feet long from nose to tail tip and his huge girth had been nourished not only upon the cold-blooded prey to be found in the waters but also upon the warm blood and warm flesh of victims snatched from the land.

Harrod learned something about Dragonhead in the next few weeks—scattered bits of fact or of rumor picked up here and there. He could not be sure that all these tales referred to the same 'gator, for they came from widely separated localities, but gradually he became convinced that this was the case.

There was a remarkable similarity in many of the stories. Two other men had seen, or claimed to have seen, exactly the same thing that Harrod saw that day on Tupelo Creek—a fawn swept into the water by a blow of a huge saurian tail and then seized and carried under by gigantic tusk-studded jaws. Another man told of how a yearling buck, swimming a river to escape from the hounds, had vanished suddenly in midstream. Still another said that after five of his hogs had been taken within a month he lay in wait all day beside a woods lagoon and finally sent three ineffectual bullets into the largest 'gator he had ever seen. A negro, taking a short cut through the pinelands one moonlight night, said that he had met in the path a 'gator as big as a bull, and, although Harrod believed this to be an exaggeration, he thought it likely that the man had encountered Dragonhead on one of his overland journeys from one creek or lagoon to another.

From the stories that he picked up Harrod reached three conclusions, all of which happened to be correct: That, unlike most alligators, Dragonhead was a wide ranger, seldom remaining long in any one locality; that he had acquired a very strong taste for warm-blooded prey and had probably accounted for many fawns and woods-ranging hogs in the course of his career; and that his usual method of attack was to lie submerged close to some likely-looking drinking place and sweep his victim into the water with a sudden blow of his tail.

With these conclusions in mind, Harrod spent hours in his punt on Tupelo Creek that summer, watching the places where the deer and the hogs were accustomed to come down to the water's edge, his rifle close to his hand. He saw no sign of Dragonhead, however; and in mid-September, feeling the first tang of autumn in the air and conscious suddenly of a keen desire for the salty wind of the sea, he left the big house on Tupelo and took holiday for a week in a little camp cottage that he had built the previous winter on the bank of a salt-water creek known as Jeremy, whence he could look out across green salt marshes and smooth beach sands at the white combers of the Atlantic.

Here for three days Harrod idled gloriously, exploring a region practically new to him, for he had never occupied this marshland camp before. Though the plantation house on Tupelo was only thirty miles inland, he seemed to be in another world. Instead of the shadowy cypress and pine forest of the interior, here was a world of broad, level salt prairies protected from the ocean by a narrow strip of barrier beach, a shining, sunny world of billowy green salt grass, the home of numberless herons and rails, where flocks of big brown curlew swept back and forth or stood at gaze and squadrons of stately ibises soared in the high air. Harrod had brought two of his dogs with him; beautiful English setters, one of them a white Laverack ticked with black, the other a young Llewellyn, white and black with a little tan around the eyes. With them as companions, he roamed up and down the lonely beaches of the barrier islands, sometimes casting a line into the breakers for the big bronze bass of the surf, or rowed for miles in his light, flat-bottomed skiff along the deep tidal waterways winding with endless meanderings through the level plain of marsh.

On the fourth morning of his stay at the marshland camp on Jeremy, the tang of autumn had passed and the air had grown sultry again with the languorous breath of summer. Harrod felt lazy. He spent the morning pottering about his shack, then sat down on the little piazza to enjoy the breeze sweeping in across the marsh from the open ocean scarcely a quarter of a mile away.

On a small sandy flat in front of the house a flock of seventy curlew stood at rest; around the outskirts of the flock black-bellied plovers and turnstones moved here and there, while two big crimson-billed oyster-catchers trotted pompously across the sands.

Harrod was idly watching the birds when out of the corner of his eye he saw a fish break water in Jeremy Creek not more than twenty feet from the piazza where he was sitting. He went indoors and got his rod, then moved his chair to the creek bank and cast a line baited with shrimp into the slow current.

He sat there for fifteen minutes, perhaps, getting no bites and half dozing in his chair. The two dogs had come down to the creek bank with him and were lying near him, both of them asleep. Presently a green fly buzzed around the head of the young Llewellyn setter. The dog woke and snapped at the insect, then got to his feet, walked down the creek bank and pushed out from the shore.

Harrod looked on approvingly. He liked a dog that took readily to water, but on the plantation the young Llewellyn's fondness for swimming had been something of a problem. There the fresh-water creeks and rivers, black or clear brown like wine, flowing out of the swamps, held hidden dangers, but here in this seaside country, within sight and sound of the ocean surf, the salty marshland waterways were safe. The Llewellyn swam out to the middle of the deep slow-moving stream; then turned and headed for the shore, swimming slowly, evidently enjoying the cool water. Of a sudden, when the dog was not fifteen feet from Harrod where he sat in his chair on the bank, the smooth surface of the creek burst asunder, a huge, black, hideous head appeared, cavernous jaws studded with long curved teeth yawned wide. The dog never knew what crushed out his life. He was gone and the sunny water lay smooth and empty again before Harrod, dashing indoors for his rifle, had reached the piazza steps.

Thus for a second time Dragonhead taught Harrod a tragic lesson, and for a second time Harrod blamed himself for murder enacted before his eyes. Yet here again the man was not at fault. The saurians, which abounded in the fresh waters of the inland swamp region, were practically unknown in the salt creeks of the marshlands close to the sea. Some said, mistakenly, that this was because alligators could not live long in salt water. Others held that the 'gators kept out of the salt creeks because they feared the schools of porpoises or dolphins, eight or nine feet long and almost as swift as greyhounds, that occasionally came in through the inlets between the barrier islands to feed on the shoals of mullet frequenting the marshland waterways.

Harrod did not know that Jeremy Creek, flowing past his camp, was an exception to this rule, perhaps for two reasons: First, because its remote headwaters were connected with a large fresh-water river coming down from the inland cypress swamps; second, because, being very shallow at its mouth where it entered the ocean, the creek was comparatively seldom invaded by porpoises except at high flood tide. Nor could he know that Dragonhead, ever since that first adventurous journey of his youth, when he had wandered down from the inner country to the salt marshes of the coast, had been in the habit of paying occasional visits to the marshland creeks.

Among these Jeremy was his favorite hunting ground. The mullet abounded there, and the porpoises, which he respected although he did not fear them, came only at long intervals and in small numbers. He had met them in Jeremy several times and, though in his younger days he had been at pains to avoid them, in these later years of his power he treated them with a cold and regal indifference. Generally they looked him over and then passed on. A large porpoise pack might have attacked him; the small squadrons that cruised infrequently in Jeremy drew back from his fourteen feet of armor-plated bulk and his giant jaws half open to reveal his long white tusks.

For a week after the killing of the young Llewellyn setter, Dragonhead lingered in Jeremy Creek in the vicinity of Harrod's camp. Harrod spent a good part of the next few days watching the surface of the creek, his rifle in the crook of his arm. But the opportunity that he hoped for did not come.

Dragonhead, himself invisible, kept a close, careful watch upon the man. Rising slowly, almost imperceptibly from the depths, the great saurian's periscope eyes, raised a little above the level of his broad, flat head, would show for an instant above the surface, then sink out of sight again. Once or twice Harrod thought that he saw those eyes—two odd-looking black knobs upon the face of the water—but always, before he could get his rifle to his shoulder the eyes were gone.

Dragonhead, however, was not interested in Harrod. He was interested in Harrod's dog. Dogs were his favorite delicacy, but they were hard to get. He had killed perhaps a half dozen dogs in his time, most of them hounds of the deer-hunting packs, rashly following a buck that had taken to water; and now his capture of the Llewellyn setter had whetted the giant 'gator's appetite for this kind of food. Since one of Harrod's dogs had ventured into the water, the other might do so at any time. It was a white, long-haired dog like the one that he had killed, and these white dogs might not be as wise in woods lore as the red and black or speckled hounds of the packs.

So Dragonhead waited patiently, craftily, showing only his periscope eyes, and showing them only for an instant; and Harrod waited patiently, grimly, his rifle in the crook of his elbow or close by his hand. Harrod had one advantage—he could fathom the 'gator's mind. He was confident that Dragonhead was there in the creek watching him stealthily, waiting for a chance at the other dog, and he hoped that sooner or later the big saurian's eagerness would overcome his caution and dull his cunning. As for the dog, there was no fear that he would share the Llewellyn's fate. The old Laverack setter had lived on the plantation for years and knew the dangers that lurked in the waters there. These sunny, salty creeks of the salt-marsh country might be considered safe, as Harrod had believed them to be, but the old Laverack would not go swimming in them.

Hence Harrod waited and Dragonhead waited, and day after day the great 'gator's cunning proved an effective safeguard against the man's superior intelligence. Several times, when Harrod was sitting on the creek bank with the old setter sleeping beside him, the man rose quietly and stole away, in the hope that Dragonhead would make a rush at the dog dozing a few

(Continued on Page 66

Three cheers *for* Grape-Nuts

One from the doctors . . .

DOCTORS?
Yes, Indeed!

Many a handsome compliment Grape-Nuts gets from them! That breakfast portion of Grape-Nuts and cream—"an admirably balanced ration" the doctors call it. "Grape-Nuts" they will tell you, "supplies food elements of highest importance to health—proteins for muscle and body-building; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite."

One from the dentists . . .

DENTISTS?
Well, rather!

Loud chorus of praise for Grape-Nuts from the dentists! "The delicious crispness of Grape-Nuts," they agree, "makes it a very valuable food from the dentist's standpoint. Nowadays, too many soft, mushy foods are eaten, and modern teeth are suffering sadly from lack of exercise. Grape-Nuts, by its healthful crispness, encourages the thorough chewing that protects the health and beauty of teeth and gums."

. . and one from the people who love its flavor

As for the people who eat Grape Nuts just because they like it—well, there are millions of them! They like it because of its irresistible goodness. The goodness of two golden grains—wheat and malted barley—baked slowly, carefully, by a special baking process until the two blended flavors become one new flavor—nut-like, delicately tinged with rich malt sugar.

Try Grape-Nuts tomorrow morning! It's ready to serve—and, incidentally, one of the easiest foods in the world to digest. Your grocer sells it, of course. The following offer will interest you.

FREE! Two servings of Grape-Nuts and your choice of four valuable booklets!

© 1928, P. Co., Inc.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Postum Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. G S Z P 9-8-28

Please send me ... two ... jar cartons of Grape-Nuts and the book or books checked ...

☐ Long Life to Your Children's Teeth
☐ Grape-Nuts Recipe Booklet
☐ This Breakfast Question . The Man's Side of It . The Woman's Side of It

Name

Street

City State

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Co., Ltd., 343 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ont.

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate

Both say "Yes!"

Why do they look so intently at each other?

The out-of-doors girl, she has the radiant glow of good health with just the right shade of tan. Her skin is fine and delicate in texture—soft to touch—beautifully fresh even after the merciless attacks of sun, wind and weather. Thanks to Skin Balm.

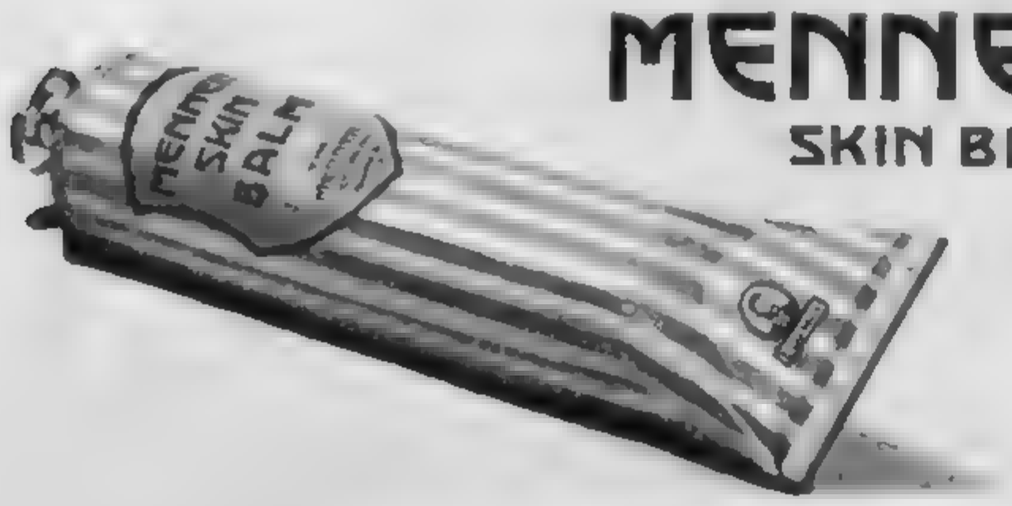
The athlete and steady golfer, he has a good deep tan, but his skin has that clean, clear look which instantly makes her feel that he has an appreciation of the finer points in personal appearance—a trait every woman likes. Thanks to Skin Balm.

Although Skin Balm was first made for men as an after-shaving lotion, developed by Mennen to soothe and tone razor-scraped skin, women soon learned how surely and pleasantly it smooths and conditions the face and hands.

Skin Balm smooths and tones the skin. It heals and soothes sunburn and windburn. It restores chapped, roughened skin to its natural softness.

Non-greasy, it will not grow hair. Mildly astringent, it reduces large pores. Refreshing and invigorating to the skin. Delightfully scented. Fifty cents at all drug stores.

The Mennen Company, Newark, N.J.
and Toronto, Ontario



MENNEN
SKIN BALM

(Continued from Page 64)

yards from the water's edge. But somehow Dragonhead always seemed to know that Harrod was lying just out of sight beyond the curve of the bank, his rifle ready, and after a while the Laverack would wake and join his master.

So at last the grim game came to an end. Harrod, his seaside holiday over, returned to the plantation on Tupelo Creek, taking the dog with him, and Dragonhead saw them no more. Soon the memory of them faded from his sluggish brain. He did not know that this man had sworn to kill him—that Harrod, perhaps the best shot in the plantation country, had sworn a feud with him that nothing except his death could end.

If he had known, he would not have cared. Other men had tried to kill him. He bore the lead of their shotguns and the steel of their rifles in the bony armor of his head and the leathery mail of his body. He had suffered hours of agony from the wounds that they had inflicted; many times he had been near death at their hands. But he had learned to match his cunning against theirs, and so far he had been victorious in the contest. He had played a lone game against them and for years he had beaten and baffled them all. He feared Harrod, just as he feared the whole human race, but as for Harrod's feud with him—perhaps, if there had been humor in his strange reptilian intelligence, Dragonhead would have been grimly amused if he had known about that feud.

Dragonhead, after Harrod and the white Laverack had departed, moved a little farther up the creek, where the fishing was better. There for two days he lurked at the mouth of a small tributary stream, lying motionless just below the surface, taking heavy toll of the vast schools of mullet that passed up the creek with the flood tide and down again with the ebb. He gorged himself on the mullet, for the legions of the fish seemed endless, and now and again a choicer morsel came his way in the shape of a channel bass or red drum or a flat, slow-moving flounder. On the second day, just at dusk, he had an unusual piece of luck.

Tide was low and a strip of hard mud was exposed between the marsh and the water's edge. Along this strip of mud a raccoon came mincing, his beady eyes searching the shallows for crabs. Dragonhead's periscope eyes, projecting above the surface, saw the coon coming, and the great 'gator moved closer inshore at a point where the water was deeper. When his victim was directly opposite him the saurian's powerful tail lashed out across the mud and the waiting jaws crushed the raccoon's bones.

That night, when the moon rose pale above the marshes, there was again a nip of autumn in the air. Through the white moonlight the tinkling voices of innumerable ricebirds and the guttural croaks of migrating herons floated down. Morning dawned windy and chill. In the salt grass the noisy rails laughed clamorously; flock after flock of swift-flying curlew passed over, all moving in the same direction; high in the air the last squadron of long-necked ibises sailed slowly toward the south. Dragonhead knew vaguely that summer was over. He would not retire just yet to the secret chamber where he spent his winters, lying inert and half torpid in subterranean darkness until spring returned; but it was time he was seeking the neighborhood of his den.

He breakfasted on mullet, then headed up the creek with the flooding tide, swimming slowly, with only his eyes and nostrils exposed. Hours afterward he passed, through narrow, winding, marsh-bordered ways, into the broad lower reaches of the river and swam steadily upstream mile after mile, until the salt water changed to fresh water and the marshes and rice fields along the banks gave place to forests.

At last the cypress-shadowed mouth of Tupelo Creek opened before him. On the afternoon of the next day he moved like a long, armored submarine through a deep, narrow channel leading from the headwaters of Tupelo into Buckhill backwater, a large lagoon bordered by gigantic cypresses, some seven miles from Harrod's plantation house. There, his journey ended, he came to rest, among six or seven others of his kind, in the still, wine-colored water, a stone's throw from the hidden entrance of his den.

A fortnight later, Harrod, sitting on his sorrel mare in a sun-dappled glade in the pine woods, frowned anxiously as the distant music of hounds in full cry came to his ears. It was the first deer hunt of the season and he had joined it against his better judgment at the insistence of several of his neighbors who could not wait for the coming of cold weather to resume their favorite sport. It had been a queer autumn, blowing now hot, now cool, and it was still too warm, in Harrod's opinion, to turn the deer hounds loose in that region of many creeks and lagoons. But the others had laughed at his fears and Harrod had yielded reluctantly, even contributing two young Redbone hounds of his own to the pack.

He knew now that his worst fears were in a fair way to be realized. He knew from the direction that the dogs were taking that the deer was running toward Buckhill backwater, the most dangerous lagoon in all that neighborhood. The hunters had scattered, each posting himself at some point in the woods that the deer was likely to pass, but this deer was evidently making straight for Buckhill, and Harrod knew that there was no hunter posted on the route that it would follow.

He dug his heels into his mare's flanks and galloped off through the open, level woods, racing the little horse as fast as was safe amid the tall, straight pine trunks. He could not intercept the deer, but he might be able to stop the hounds and turn them off from the trail. His two young Redbones were new to the plantation region; he had just bought them from a breeder in Virginia. They might, if they were close on the heels of their quarry, follow the deer into the perilous waters of the lagoon.

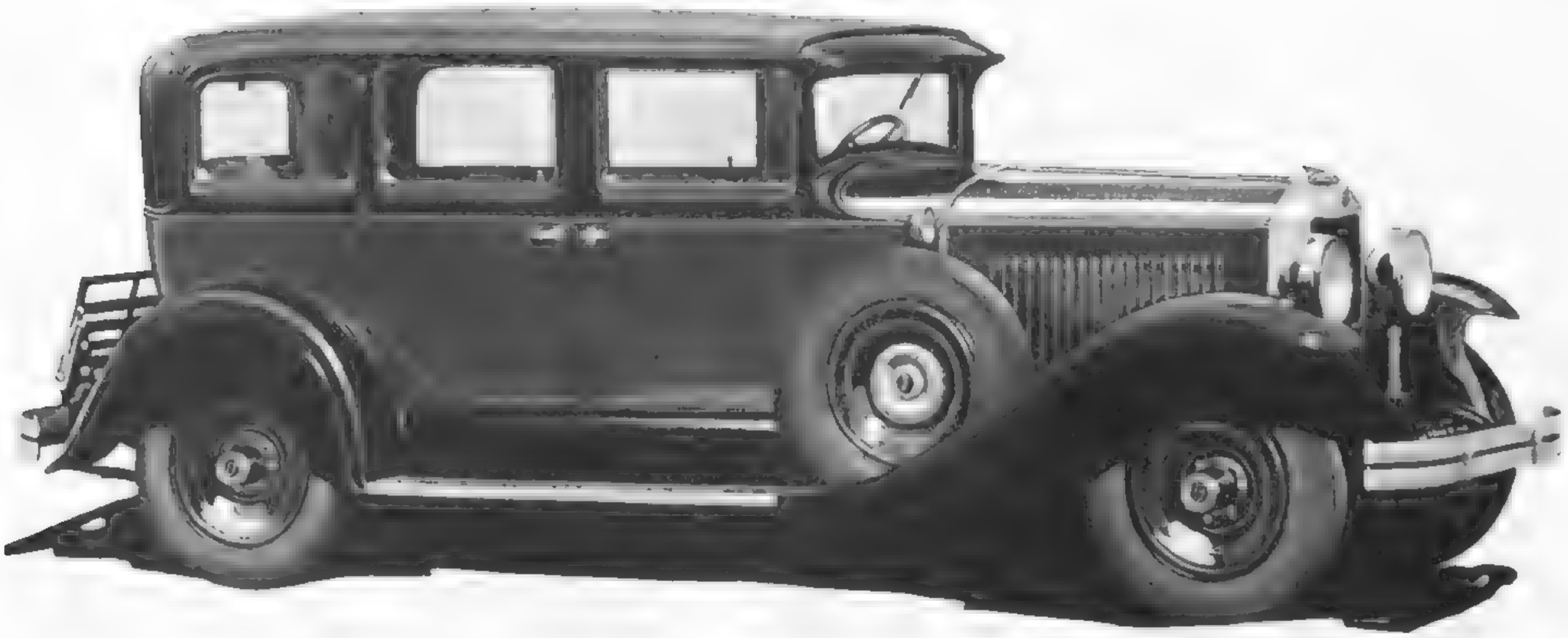
A hundred yards short of his goal Harrod knew that he was too late. He could hear the hounds baying at the water's edge; undoubtedly the deer had taken to the lagoon, and though the more experienced dogs had not ventured to follow it, one or both of his Virginia pups might be in the water by now. A few minutes more and Harrod had the whole scene before him—a scene that tightened his lips and quickened his heartbeats.

Seven hounds were baying at the edge of Buckhill backwater. The deer was nowhere to be seen. Evidently it had already traversed the open waters of the lagoon and passed out of sight amid young cypresses and low buttonwood bushes growing in the shallower area beyond. Halfway across the open stretch one of the Redbones was swimming straight for the buttonwoods, and not more than thirty feet behind the hound and a little to the right, Harrod saw two black knobs moving rapidly across the glassy surface of the water.

Harrod whispered a word to his mare and flung his rifle to his shoulder—he hunted always with the rifle, having little regard for the shotgun, the typical deer-hunting weapon of the plantation country. It was an almost hopeless shot, for only those two black knobs, the 'gator's periscope eyes, were visible. His finger curved about the trigger, tightened suddenly. At the crack of the rifle the two black knobs disappeared. Harrod, scanning the waters eagerly, saw a small red blotch appear on the surface where the eyes had been.

Dragonhead went down like a rock. Harrod never saw him again. Indeed, for a long while he did not know whether the big 'gator that he shot that day in Buckhill backwater was Dragonhead or another, for he had seen only the monster's eyes. He did learn in due course that if his bullet

(Continued on Page 68)



Public Approval

Graham-Paige owners are best served by distributors and dealers who possess the fundamental three C's—Character, Capability and Capital. Illustrated is the headquarters of DeBoer Motors, Inc., distributor in the Milwaukee territory.

Six months' sales of Graham-Paige sixes and eights exceeded those of any twelve months in eighteen years. We will continue to so manufacture each motor car that Graham-Paige may retain and increase this public approval.

Five classes—sixes and eights—prices ranging from $980 to $2,495. Illustrated is Model 629 five-passenger Sedan with 4-speed transmission—standard shift—two high speeds—$1985. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham

GRAHAM-PAIGE

(Continued from Page 66)

had inflicted a mortal wound, it was not immediately mortal. A dead 'gator always sinks, but some twelve or fifteen hours later the carcass rises to the surface, to float grotesquely, belly upward. Harrod rode back to the lagoon next day and found no alligator carcass floating there.

Dragonhead sank straight downward, struck bottom, lay utterly still. From a small hole in his head, a little behind the eyes, thick blood oozed slowly, drifted upward. For perhaps ten minutes his colossal bulk seemed devoid of life; then slowly his plated tail moved to and fro. For a long time this slow, rhythmical waving of the tail continued; then suddenly, as though an electric shock had galvanized that mighty body, the giant 'gator came to life again.

His tail lashed the water, his limbs moved powerfully, convulsively, his great jaws opened and closed. He moved forward, slowly at first, then faster and faster, swimming well beneath the surface. Straight as an arrow he headed for the narrow channel leading from Buckhill backwater into Tupelo Creek; through this channel he passed into the deep waters of Tupelo and down Tupelo to the river. There, with the ebb tide helping him, he turned downstream, swimming on the surface now, his whole huge head and ten feet of his jagged armored back showing above the water.

He was going he did not know where. Agony racked him, tore at him, burned like fire in his veins. All his cunning had vanished. Probably he took the route that he did take because he had often traveled this route on his journeys between the fresh-water lagoons and the salt marshes of the coast, because he had traveled it only a short time previously on his way inland from Jeremy Creek to Buckhill backwater, where he had his den.

With frenzied strength he swam on, seeing the watery world about him through a red shimmering mist shot through with flashes of flame. At times he could not see at all; yet always, perhaps because the outflowing tide was with him, he held his course downstream. Mile after mile he drove on and on with seemingly exhaustless power.

The pain grew duller, his vision clearer, but Harrod's bullet had smashed the great 'gator's brain case, perhaps had touched his brain, and madness had him—madness that swelled and mounted as the pain decreased.

If instinct guided him at first over the familiar course that he had often followed, instinct deserted him toward the end. He passed the entrance of the tributary waterway leading from the river into Jeremy Creek, and rushed on straight down the river toward the broad inlet and the open Atlantic.

In the wide inlet mouth the ocean swells heaved under him, white water broke over him. He gave no heed. Between long ranks of hissing, crested combers, Dragonhead charged out to sea.

The crew of the fishing smack Jessie K. told a strange story when they came into port some days later to dispose of their catch. They said that a school of thirty or forty porpoises had been playing near the smack, anchored some ten miles off the inlet mouth, and that suddenly, in the midst of the porpoises, a huge black creature shaped like a gigantic lizard had appeared from the depths. This monster, which they declared was at least twenty feet long, had attacked the porpoises, and the porpoises had closed in and fought with it until the waters were stained red.

The battle lasted a long time, they said. The combatants, in their fury, lost all fear of the smack and came close in. Twice the men on the Jessie K. saw the black monster raise vast blood-dripping jaws above the surface; again and again they saw it lash the water into foam with its jagged tail. One man, who had climbed to the masthead the better to view the battle, said that he saw the black leviathan seize a small porpoise in his jaws and shake it as a dog might shake a rat.

All the men of the smack agreed that the black monster was beaten in the end. The porpoises hemmed it in as they sometimes hemmed in big sharks, forming a ring around it, their heads to the center, their bodies radiating outward like the spokes of a wheel. It fought with incredible fury, but gradually its strength grew less. The porpoises charged it with lightninglike rushes, battered it with their stout beaked heads, cut it to pieces with their short, sharp teeth. It sank at last in water red as blood.

The men of the smack were offshore fishermen, knowing nothing about the creatures of the inland waters. They were convinced that the strange black monster that had fought the porpoise pack was some unknown denizen of the ocean depths, of a kind that no one had ever seen before. But Harrod, when he heard the story, put two and two together. He could not prove it, of course, but he knew in his own mind that the great 'gator Dragonhead had met a fitting end.

SECONDHAND STUFF

(Continued from Page 9)

"Yes, sir," he said, "I drove one of those artillery ten-tons for several months in France. They are the finest tractors ever made. I've often thought of buying one secondhand to use here on the farm."

"You would rather do that than get one of our new, improved machines?"

"Absolutely. I want exactly the same model I drove on the other side."

"I understand one of our salesmen offered you one last year."

"Yes, he had one at Albany he wanted to sell me for five hundred dollars."

"What was the matter?" I asked. "Was the price too high?"

"No," he said, "the price was too low. I didn't even go down to look at it. I knew that if he was offering it so cheap, there must be something the matter with it. I want a machine that is in fairly good shape."

At these words I began to feel that my visit was in vain. If this bozo wanted an expensive machine I could accommodate him fine, but I wasn't so sure about the "fairly good shape" business. However, I decided not to give up without a struggle.

"I have exactly the machine for you, Mr. Anthony," I said. "It is across the lake. If you will get in my car I will drive you over to look at it."

"Fine," said Mr. Anthony. "I would like nothing better."

After telling a couple of hired men what to do while he was gone, and saying good-by to Mrs. Anthony in the house, he climbed into my car, and we drove down to the ferry. After crossing to the Vermont side and getting a few sandwiches at a hot-dog stand, we finally reached the Watkins farm shortly after noon.

One of Mrs. Watkins' hired men took us out to the barnyard, and as he showed us the machine I will admit that my heart sank within me. In my enthusiasm over the possibility of making a sale I had forgotten what a truly horrible-looking mess of junk this tractor was. For a moment I was speechless, but Mr. Anthony at once began to talk.

"Yes, sir," he said, "this is the genuine article—exactly the same kind of bus that I used to drive in the Army. I used to hate the Army, but now I look back and I know that them were the days. And this is the finest model tractor that was ever built."

"It might have been worth something once," said the hired man, "but it's pretty old and rusty and dirty now."

"All that rust and dirt don't amount to anything," said Mr. Anthony. "What counts is the machinery inside."

"Most of that machinery is just throwed together," the hired man went on. "The road commissioners we got it from said it was sort of built up out of the best parts from a couple of old wrecks of machines the Government gave them."

All this time I was trying to signal the hired man to keep his mouth shut, but he was too dumb to understand. Fortunately Mr. Anthony was so busy looking over the machine that he didn't pay much attention.

"This certainly takes me back to the old wartimes," he remarked. "It's just like meeting an old friend. I haven't seen one of these machines since I got my discharge."

"The compression is awful weak," said the hired man helpfully.

"As soon as I put in new rings and grind the valves," said Mr. Anthony, "she'll be as good as new. I can hardly wait to get started overhauling the old baby. These motors are so accessible and handy it's a pleasure to work on them."

"A couple of them radiator sections leak pretty bad," said the hired man.

"That's all right," said Mr. Anthony. "Those sections are removable. I'll take them out and solder them in no time at all. Can we start up the motor and see how she sounds?"

"We can try," said the hired man. He primed the cylinders and gave the crank a few flips. Nothing happened.

"Here," said Mr. Anthony, "you don't know how to handle this thing. Give a chance to an old-timer that knows his business."

He climbed up onto the tractor. And while he was priming the cylinders again and adjusting the spark and throttle levers, I got the hired man off to one side. There was a nice pick handle in the corner, but although it would have been a public service to beat in the top of this yokel's empty head, I decided to use more conservative methods. I gave him a dollar on condition that he would go out behind the pigpen and stay there. He went.

I have repeated all of the hired man's conversation, because the dollar I gave him is entered on my expense account, and I wanted to make it clear that this was a necessary expense.

When I got back to Mr. Anthony he was spinning the crank with great energy, but no results.

"She's all right," he said, "only she hasn't been used for a long time, and of course she's hard to start."

He rested a minute, then took out the spark plugs, filed and set the points, squirted oil in the cylinders, put back the plugs, filed the breaker points on the magneto, cleaned the distributor brushes and finally spun the crank again. This time the machine gave a feeble bark, and after a few more spins of the crank it started up with a roar. It hit on only three cylinders, it poured out clouds of blue smoke, and it rattled and clanked and knocked in a manner that was fearful to listen to.

But it ran. Mr. Anthony grinned happily, sat down in the seat and drove around the barnyard. The transmission gears howled, the tracks flopped loosely over the sprockets, and the whole machine shook and vibrated as if it was going to fall apart. After a short drive Mr. Anthony brought it back and shut off the motor.

"When I get these transmission gears adjusted, and the tracks tightened up, and the motor overhauled," he said, "she'll be practically as good as new. How much did you say they wanted for this machine?"

"Four thousand dollars," I said, speaking in a casual, offhand way.

"I suppose," said Mr. Anthony, "that the terms will be the same cash-on-delivery proposition which was described in the letter which your company wrote me when they offered me that other secondhand machine?"

"That is exactly what I had in mind," I replied.

"Sold!" he exclaimed. "Will it be all right if I take it home this afternoon?"

"I'll have to see the owner, who is in Middlebury."

"Do I get any discount for cash?" he asked. "I have the money right in the bank."

"The terms are cash," I said, "and the price is so low that we can't afford to allow any discount."

"Well, that will be all right," he said. "And by the way, if you want any references regarding my standing you can inquire at the bank in Port Henry."

"Fine," I said. "I will drive into Middlebury right now and close the deal with Mrs. Watkins."

"And I will stay here," said Mr. Anthony, "and work on the machine so as to be sure it will be all right to drive over to my place."

As fast as I could I climbed into my rented roadster and started for Middlebury. On the way, however, it suddenly occurred to me that I had better check up a little on Mr. Anthony before I got too deep in this business. Mr. Anthony's willingness to pay four thousand dollars for this bunch of junk might be explained by his memories of the good old days of 1918, and by his sentimental but perfectly natural desire to have a machine exactly like the one he had driven in those stirring times.

But, on the other hand, it might be something else. I have never forgotten the important-looking gentleman who stepped into the main office at Earthworm City several years ago, explained that he was the owner of a large ranch in Texas, and electrified the whole sales force by signing up an order for twenty-five ten-ton tractors and nonchalantly making out a check for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I have never forgotten this exciting incident, nor have I forgotten the subsequent arrival of the keepers who took the unfortunate gentleman back to the asylum.

Consequently, as I am always cautious and never take any chances of any kind, I turned my car around, drove down to the ferry, crossed to Port Henry, and stopped in at the bank which Mr. Anthony had given as a reference.

The banker assured me that I need have no fears about Mr. Anthony. The farm was only a small part of the property which he had inherited from his father, and he had ample means to purchase several dozen tractors if he so desired. Furthermore, it appeared that Mr. Anthony was very highly regarded in the community, being a public-spirited citizen and completely honorable in his business dealings.

Thus reassured, I came back on the ferry, drove to Middlebury, and called on Mrs. Watkins. I told her I had decided to allow her three thousand dollars for her old tractor.

At first she held out for four thousand, but we finally compromised on thirty-five hundred, and she signed an order for a new ten-ton, giving me a bill of sale for the old tractor, and agreeing to pay the balance of twenty-five hundred on the delivery of the new machine.

Thus by skillful bargaining I had arranged matters so that we would make our usual profit on the sale of the new ten-ton, and would rake in an additional five hundred dollars on the secondhand proposition. Everything would have been fine had it not been for the unfortunate way in which the home office persists in writing letters of information.

As soon as I had completed my business with Mrs. Watkins, I drove back to the farm and told Mr. Anthony that the deal was closed and that I would be glad to have

(Continued on Page 72)

That is why this Gable-Grate can burn small sized coal and coke ~ ~ ~ *and save so much* ~

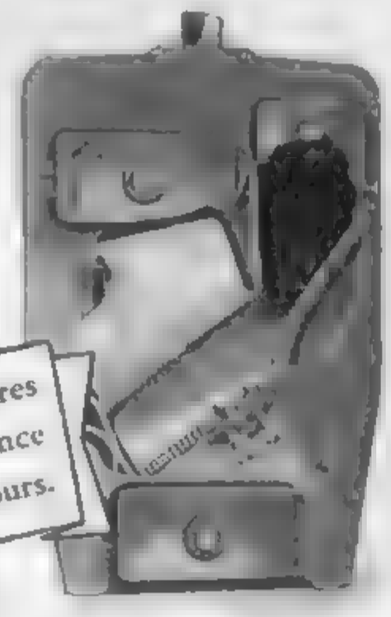
A paper torch will prove that fire darts up and creeps down. Any sugar bowl reminds you that dry materials in lumps or crystals, roll down a slope.

Yet you probably pay an annual premium for heat, because the heater in your cellar works against these two simple laws of nature.

Languid grates and active Gables

Flat grates are too languid to feed themselves. They make you feed them the hardest way—a little at a time—and with the most expensive fuels. Spencer Gable-Grates are sloped. They burn any non-coking graded fuel. Because they make fire burn up-hill, they burn best the inexpensive small sized fuels that flat grate heaters won't burn right, such as No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite or by-product Pea coke.

You require no more tons of these small sizes. They have just as much heat value as larger sizes, for they are the same fuel. All sizes are broken off the same large lump of coal or coke. Your Spencer saving is the exact difference in price between the large sizes and the inexpensive smaller sizes. You can save about half your annual fuel bill by using No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite instead of egg, stove or nut sizes. Other fuels, used in a Spencer, will make proportionate savings.



Automatic fuel feed

You feed the Spencer only once in twenty-four hours. Fuel is stored in a water-jacketed Magazine, and feeds automatically to the Gable-Grate, by gravitation. As fuel burns away, ash and embers shrink and settle on the grate, making room on the top of the fire for more fuel. As fast or as slow as the fire bed shrinks, more fuel rolls down automatically, to keep the fire bed uniformly thick and the heat even.

Take a small piece of paper. Hold it slanting upward. Light it in the middle. Flames dart up and burn the upper half long before your fingers even feel the heat from fire creeping down. The Spencer Gable-Grate makes fire burn up-hill, the natural way.

Sugar poured from a spoon piles up in a heap. Take some away from the bottom of the heap, and more rolls down. Coal does the same. Fire in the Spencer Gable-Grate takes fuel away from the bottom and more automatically rolls down to keep the fire bed uniform in depth

Write for the new Spencer Book, "The Fire That Burns Up-hill." It tells just how the patented Spencer Heater feeds itself with fuels that can save half your annual heat bill. Ask any good heating contractor to install a Spencer in your new building or present home, and see how quickly it pays for itself. Spencer Heater Company, Williamsport, Pa. Division of Lycoming Mfg. Co.

SPENCER
steam, vapor or hot water
HEATERS

New

General Motors *presents:*

The new BUICK. *The new* CADILLAC

The new LASALLE

VALVE-IN-HEAD Buick MOTOR CARS

GENERAL

models and The Open Mind

THE American public, with its healthy desire for the new and the better, insists upon continuous improvement, and will withdraw its patronage from any product or service which stands still.

Nowhere is this more true than in the automobile industry. The car is more than a utility. It is a *personal* thing, involving your convenience, your comfort, your safety, your sense of beauty and color, your pride of ownership, your complete environment for many hours of your life. Customs and habits of living change fast; and the past holds many warnings of how quickly your favor can shift when an automobile, for even a single year, fails to show progress.

Continuous improvement is, therefore, more than a policy with General Motors. It is a vital necessity. The public demands new models.

And the public is right. Out of that demand have come electric starting and lighting, the closed body, Duco finish, four-wheel brakes and hundreds of refinements, big and little. Improvements that might have taken a generation have been born within a few years because motorists want always more performance, greater beauty and greater comfort.

Equipped with the largest research laboratories and proving ground, and guided by an Open Mind which is ready to revise its thinking in response to new facts, General Motors believes that it is peculiarly fitted not only to sense but to anticipate public demand and to give the people better automobiles at better values year after year.

As evidence of that faith we offer, with genuine pride, the New Buick, the New Cadillac, and the New LaSalle. Their models are now on display.

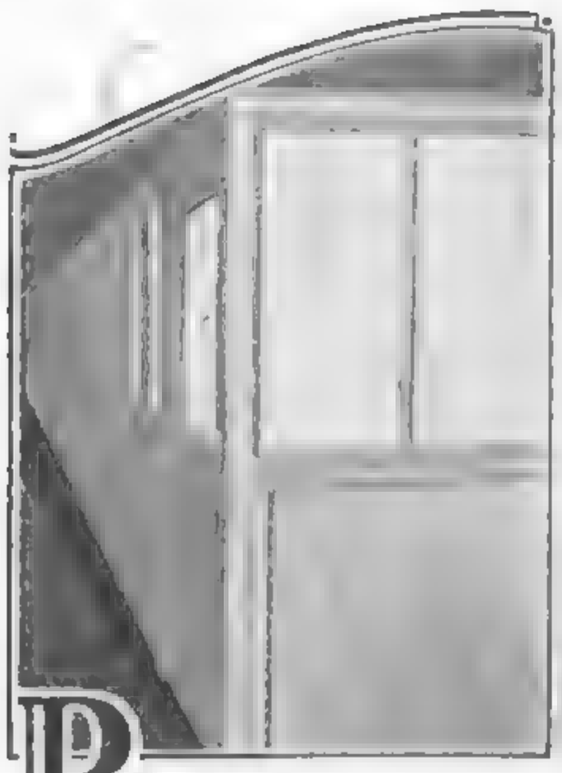
"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND · BUICK · LaSALLE · CADILLAC · *All with body by Fisher*

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS · YELLOW CABS AND COACHES

FRIGIDAIRE—The Automatic Refrigerator · GMAC Plan of Credit Purchase · *DELCO-LIGHT Electric Plants*

MOTORS



BIG BUSINESS SAYS "OK"

WHO uses Sanymetal Partitions?

Call the roll of American Business—"big business" especially—and you will find that a majority of the concerns rated high in the annals of American industry have purchased Sanymetal installations.

Why?

Because *steel* is accepted *everywhere* as the finest material for office partitions—and Sanymetal is *steel at its best*. It means a fire-safe, sanitary, long-lasting job. Its sectional construction adapts it to any layout. Easily remodeled at any time—no waste, plaster, dust, or disturbance. Sound-deadening, readily wired for electric outlets, any color or grained effect desired.

Let us tell you how moderate the cost of *your* Sanymetal Partitions will be!

Sanymetal also makes steel toilet and dressing room partitions, steel cabinets for offices and industrial buildings, shop desks, etc. Complete plans and estimates furnished, etc. Of course let us suggest a style and price for your building. Write for latest Catalog.

THESE PEOPLE USE Sanymetal

American Telegraph & Telephone Company, Chicago, Illinois
Western Electric Co., Cicero, Illinois
E. I. DuPont de Nemours Co., Parlin, N. J.
National Carbon Company, New York, N. Y.
Ohio Power Company, Canton, Ohio
Auh & Wagar, Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland Twist Drill Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Kroger Grocery Company, Dayton, Ohio
Delco Light Company, Rossford, Ohio
B & O Railroad, Toledo, O.
Champion Spark Plug Co., Toledo, O.
Libbey-Owens Glass Co., Toledo, O.
Carnegie Steel Company, McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania

The SANYMETAL PRODUCTS Co.
1720 Urbana Road, Cleveland, Ohio
536 East 134th St., New York City
1014 Harrison Bldg., Philadelphia
Monadnock Bldg., Chicago
Representatives in principal cities

Sanymetal STEEL OFFICE & TOILET PARTITIONS

(Continued from Page 68)

his check for four thousand dollars at once, so that I could mail it in to the company.

"I haven't got my check book with me," said Mr. Anthony. "And besides, you said that the terms would be the same cash-on-delivery proposition which was outlined in the letter which your company sent me regarding that other secondhand tractor."

"Exactly," I said. "Cash on delivery."

"Here," said Mr. Anthony, "is the letter." He drew from his pocket a communication which he had received last year from Mr. Gilbert Henderson. As I have pointed out before, I have no desire to find fault with the actions of high officials of the company. Therefore I will make no comment on this letter. All I will do is repeat one paragraph so you can see how the best efforts of the finest salesman may be completely jolted out of gear by the ill-advised writing of letters from Earthworm City.

"Our terms," said Mr. Henderson's letter, "will be cash on delivery. Delivery will be considered complete and payment due when you have used said machine for three days and are convinced that it is satisfactory in every way. At the end of three days, if you are not satisfied, you may return the machine at our expense."

You can well imagine my feelings on reading these words. I had always imagined that cash on delivery meant cash right away. And here Mr. Henderson—in order to give unusually attractive terms on that tractor at Albany which nobody seemed to want—had defined cash on delivery in such a way that it meant cash after three days, provided the customer was entirely satisfied and happened to feel like giving it to us. As I contemplated the dismal junk pile I had just bought for thirty-five hundred dollars I began to feel distinctly sick at my stomach. How could anybody be satisfied with the wretched thing after three days to think it over?

Mr. Anthony's next remarks were not reassuring. "I've got several hours of daylight yet," he said. "I'll take it over on the ferry this afternoon, and Friday night—if everything goes well—I'll send you my check."

At once I began figuring up some sort of an argument to get the money right away. But as I have stated before, it is a difficult thing to argue directly against the written statements of your own sales manager. And while I was thinking as hard as I could Mr. Anthony cranked up the motor and prepared to drive away.

"Don't you want me to help you?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I can manage all right myself."

"Then I guess I'll go back to Middlebury for the night."

"Will I see you again?"

"You bet you will," I said. "I'll be over tomorrow to find out how you are getting along."

"All right," he said. "See you tomorrow." And he drove the tractor, clanking and roaring, down the road in the direction of the ferry.

In a very worried frame of mind I returned to Middlebury, where I have been spending the evening writing this report. Tomorrow morning I will go over to Mr. Anthony's farm, hoping and praying that the machine will hold together that long, and that I may be able to get the money out of him.

In closing I am tempted to make a few remarks regarding the writing of letters, but my loyalty to the company restrains me.

Yours,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

DATE: June 7, 1922.
WRITTEN FROM: Middlebury, Vermont.
WRITTEN BY: Alexander Botts.

IT GIVES me great pain to report that things are even more complicated than yesterday. And although the present unfortunate situation is in no way my fault, I cannot help feeling greatly depressed. When I tell you the latest developments you will see just why I feel as I do.

Bright and early this morning, I rented the same car, and drove down to the lake. I had no sooner run the car onto the ferry than I was surprised and startled to observe the old ten-ton tractor standing up near the bow.

There were a number of automobiles on board, and a couple of dozen people, but no sign of Mr. Anthony. As soon as we got under way I engaged one of the crew in conversation.

"What is this tractor doing here?" I asked.

"I'll tell you one thing it's doing," said the member of the crew. "It's cluttering up half our deck space and getting in the way of all the automobiles that goes on and off, and making us more trouble than a dead whale."

"How did it get here?"

"The poor boob that owns it drove it on last night. Where he made his big mistake was when he shut off the motor."

"Couldn't he get it started again?"

"He could not. It wouldn't even cough. He worked on it for an hour, while we was making a couple of trips back and forth. Finally he said he thought the magneto had gone dead on him, so he took it off and carried it away with him to get it fixed, and we ain't seen him since."

"That was certainly tough luck," I said.

"If you ask me," the man went on, "I would say it ain't only the magneto. I would say the whole blooming machine has gone dead on him. Did you ever in all your life see such a sad-looking bunch of stove iron?"

"No," I said, "I doubt if I ever did."

"Well," continued the man, "he'd better get it off here pretty soon or his ferry bill will be more than his old buggy is worth."

"You don't mean to say that you are charging him for each trip you make?"

"I'll say we are. Traffic is heavy right now and this thing gets in our way something terrible."

"Couldn't you tow it off with a truck or something?"

"Not a chance. We might be able to pull it off the boat, but it's so heavy we'd never get it up the narrow, steep landing. And if it got stuck on the landing it would block the whole passage. The guy should of had more sense than to try to drive a machine that has gone completely hay wire like this. He said he bought it secondhand and I guess he's sorry now he ever got it."

"Very likely he is," I said sadly.

When the boat got to the other shore I decided that this was not an auspicious moment to strike Mr. Anthony for payment. There are times when silence is golden, and when even the best of salesmen is better off at a distance from the purchaser. With these thoughts in mind, I left my car on the boat, voyaged back to the Vermont side, and returned to Middlebury.

I at once called on Mrs. Watkins to find out what her attitude would be in case we wished to call off the deal and return her secondhand tractor. Her attitude, unfortunately, was very unreasonable.

"Most certainly I will not take back that machine," she said. "You have signed the papers. I have given you a bill of sale. You have removed the property. If you try to back out I will sue you."

As I could get no satisfaction from this most disagreeable woman, I returned sadly to the hotel, where I cheered myself up slightly by eating a very large and excellently cooked luncheon.

Late in the afternoon I drove down to the ferry once more, and when the boat came in I was shocked to see that the tractor was still on board. I did not even ask whether Mr. Anthony had come back. Feeling that the time was not yet ripe for an interview, I returned to Middlebury, meditating sorrowfully on Mr. Henderson's curious definition of cash on delivery, and on his startling estimate regarding the value of a tractor three or four years old.

Tomorrow morning I will make another scouting expedition, and if Mr. Anthony has at last succeeded in getting his machine running I will attempt to approach him and see what can be done. For the present I can do nothing but sit around sadly in my hotel room, while my brain is tortured by the sickening thought of that tractor riding back and forth, back and forth, on that ferryboat, reeling up a stupendous ferry bill.

Yours,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

DATE: June 8, 1922.
WRITTEN FROM: Middlebury, Vermont.
WRITTEN BY: Alexander Botts.

THINGS have been moving today with startling rapidity. This morning I drove down to the ferry. The tractor was gone and the member of the crew whom I had talked with yesterday said, "Yes, the guy that owned it came back with the magneto last night about six o'clock. It seems it had taken all day to get the magneto repaired. And when he put it on, the tractor started up fairly well."

"And how did he act when you asked him for ferry charges for each trip?" I asked.

"Well, he seemed pretty sore," said the man, "and we jawed around back and forth for quite a while. But he finally paid up and went on his way."

I was not much reassured by hearing that Mr. Anthony "had seemed pretty sore," but I decided to go on and make a cautious reconnaissance.

As I drove up the lane which led from the main road to Mr. Anthony's farmhouse I suddenly discovered the tractor at the side of the lane in the bottom of a shallow dry ditch. A small boy was standing beside it, looking at it.

"Hello, sonny," I said. "Do you know Mr. Anthony? Is he around here anywhere?"

"Mr. Anthony is my father," replied the small boy, "and he'll be back in just a minute. He's gone up to the barn for some tools."

At this point I suddenly observed that the motor of the tractor was no longer in its normal place under the hood. It had been removed from the machine and was lying on the ground beside it.

"What is the idea?" I asked. "Why did your father take out the motor?"

"He didn't take it out," answered the boy. "It jumped out."

"Jumped out!" I said. "What do you mean? How could it jump out?"

"Well," explained the boy, "it was like this: Father was afraid to go over that little plank bridge with such a heavy tractor, so he drove it down off the road, straight across this ditch. I guess he forgot the ditch was so deep, so he came pretty fast. The machine got a terrible jounce and the motor just jumped out."

"That's impossible," I said. "I never heard of such a thing."

"Neither had father," said the small boy. "He certainly was surprised. But after he looked things over he told me how it happened."

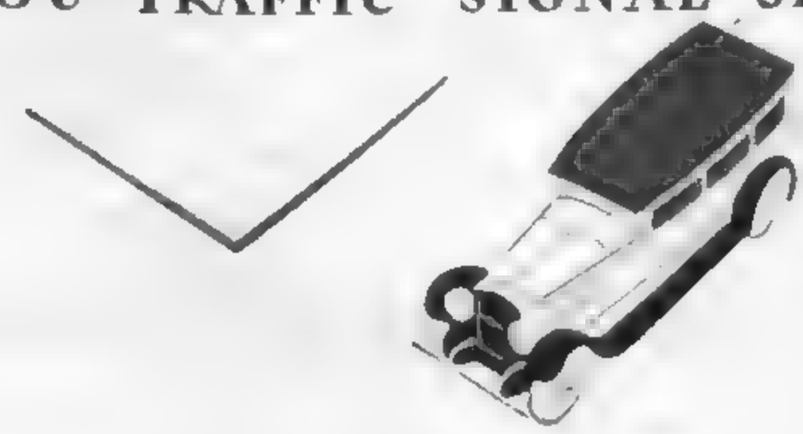
"What did he say?"

"He said the motor was supposed to be bolted on to the frame by four big bolts. But these bolts had all worked loose and dropped out, and the people that owned the tractor had tried to fasten the motor in with a lot of hay wire. It looks like the hay wire wasn't strong enough."

I got out of my car. I walked down into the ditch. I looked over that tractor. And it was all true; the motor had indeed jumped out. It was lying on its side in the grass. The radiator-hose connections, the gas line and the control rods had been yanked out by the roots. The clutch had come apart at the coupling, strewing disks in all directions. And although the crank case, cylinders and flywheel had not been hurt, the push rods and rocker arms and

(Continued on Page 74)

ARE YOU TRAFFIC SIGNAL SHY?



Lights against you. Traffic stands still. The green flashes—a quick spurt—two blocks, four, six—red again. Smart pull up—all four brakes smooth as a cat's back, but full of power as an elephant.

That's the way to drive through traffic.

Are you there?

Or are you two blocks back because you don't trust your brakes?

Do you stop when you want to—or when you can?

Quick get-away. Quick stop.

That's the rule of the road, and the rule of common sense in dense city traffic.

If your car won't meet the test, act now.

Turn out at the next corner. Drive on the back streets to the garage. Tell your dealer—"Put Johns-Manville Brake Lining on my brakes."

If he hasn't Johns-Manville he can get it. He will, too, if you insist. And this is why it is worth while to do just that.

Brake lining, of course, should be of asbestos because it won't burn. Johns-Manville is Asbestos Headquarters. It is the place to get Asbestos—just the same as you get milk at a dairy.

Johns-Manville mines asbestos and does the whole job right through to the finished product, whether it's roofing, or boiler insulation or brake lining.

Johns-Manville made the first asbestos brake lining. It is still of first quality. If your car is a traffic laggard, Johns-Manville Brake Lining will cure it today.

MASTER of ASBESTOS

Johns-Manville

ASBESTOS BRAKE LINING

Have your brakes inspected or re-lined where you see this sign

The Man who Shows this Sign is a Brake Lining Expert

JOHNS-MANVILLE—MASTER OF ASBESTOS . . .

The mighty power with which Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining takes hold—surely, firmly, smoothly—is the result of knowing how to use asbestos. Johns-Manville, the pioneer developer of Asbestos, mines this remarkable mineral, and from it manufactures hundreds of necessary articles that serve you daily.

High pressure insulations and packings of asbestos control the tremendous strength of super-heated steam. Other insulations cover boilers, furnish linings for stacks and flues, protect heating pipes and refrigerating pipes. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles for houses and Built-up Asbestos Roofing for large buildings of every type resist fire, wind, sun and water for years.

Johns-Manville Asbestos products are so widely used that they are of vital importance in the lives of almost every person in the United States.

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco
Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto
(Mail this coupon to branch nearest you)
I should like to know more about Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining.

Name _____

Address _____ B-10-9

City _____ *State* _____

(Above) "To keep your skin healthy and firm, nothin' can touch Pinaud's Lilac," says William de Rham, who is breaking sales-records for Stutz

(Left) "Pinaud's Lilac is the best bet yet to sterilize razor nicks—makes your skin clear," declares O. C. Meyer, Jr., who rates a big sales star at Stutz

These 3 Star Salesmen of STUTZ MOTOR CARS use this *skin bracer* daily

UNBELIEVABLY spruce and smart are the keen young business men who roll up sales volume for the Stutz New York Company.

Three of them told us lately of the famous skin bracer that helps so much to keep them looking fit.

"I smack on a good fistful of Pinaud's Lilac after every shave," one man said. "It's the best bet yet to sterilize razor nicks—gives a grand clean wide-awake look to your skin."

"For a spick-and-span skin just try Pinaud's Lilac. It gives a glorious after-shaving feel," says Harry Flynn, who makes Stutz business hum. He, like so many others, has found the sure way to keep skin safe. No blemishes, no infections, with Lilac slapped on every day

It's no wonder, they declare, that skin toned with Pinaud's is so healthy and fresh. Lilac has exactly the same invigorating effect on the muscles of the skin, that exercise has on the whole body.

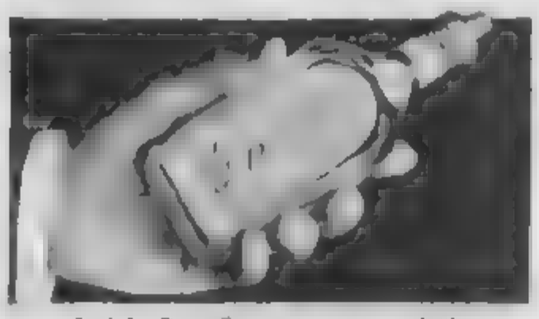
It stimulates circulation, sends the blood rushing to feed and lift sagging tissues, checks pouches and wrinkles keeps the skin young-looking.

And Pinaud's Lilac is a famous antiseptic, too. It sterilizes razor scrapes and nicks—absolutely prevents after-shaving infections and blemishes.

Follow this rule for better grooming as these successful salesmen do:

Ask for Pinaud's Lilac at your drug or department store. Protect your skin each morning with a generous after-shaving douse. (You'll enjoy its wholesome outdoor lilac odor.) Keep looking fit and healthy by the faithful use of Pinaud's—*every day.*

Free: *good-sized sample bottle of this* famous skin bracer—write today to Pinaud, Incorporated, Dept. E-2, 220 East 21st St., New York



Look for Pinaud's signature on every bottle

PINAUD'S LILAC

Copr. 1928, Pinaud, Inc. THE FAMOUS SKIN BRACER

Continued from Page 72

manifolds and various other gadgets were in a sad mess.

For half a minute I gazed at this wreck in awed astonishment, and then started back for my car. I had a strong hunch that the proper time for a visit with Mr. Anthony had not yet arrived. But just as I was climbing into the seat Mr. Anthony appeared from the direction of the house and barns. He recognized me at once.

"Hello, there, Mr. Botts!" he yelled. "Wait a minute! I want to talk to you!"

With fear in my heart I got out and waited for him to approach. He walked up to me and stuck out his hand. I ducked. I thought he was going to hit me. But he only wanted to shake hands. And after we had shaken hands he started to talk.

"I've been having a little trouble," he said.

"So I see," I remarked cautiously.

"Had a little grief on the ferryboat coming over," he went on, "but it didn't amount to anything—just the magneto. This is more serious, but I can get her fixed up all right."

"Of course," I said. "Stick the old motor back. Perfectly simple, straightforward job."

"It was all my own fault," he continued. "If I had looked this baby over as carefully as I should have I would have seen that the motor was only fastened with hay wire and I would have saved myself considerable trouble. But there's no use crying over spilled milk."

"That's right," I agreed. "Never cry over spilled milk."

"And aside from these few little troubles, she certainly is a swell machine, and I want to thank you for giving me the opportunity to get her."

"You're entirely welcome," I said.

"It gave me a real thrill," he went on, "to come driving along up here last night. It took me back to the good old days in France when I was in the Army. The motor sounded wonderful. It was hitting on only three cylinders, but those three were hitting great. And by the way, I won't be able to try it out very much the next few days, so I might as well pay you now."

He took out his check book and began to write, while I stood there in a trance. And then all of a sudden it came over me what had happened to this guy. By thinking about the good old wartimes he had hypnotized himself to the point where he felt he absolutely had to have this machine. He had provided his own ballyhoo, and he hadn't been pushed into buying by any outside high-powered salesmanship. Having done all the selling himself, he couldn't get sore at the tractor—no matter what happened—without admitting that his own judgment had been all wrong.

And that isn't all. When he handed me the check it was for forty-five hundred dollars instead of the four thousand we had agreed on. The check was good too. I had it cashed later in the afternoon, just as a precaution in case Mr. Anthony should change his mind and try to stop payment; and I inclose the full amount as a draft payable to the company.

Mr. Anthony's explanation of the extra five hundred dollars was most interesting.

"Do you remember," he asked me, "that hired man over at Mrs. Watkins' place?"

"Could I ever forget him?" I said. "And I am glad you paid no attention to what he said."

"But I did pay attention," said Mr. Anthony. "I've been thinking over what he told me about using one old tractor to furnish parts for repairing another one. I will need a lot of parts to fix up this machine, and I have decided that the cheapest way to get them would be for me to buy that five hundred dollar ten-ton at Albany. To save the trouble of writing two checks, I have made this check cover the price of both machines. That will be all right, won't it?"

"Certainly, sir," I said. "And I will have the Albany ten-ton shipped up at once. It is a splendid idea."

"Yes," said Mr. Anthony, "for only forty-five hundred dollars, I get this machine and enough parts to fix it up so that it will be far better than any new tractor at six thousand dollars."

"Isn't it wonderful?" I said. And a few minutes later, when I started for Middlebury on my way back to Albany, I left Mr. Anthony with a smile of complete happiness and satisfaction spread all over his face.

Yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

The Poets' Corner

Chartres

I CAN'T be crossing fields into a little
town again,
Without recalling Chartres, standing silvered
in the rain.

The streets were very quiet and the houses
very shy,
I never thought a town could be so lovely on
the sky!

The raining made a patter down the faintly
colored square
As soft as children talking, and the breath of
peace was there.

As patient as the peasant hands that built it
years ago,
A velvet-eyed cathedral watched its people
come and go.

It was dreams that made it holy, it was years
that made it gray,
And it isn't any wonder there that people
learn to pray. —*Bert Cooksley.*

At the Time of the Full Moon

IT IS dark tonight in moon country
On the far side of its girth,
It is all dark in the valleys
Where none seeth Earth.

The sun, with his day-long dawning,
Tomorrow in that land
Will rise with a golden anger
On the old rocks and the sand.

But they never see Earth's splendor
Lift like a silver hill,
Monstrously over the seabeds
That no waters fill,

Gleaming with eerie beauty,
Continents bright, and the seas
Lucid as palest sapphires
Sold by the Cingalese.

With the long shadows lying
Black, in a land alight
With a more luminous wonder
Than ever comes to our night.

They never see Earth float over,
Whoever they be;
And they know no hint of her purpose,
Neither do we. —*Lord Dunsany.*

Friendliness

IF ALL you feel is friendliness,
As you so often say,
Why do you come to
See me every day?

If all I feel is friendliness,
As I so often say,
Why am I so glad to
See you every day?

What we feel is friendliness,
We both profess.
All I can say is that there's quite
A thrill in friendliness!

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

JUDGE

STRONG ALUMINUM ALLOYS *by their standard of performance*

SURGING to the fore on the open road • • • touching the top figure on the speedometer • • • holding it mile after mile at a conquering pace • • • *greater speed* • • • *more pulling power* • • • *that's* LYNITE.

Invar Strut Design

Controlled (Nelson Patents)—Double strut—solid skirt

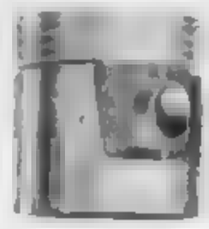
Shooting ahead at the flash of the green • • • throttling down and spurting again • • • smoothly, evenly, instantly • • • *several seconds quicker acceleration* • • • *that's* LYNITE.

Invar Strut Design

Controlled (Nelson Patents)—Single strut—slotted skirt

Three, four, or five years old • • • and as good as new • • • less depreciation • • • greater resale value • • • *less wear on cylinders and bearings* • • • • *that's* LYNITE.

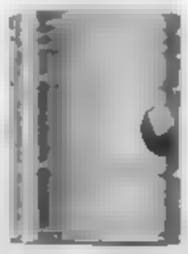
Split Skirt Design



All Aluminum

Smooth as the breath of a summer breeze • • • • every moving part in harmony • • • • just a steady hum as the miles slip by • • • • *vibration reduced to a minimum* • • • • *that's* LYNITE.

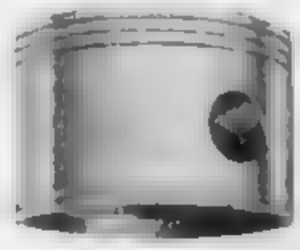
Trunk Type Design



All Aluminum

Gasoline bills that shrink because reciprocating parts are lighter • • •

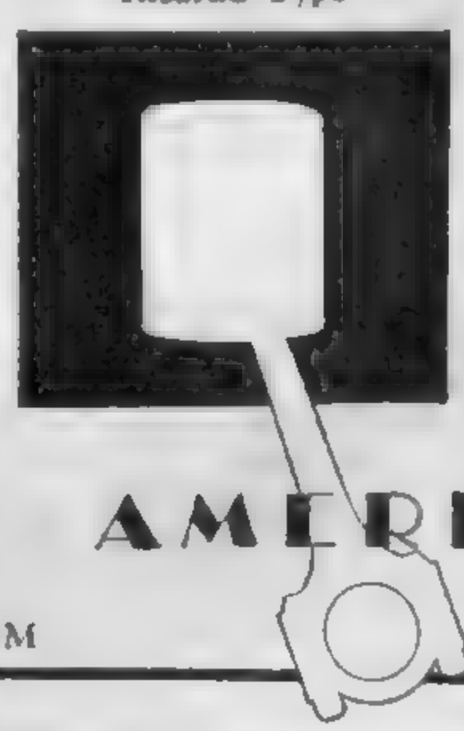
motors that develop greater horsepower than ever before at a reduced upkeep • • • *less weight* • • • *greater fuel economy* • • • *that's* LYNITE.



Aircraft Trunk Type

High compression made possible • • • all surplus heat immediately dissipated • • • new standards of performance that are a constant thrill • • • *a cooler motor* • • • *with less carbon* • • • • *that's* LYNITE.

Aircraft Ricardo Type



ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

PITTSBURGH, PA.

ALUMINUM · IN · EVERY · COMMERCIAL · FORM

Aluminum weighs only one third as much as iron or steel and has a heat conductivity far greater than that of any other metal suitable for the same purpose. LYNITE strong aluminum alloy Pistons are made in all of the major designs which have been developed to meet the varying requirements of different makes of motors—passenger car, bus, truck, marine and airplane. Demand them.

LYNITE

PISTONS AND RODS

LYNITE Pistons are practically indispensable to six-cylinder motors because modern "super-performance" depends upon high compression and high compression is practicable only when the surplus heat is immediately and effectively dissipated. That is why LYNITE strong aluminum alloys are standard equipment on the finest of sixes, as well as on most fours and on the leading eights in every price class.

NEW PATHS

(Continued from Page 5)

The frank speech that I made on that occasion—it was cut from the same cloth as that I used on a similar circumstance against the policy of Seipel, Premier of Austria—undoubtedly cleared our relations with the German population behind the borders.

This question of the High Adige, however, was framed in a wide vision of our relations with all other states. It was just at that time that I had a series of important interviews with the Bulgarian, Polish, Greek, Turkish and Rumanian foreign ministers.

Thanks, then, to this intense political rhythm, Rome every day became more and more a center of attraction for important political activities and exchange. The loyal character of my foreign policy, followed and appreciated by all Italians, has given Italy more consideration from other nations.

Loyal policy is the one which scores the greatest success. Ambiguities and vagueness are not of my temperament, and consequently they are strangers to any policy of mine. I feel that I can speak with firmness and dignity, because I have behind me a people which, having fulfilled the duties, now have sacred rights to defend, for which to demand respect.

I have sent forth messages of brotherhood and faith to the Italians who live beyond our borders; I did not give them the name of emigrants, because in the past this word has had a humiliating meaning, and it seemed in some way to designate an inferior category of men and women. I have been able, I am glad to say, to protect my countrymen without hurting the susceptibilities of other peoples. This protection is founded on international law and good sense in all exchanges between nations.

Italy on its part has conceded the greatest hospitality to all those who, for business, for religious faith, for pleasure, or even for curiosity, have wanted to visit our soil. I have taught Italians to respect appropriately foreign representatives in our country; it is never admissible, in fact, that diplomatic controversies can be twisted or troubled by angry popular demonstrations against embassies or consulates. Such disorders belong to an old democratic habit which Fascismo has clearly outgrown. There have been delicate moments in Italian affairs during which resentment and protests might easily have been exhibited. I have always held these protests within the limits of Fascist dignity, though often they have been exaggerated in the foreign press. This is no little task, even for one who has imposed upon himself the task of giving order and discipline to the Italian people.

The foreign policy of Italy, directed by me, has been simple, understandable, and rests on these main points.

The Main Points

First, mine is a policy of peace. It is founded not upon words, gestures and mere paper transactions, but comes from an elevated national prestige and from a whole network of agreements and treaties which cement harmony between peoples.

Secondly, I have not made any specific alliances with the great powers. Instead I have negotiated a series of treaties which show a clear and decisive will to assure to Italy a prosperity in its relations with all nations, especially with those of great historical importance such as England.

Nor have I failed to work out a whole series of treaties with minor powers, so that Italian influence could have its part in general progress. Albania is one case. Hungary and Turkey are others. To assure harmony on the Mediterranean I have established accords with Spain; to make possible a greater development of our industries and of our foreign trade, I resumed independent commercial relations with Russia.

Stupid, indeed, are those who fail to see that I have taken a serene, respectful attitude, but not a humble one. The League of Nations and some of the diplomacy inspired by the Locarno Treaty are witnesses of that. I made reservations, after meditated discussions and because of my grounded beliefs as to the pacts of disarmament; I noticed some absurdities in them.

I have bettered and completed the consular organization and I have put in it a series of new elements born and grown with Fascism. They have suffered the passion of the war and the passion of our rebirth. In the meantime I did not fail to bring Fascism also to our colonies; I wanted to extend the standards which demanded discipline and insured full harmony for all Italian initiatives. These must be concentrated from now on in the representative of our policies.

A sense of new life and pride fills not only the Italians in Italy but all our countrymen scattered about the world. Italy now enjoys the respect of those nations which evolve and put into effect world policy.

Developing the Colonies

My colonial policy has simple affinity with my foreign policy. Even taking into consideration the virtues of our colonizing peoples, even remembering all the fine human material we have given for the development of entire regions of the African and American worlds, before the war and after, we had failed to realize the potential possibilities for our colonial program. We had failed to bring it to vigor and fruitfulness. We missed then that legitimate satisfaction which should have come to us from right and from duty fulfilled during and after the war.

Colonial development would not have been for us merely a logical consequence of our population problem, but would have constituted a formula of solution for our economic situation. Even now, at this distance of ten years from the war, this situation has to find its full solution. Our colonies are few, and not all open to extensive improvement. Eritrea, which is the first of our colonies, has not had any change. Somaliland has been augmented by British Giubaland, following a diplomatic accord.

Lately, thanks to the wise policies of Governor De Vecchi, we have pacified all Somaliland, and considerable Italian capital is moving toward that colony of ours, to be used in definite objects and to give work to Italian labor. The Lybian colony—which includes Cyrenaica and Tripolitania—was reduced during the war to the occupation of the coast and some of the principal cities. Fascism, assuming the power, found grave conditions. These also have been cleared up. Our policy of military occupation, and, of course, of economic penetration, has assured us the full and uncontested domination of Cyrenaica as far as Giarabub, and of Tripolitania as far as the border recognized by treaties of international character.

There is a great fervor of rebirth in both colonies. Tripoli has become one of the most beautiful Mediterranean cities. A congress of medical men has called it a health resort. We have found water for the city and water in the hills for irrigation. I made a visit to the zone of Tripoli, and that gave me the conviction as to all the possibilities for improvement that can be given the entire colony. There are zones in Garian which can compete in production and fertility with the better zones of Southern Italy. The same can be said about the high plain of Cyrenaica. In this last region I have abolished a curious form of parliament created by the weakness of our former governments. Now the governors enjoy complete influence and a responsibility for the welfare of natives and Italians. These regions are pacified. Immigration continues to go there. Capital goes; laborers go.

These two colonies alone cannot solve our population problem. Mark this well. But with good will and with the typical colonizing qualities of Italians, we can give value to two regions which were owned by Rome and which must grow to the greatness of their past and contribute to the new and great expanding possibilities of our general economic progress.

Into these labors to rebuild Italy's peaceful position before the world, and to develop as duty dictates every colonial possibility which may help to solve our population problems, I have put my days and some of my sleepless nights.

But it would be absurd to suppose that life was quite as easy for me as to allow me to stop with international and colonial questions.

Let us turn to the amazing and dramatic financial situation.

A leader of the Liberal Party in Parliament, Peano, six months before the March on Rome, had defined the deficit of our budget by a figure of more than six billions!

The financial situation was then, according even to the declaration of our opponents, desperately serious. I knew what a difficult inheritance I had received. It had come down to me as a legacy from the errors and weaknesses of those who had preceded me. I well understood, in fact, that with such an important leak in the hull of the ship of state, any great voyage of progress would have been impossible. Finance was, then, one of the most delicate and urgent problems to be solved, if I wanted to rebuild and elevate our credit abroad and at home.

There were many demands due and waiting; the necessity of turning the printing presses to the production of new paper money had been evoked to drive down and down the value of Italian currency. An irresponsible and demagogic policy had been followed which brought about complex makeshifts. These not only altered the soundness of the budget but also were undermining all our economic life and the whole efficiency of the state.

I had to give a smashing blow to useless expenditures and to those who sought tribute from the treasury. I had to rake up tax slackers. I had to establish severest economy in every branch of state administration. I had to put a brake on the endless increase of employes. Furthermore, the obligation of settling our debts with foreign powers was staring me in the face. Even if our resources were limited, this supreme act of wisdom and honesty had to be performed.

An Aid to the Family

It goes without discussion that, for the states as for individual citizens, when a debt has been signed and acknowledged it has to be paid, and faith has to be kept as to undertaken obligations.

For this work I picked a capable man; I appointed as Minister of Finance the Honorable De Stefani, a Fascist and a doctor in political economy. He was able to curtail expenses, repress abuses and create new sources of revenue and taxes; in this way the budget was almost balanced within two years.

I demobilized all the economic organization left over from wartime, I eliminated the useless bureaucracy of the new provinces, still burdened by the debts and indemnities of war. I settled all these with an issue of bonds quickly subscribed.

Before starting a policy of severe economy I wanted to do full justice to the invalids of the war. I fixed, with special privileges and without economy, the obligations that the state was to assume in their favor and in favor of the orphans and widows of those who died in battle. After having repaired in this way a cruel wrong and fulfilled a duty toward those who had given their lives and their blood to the country, it was easy for me to strike at certain forms of exaggerated and sudden richness derived from war profits. There is no doubt that I have been very harsh in this matter. But why not? These unjust pocketbook advantages represented an offense to those who for the war had suffered not only in misery or death but also in money and property losses.

While acting in a way to eliminate all that burdened the economy and finance of the state, I tried to promote individual production to the greatest degree. I had to respect honestly accumulated wealth and make everybody understand the value, not only economic but also moral, of inheritance transmittable in families. Because of this, though I had approved a tax reform of great importance, I restored many basic rights, such as the right of succession.

It was made clear that I would never approve subjecting inheritance to a taxation which had almost assumed a socialistic character of expropriation. Interference with succession strikes a blow at the institution of the family. I aroused controversies, but at last my decision was understood and accepted by the people.

Out of the Hole

Who knows better than I that the discipline of the Italian people has been worthy of my admiration and the respect of the world? We have no great natural resources. Nevertheless, our citizens subjected themselves to a taxation pressure in such a way that toward the end of 1924 Minister De Stefani was able not only to announce to the Chamber the balancing of our budget but also to foresee a surplus of one hundred and seventy millions for the fiscal year 1925–26.

I consider the cornerstone of all governmental policies is a wise and strong financial policy. So now, supported by the soundness of the budget, this was an accomplished fact. The state, by its ability and the disciplined patience of Italian taxpayers, was able to face all its obligations, to liquidate its liabilities and, in 1925 and 1926, to discuss with Washington and London the complex problems of war debts.

We were out of the hole.

We did not stop with the central government.

The state, self-assured, with its finances reordered, now, by the strength of its example, was able to give precise rules for restoration of the finance of the self-governing units in communes and provinces

But even that was not enough; we had to review the financial position of many a corporation or industry. Generally this included all those industries which were quoted on the stock exchange.

By one of those phenomena of national and international speculations which are not infrequent in modern life, many stocks of our industries, and even government bonds, had risen to figures which were hyperbolical and inconceivable if one considered the relation that should exist between the value of our lira and its purchasing power in regard to gold.

Even in Italy, a wise and honest country, in which excessive speculation was never rampant and the stock exchange was never the object of excessive and unchecked interest from any class of citizens, there arose a madness for stock-exchange gambling. Many people, naturally, broke their own heads. They shattered patrimonies, caused scandals, provoked bankruptcies, but this was not sufficient to stop the sudden craze for speculation. The minister of finance then decided to take steps to watch and to limit the activities of the exchanges. It was necessary to take really serious measures. These, of course, would run

(Continued on Page 80)

Three Simple Precautions

that add thousands of miles to the life of your tires...

LOOK CAREFULLY AT PICTURES ABOVE! They illustrate, in a graphic way, the three steps necessary to get full mileage from your tires. This advertisement explains it all in detail.

HERE'S ONE MOTORIST who's learned something about tires. He neglected to follow the three basic rules of tire care. And the result was a ruined tire.

This advertisement deserves a careful reading from motorists anxious to save money on tires. It is based on the highest scientific authority

A CRITICAL situation, affecting every car-owner in America, has been brought to light by a recent investigation.

Millions of good tires are being ruined every year . . . junked literally months ahead of their time. Simply through failure to keep them properly inflated.

According to recent scientific findings, fully 80 per cent of all tire failures are directly traceable to this one cause alone.

Premature tread wear . . . fabric ruptures . . . rim cuts . . . side wall breaks . . . typifying the costly results.

Thus, through their own carelessness, motorists are actually throwing away the added mileage modern science has built into their tires.

Now, a nation-wide campaign

Schrader has recognized the gravity of the situation. And now, in a nation-wide campaign endorsed by tire manufacturers, they are bringing the facts about this waste to the attention of thoughtful motorists.

This advertisement is part of this campaign. It describes the causes and effects of improper inflation . . . and suggests simple ways to avoid it.

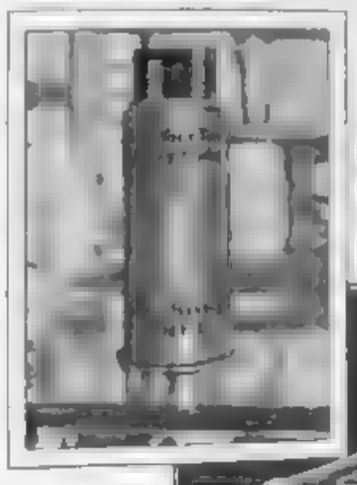
You see, the menace of improper inflation cannot be exaggerated.

When a balloon tire is run five pounds below its proper pressure its life is reduced by hundreds of miles.

According to actual tests a balloon tire in this condition loses just as much mileage as a high-pressure pneumatic tire underinflated by twelve or fifteen pounds.

Premature tread wear is one of the most common and costly results. Broken-down side walls . . . rim cuts . . . fabric ruptures . . . stone bruises, also.

Yet improper inflation can be avoided if these easy precautions are taken.



HERE'S SOMETHING to remember! This bright red Schrader display cabinet in a dealer's window or on his counter is a sure sign he carries genuine Schrader products...Tire Gauges, Valve Insides and Valve Caps.

First, ask your dealer the exact pressure you should carry front and rear. Then test your tires regularly . . . once a week at least. For this purpose use the Schrader Gauge.

This gauge is built on simple scientific principles. It is accurate and durable. Easy to read. Easy to use.

Second, make sure each valve stem is covered by an *improved* Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap . . . air-tight up to 250 pounds.

In case of a damaged valve inside, this unique cap will prevent the escape of air at mouth of valve until the valve inside can be replaced conveniently.

Third, see that a *genuine* Schrader Valve Inside is screwed securely into every valve stem.

This little mechanism is equally dependable for holding air in either balloon or high-pressure type tires.

And last, change both valve insides and valve caps on *all* your tires at least once a year. Be sure you get the *genuine* Schrader. Both these accessories are marvelous in their efficiency, but naturally they will not last forever.

1. The Schrader Gauge is accurate . . . and it is built to stand the gaff. Wise motorists use theirs once a week . . . to make sure tires are correctly inflated.

2. This Schrader 880 Valve Cap is air-tight up to 250 pounds. Box of five 25c.

3. Make sure you have the genuine Schrader valve inside. Box of five costs . . . 25c.

Follow these rules of tire care

Thousands of motorists have adopted these scientific rules of tire care recommended by Schrader engineers. So go to your tire dealer. Ask him what pressure your tires should carry.

And then see that this pressure is maintained by the use of the three Schrader products described above. Sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

Send for our valuable little booklet, "The Air You Ride On." You'll find it interesting and instructive . . . and it will help you increase tire mileage. A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I am my equipment and*

*I am the tires I use as it does

The New

GENERAL

DUAL-BALLOON 8

ADVANCING BEYOND THE BALLOON TIRE of YESTERDAY

The new General Dual-Balloon "8."

There are more miles in it than it was ever thought possible to build into a tire.

No tire of anything like its great mileage capacity can compare with its low-pressure advantages.

The new Dual-Balloon principle achieves *two* great forward steps in tire-building progress.

Greater mileage. Even the notable records of Twenty Thousand! Forty Thousand! Sixty Thousand Miles! the "car-life" performances of the past, that are traditional among users of the General Tire, now give way to a greater accomplishment. It goes beyond even the previous high mark of General's super-tire leadership. It adds to big mileage a finer quality of service.

Low-pressure. The new Dual-Balloon solves the problem of mileage enhancement without sacrificing any of the benefits of low-pressure operation. It goes to the extreme of balloon standard low-pressure ~ reversing the high-pressure or moderate-pressure tendency of today.

Take from the Dual-Balloon everything you want in mileage.

Comfort ~ greater than you have ever known. A full day's run with never a tiring mile.

Longer lasting tread. A permanence of non-skid that provides the full measure of safety so essential in this age of quick starts and five-foot stops. A tire that will not wear prematurely bald.

Punctures have never been a worry with users of the General Tire and now even the remote chance of a puncture is reduced to the vanishing point with the new Dual-Balloon "8."

No tire has ever been built that approaches its commanding beauty. ~ The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

The New

GENERAL DUAL-BALLOON 8

Who's Who on Brunswick

Electrical Records

Each Brunswick Dance Orchestra has an individual style of its own—take your choice!

ABE LYMAN
and His California Orchestra

Abe Lyman knows the value of rhythm as only a seasoned drummer can. Banjo, piano, bass-sax and tuba are used for the basic background, while the melody and clowning are left to the more lyric instruments. And when you hear the "Vibraphone" . . . why that's Abe himself stepping in to do his bit. The soft-voiced trombone solo in Abe's "Good News Medley" is alone worth the price. (No. 20063)

"RED" NICHOLS
and His Five Pennies

"Red" Nichols started his musical career as trumpet soloist. Consequently brass effects get a big play in all his records, which are "hot" and unusually peppy, full of big, broad colorings that brighten up the snappiest tunes. His individual style is shown in his modernistic version of "Poor Butterfly" (No. 20062), as well as on all his latest dance releases.

BEN BERNIE
and His Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra

Ben Bernie played his way through college with his fiddle . . . did time in vaudeville and now heads his own band which broadcasts regularly over WEAF from the Hotel Roosevelt, New York City. Musician and showman, he combines rhythm, melody and hokum and achieves instantaneous dance response. His record "Soliloquy" (No. 20064) is something different . . . don't miss it.

ARNOLD JOHNSON
and His Orchestra

Arnold Johnson and his Orchestra are the outstanding success of the new edition of George White's "Scandals." They have recorded the two big dance numbers of the show, "On the Crest of the Wave" and "What D'ya Say?" on Brunswick Record No. 3986.

Would you like to be on the mailing list to receive news about latest Brunswick Records? Write Dept. R-4, 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Brunswick

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Chicago New York

(Continued from Page 76)

counter to old and rooted business traditions. Perhaps they were too sudden and too unexpected. They caused in the middle and financial class an opposition which created disturbance in all markets.

I was following the course of these events. This sudden opposition created by economic and not by political causes might, as was shown afterward, become a real danger, but it gave to me a very important field for experiences and observations. I brought about a counter offensive and tamed those who made the attacks. A more rational policy was instituted, but we conceded nothing to the speculators. After a while De Stefani resigned. Volpi succeeded him. In the meantime, after this first difficulty had been dealt with, I concentrated my attention on the war debts.

After settling the state budget and balancing it, I knew that I had come to the task of making an agreement with the United States of America and with England on the reduction of our war debt. I sent a delegation to Washington. The leaders were Count Volpi and the Undersecretary of Foreign Affairs, Grandi. I feel that the negotiations were made with great ability. We arrived, I believe, at an agreement that satisfied the American public and safeguarded the interests of Italy.

The Road to Ruin

On January 27, 1926, by an analogous agreement, with slight modifications, due to the different relations that existed between us and England, we were able to settle also our English debts. America and England ratified the agreements; and so did we, proud of it, because it is a constant hard rule, in all our private or public affairs, to keep our faith to our given word and pay to our full ability the last cent we owe, without wailing or complaint.

Then came a gesture of spontaneous national patriotism; our people by public subscription and without the help of the state paid the first installment due the Government of the United States!

I believed that the safety of the budget and the agreements of Washington and London would be sufficient elements to reassure our industrial, commercial and banking class as to the soundness of the financial policy of the government. I hoped that it would lead to a gradual revaluation of all our currency and credit in national and international markets.

Unfortunately, all which appeared to me as originated by convincing logic did not follow. In the first semester of 1926, we were losing an average of ten points in relation to the pound. The pound sterling was towing, naturally, all the other privileged currencies in such a way that, though our credit should have been on the upgrade, we were witnessing the opposite phenomenon. Our private economic life was getting thinner and lighter; it was becoming fickle and inconstant through gradual inflation, which might delude many industrial centers of Northern Italy, but was certainly not satisfying to the middle class and the Italians who saved money.

It was necessary to give a point of support to this gay finance. It was inconceivable that an orderly, quiet, disciplined state, which had no public agitation as a habituity and worked with tenacity, faith and pride, should abandon these wholesome forces and assets to the mercy of shark speculators and parasites, eager to enrich themselves on the depreciation of the lira, ready to accept willingly or even quicken a general bankruptcy, so as not to be obliged to settle their private debts or to face their obligations toward depositors in their banks. A betrayal of the Italian people was being plotted by a class of unworthy citizens. It was a serious betrayal and an injury of moral character, because a ruined people cannot readily be born again in the credit of the world.

I studied for a long time the complex phenomenon of state, private and individual finance. I was making comparison between our own economic phase and the situation of analogous countries. I was watching closely the statistical data of our commercial balance. I had in my hand all the elements for a sure and positive judgment, and was ready to say the word which would influence in a clear and decisive way the economic life of Italy.

I had decided for some time to speak out with candor to the Italian people. Foreign exchange had revealed a weakness of our credit abroad. Instability every day, under a régime of giddy and disastrous finance, was a sign of underground work. I had to put speculation with its back to the wall with a slam. I had to face and defeat that part of a certain class who would have pushed the nation toward bankruptcy. The government could not ignore them or their machinations. It was not only a matter touching the financial future of the country; the very flag of the Italian people was being jeopardized. In fact, in certain situations even the soundness of a currency can arise to the dignity of a flag and has to be defended by every means open. One cannot intrench himself behind ignorance when the patrimony and the dignity of an entire people are being threatened.

Fascism, which had put discipline into the nation, had to put its firm hand on that class of shortsighted speculators who wanted to bring to nothing the value of our currency. Fascism, winning on the political line, now faced, as I could see, a defeat, if it did not intervene energetically in the financial field.

In this plot against us were joined all the strength of the international anti-Fascists, pushed and aroused by our eternal foes, inside Italy and out. I understood that, with this problem of honesty and rectitude, there was also a problem of will. So I spoke. Here is the essence of my speech:

"You must not be surprised if I make a political declaration of definite importance. It is not the first time that I have addressed to the people directly, without any official apparatus, my convictions and my decisions. I must always be trusted, but especially when I am speaking to the people, looking into their eyes and listening to the beating of their hearts. I am speaking to you, but in this moment I am speaking to all Italians and my voice for obvious reasons will certainly have an echo behind the Alps and overseas. Let me tell you that I will defend the Italian lira to the last sigh! I will never give the marvelous Italian people, who for four years have worked with ascetic discipline, and are ready for other and harder sacrifices, the moral shame and economic catastrophe of the bankruptcy of the lira."

A Painful Cure

"The Fascist régime will resist with all its strength the attempts to suffocate Italy made by adversary financial forces. We will squash them as soon as they are identified at home. The lira, which is the sign of our economic life, the symbol of our long sacrifices and of our tenacious work, will be defended, and it will be firmly defended—and at any cost! When I go among a people that really works, I feel that in speaking this way I interpret sincerely its sentiment, its hopes and its will.

"Citizens and Black Shirts! I have already said the most important part of my speech, destined to dissipate the fogs of uncertainty and to weaken the eventual attempts of troublesome defeatism."

My sentences were as whiplashes for all the speculators hidden in the bourses. The great financial institutions understood that it was not possible to adopt independent policies without having to reckon with the government. Speculators perceived they had fallen into a trap.

On the other hand, I did not want to confine myself to words. In the Council of the Ministers of September first, I adopted measures which were to guarantee my financial policies. These measures can be summed up: Transportation of the Morgan loan of ninety millions of dollars to the Bank of Italy; regularization of the accounts between the state and the Bank of Italy; reduction of two billion five hundred millions of the circulation on account of the state; liquidation of the autonomistic section of the Consorzio Valori.

To all this there was to be added a broad simplification of taxation, with some abolition of taxes and a new form of protection for thrift and for banking activities.

In November I floated a loan that I called the Littorio. It was intended to facilitate cash operations and to give some elasticity to the budget. Since there was a very heavy floating debt, represented by treasury bonds, I decided upon redemption of these bonds and their inscription in the great book of the public debt. These provisions had without doubt a harsh character; they were full of sacrifice. But when the moment and the discomfort had passed we could start on a policy of wise severity; our lira began to climb gradually on the markets of London and Washington, and our credit again rose in every part of the world.

To be sure, the passage from giddy to an austere finance which I had inaugurated with the Pesaro speech was not without difficulty. Failures and heavy losses were brought on. Business deals begun while the lira was at one hundred and thirty to the pound were closed with the lira at ninety. All this brought with it unavoidable losses which hit hardest those the least strong and resistant financially.

The difficulties in returning to a position of financial dignity and austerity were notable; reconstruction was as difficult as inflation had been easy.

We had to reduce the budget and state bonds to their simplest expression; we had to start a policy of demobilization of our debts to be able to know our complex financial burden and know exactly the interest that had to be paid every year.

On a Gold Basis

But the situation has been cleared and bettered. To be able to have a sounder, readier, more agile organization, I had decided on the unification of all the institutions issuing paper money. Only the Bank of Italy has the power to issue paper money; the Bank of Naples and the Bank of Sicily returned to their first functions of guardians and stimulators of the agricultural economic life of Southern Italy.

When, after a year of notable difficulties, the financial situation of the budget and of the Italian economy had been cleared, I was able to direct myself, in 1927, toward the new gold basis of the lira, on concrete foundations. In December, 1927, at a meeting of the Council of Ministers, I was able to announce to the Italian people that the lira was back on a gold basis, on a ratio which technicians and profound experts of financial questions have judged sound.

I felt the pride of a victor. I had not only led the Black Shirts and political forces, but I had dominated a complex and difficult problem of national finance, which subtracts itself sometimes from the will and the influence of any political man and becomes subjected to the tyranny and mechanism of mere material relations under the influence of various and infinite factors. Only a profound knowledge of the economic life and structure of a people in such an insidious field can reach conclusions which will be able to satisfy the great majority.

Today we have a balanced budget. Self-ruling units—the provinces and the communes—have balanced their budgets too. Exports and imports, and their relationship, are carried under a precise and definite rhythm—that of our stabilized lira. Through solidity and certainty Fascist Italy is creating a new Italian régime, while the necessary complement of our general policy and the essence of our state organization is being completed by a new corporative system.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of reminiscences by Premier Mussolini. The next will appear in an early issue.

A small section of the surface of an average car magnified 20 times. The left side is still covered with Traffic Film. The right side has been cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish

It takes more than soap and water to remove TRAFFIC FILM

TRAFFIC Film is not just a layer of dust on the finish of your car. It is a hard, dull film, a product of modern highway and traffic conditions, which soap and water cannot remove.

Traffic Film hides the original lustre of the finish, dulls its color, and covers up its gleaming beauty

You can easily remove Traffic Film, and bring back the original color and lustre of your car with No. 7 Duco Polish. And at the same time you can retain its beauty, season after season.

The safe way to remove Traffic Film

No. 7 Duco Polish is made by du Pont, the makers of Duco. It was developed to combat Traffic Film

Traffic Film is an accumulation of oily, sticky particles of dirt which are constantly settling on the finish of your car, on the highways, and even in your own garage. These particles are baked by the sun and the heat, and are cemented together to form a hard, dull film

No. 7 Duco Polish quickly penetrates and softens this layer of Traffic Film. It "puts the skids under" the dirt particles, and, almost without effort, you wipe away the dull film which formerly resisted the most strenuous scrubbing with soap and water

Underneath the Traffic Film your car is still new and gleaming. Its color is still as bright, its high lights as brilliant, as when it first caught your eye on the dealer's floor

Bring back the hidden beauty with No. 7

Buy a can of No. 7 Duco Polish and use a little every week or two. If you prefer to have your car polished by the garage man, ask him to use No. 7 Duco Polish to restore the beauty of the finish. No. 7 Duco Polish will not only protect the finish against Traffic Film, but will keep it new and gleaming, season after season.

No. 7 Duco Polish contains no acid—it is packed only in the can shown here

Leading automobile manufacturers recommend No. 7 Duco Polish and many of them put samples in all their new cars. Look for the sample can in your auto tool kit.

Du Pont, the makers of Duco, have developed two other products to make your car more beautiful. No. 7 Auto Top Finish will waterproof the top and bring back its original lustre. It is also an excellent dressing for spare tires and tire covers. No. 7 Nickel Polish cleans and brightens radiators and lamps. It is also an ideal polish for metal surfaces in the home.

Send for this Sample Beauty Kit

Beautify your car at our expense. Send us this coupon (with 10 cents to help cover cost of mailing) and we'll send you the following:

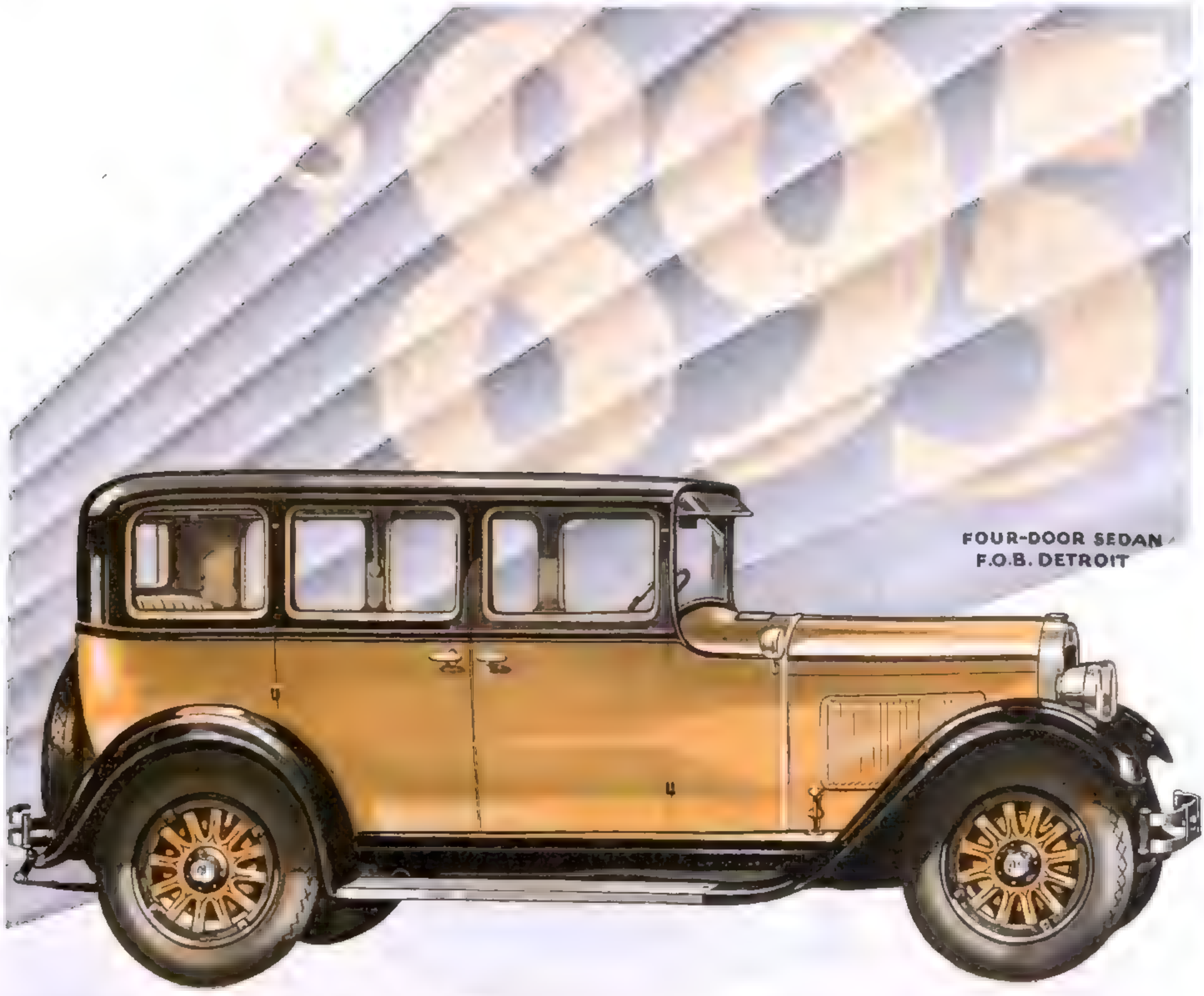
1 Sample can of No. 7 Duco Polish (enough to polish your car once)
1 Sample can of No. 7 Nickel Polish (enough to shine up the radiator and lamps)
1 Sample can of No. 7 Auto Top Finish (enough to paint the spare tire or tire cover)

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, INC.
Desk S-6, General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Address: Flint Paint & Varnish Limited, Toronto 9, Canada

Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay mailing cost. (*This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.*)

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

MADE BY DU PONT, THE MAKERS OF DUCO



ONLY ONE CAR ANSWERS *ALL* THESE QUESTIONS!

One thousand dollars is a lot of money.

It takes time and effort to earn it. And time to save it.

Take time to think before you *spend* it. Decide what you want in a motor car.

Then find out what car under $1,000 gives you the *most* for your money.

After all, there are not many cars you can buy for $1,000 or less.

See them all. Try them all.

Then answer these questions to yourself:

Which one is the best looking? Accelerates fastest? Rides smoothest? Handles easiest?

Which manufacturer has the best reputation for quality—and dependability, year in and year out?

We believe that there is only one car under $1,000 that answers *all* these questions.

Dodge Brothers Standard Six!

Be honest with yourself. That's all we ask—and it will pay you to follow our suggestion.

Coupe, $875—Cabriolet, $945—De Luxe Sedan, $970; f. o. b. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS
STANDARD SIX

DODGE BROTHERS CORPORATION, *Division of Chrysler Corporation*

THE GRAB BAG GRABS EVERYTHING IN SIGHT

(Continued from Page 41)

Beany and have talked with him. but the only way i can do is to go over to old Tom Fifields and go down between his barn and Beanys and talk over the fense where Beanys father cant see us.

of coarse i tell Beany about the fun we have and about the concreek and what we catch but it only maiks him feal wirse. and now Beany is most ded becaus he has been crasy for school to begin so he cood get out and now it is put off 2 weeks. Beany says it is jest like being in jale 2 weeks more. jest think of Beany wanting school to begin. i never knew him to be so bad as that. sumthing has got to be did. i told father about it tonite and he sed it was two bad. i think father kind of misses Beany in spite of what he sed. i hoap he will do sumthing about it.

today Beany hoaped to blow the organ in the Unitarial chirch but they dident have enny meating becaus they coodent get into the chirch. the concreek has hardened sum but not enuf. me and Pewt went round this morning. we herd a dog yelping but befoar we got there he had got away and was licking his paws and going away kind of wobbly.

Beany is thinking of running away to sea if this goes on.

Monday, Sept. 18, 186— dident catch ennything today in the concreek. a dog walked rite over it without sinking in when me and Pewt were there. i thougt the fun was over but when they begun to boil sum moar tarr and spred on sum moar i felt moar hoapful. i bet we have a good catch tomorrow. things look better for Beany. his father wanted father to go over there last nite and father sed i am sorry Wats but i never go where my boy cant go.

Tuesday, Sept. 14, 186— this morning me and Pewt found 2 pigions, 1 kitten, 1 tom cat and the wirst of all a skunk. it was jest our luck. we dident xpect to get enny hens becaus peeple has shet up their hens and the pett cats but we have been hoaping for sum pigions and we coodent get them becaus we dident dass stir up that skunk. well we set there until old John Flannigin come up with his men. well they tride to get me and Pewt to hit the skunk a crack over the head with a club but we woodent. bimeby one of the men got a gun and loded it up with 3 fingers of powder and sum buckshot and took cairful aim at the skunks head. he sed if he hit the skunks head he wood kill it befoar it had time to fire. so he did but i gess the skunk fired as soon as the man did. well the skunk got killed but it had the best of it becaus it nerely killed evrybody there. it was auful. the Unitarial minister and his wife have moved down to the Swampscott hotel and the concreekers cant concreek for 2 or 3 days. 2 men tide hankerchifs over their nose and mouth and got a hook on a pole and dragged the skunk away and burried it. then they pulled the tom cat, the kitten and the pigions off and threw a lot of sand on it and left.

when i told father about it he haw hawed good and sed that he gessed the old tom cat and the kittens spred the news. he sed if at ferst you dont succeed try try again.

Wensday, Sept. 15, 186— this afternoon old John Flannigin the concreeker desided to begin wirk again on the Unitarial sidewalk so that the peeple cood go to chirch by Sunday. he got his men up there and he sed he cood stand it if they cood and they sed they cood. ennyway the sand had maid it all rite or prety nearly so. so they bilt a fire and boiled sum moar tarr and put on a new coat of tarr and pebbles. tonite they hung 2 lited lanterns there.

Thirsday, Sept. 16, 186— this morning me and Pewt went up. sumbody had hooked the lanterns. there was a black snaik all twisted up. he coodent move but he cood run out his tung. we killed him and dident pull him out. nothing elce was caugt. probably becaus evrything elce was afrade of the snaik. me and Pewt is both suspected of hooking the lanterns. ennyway i dident hook them. the men wirked there most all the morning. it was hot today and the tarr dident harden a bit. tonite they hung 2 moar lanterns there and lit them at dark, and screwed them to the posts. then they naled up a notice offring $10. dollers reward for the feller whitch hooked the lantirns.

Friday, Sept. 17, 186— this morning we went up again. the lantirns were there but they had been blew out. old John sed when he come that they hadent birned later than 10 oh clock. well sumthing was caugt. there was a ladys slipper and a mans red bandana hankerchif and the heel of a mans congress boot. this has caused a grate deel of talk. Sofie Peezly and Rody Shattuck think a investigasion had augt to be maid. tonite the Seleckmen have ordered old Swane the poliseman to stay there all nite.

Saterday, September 18, 186— evrybody in town is laffing about old Swane the poliseman. the concreeker Flannigin gave him $2 to stay up and the seleckmen told him to drive away cats and dogs and to arest enny persons whitch clim over the boards or clim under and walked on the concreek. they sed bimeby sumbody wood be putting in a bill to the town to pay for moar suits of cloths or boots or things and sumone wood have to pay for them.

well about 12 oh clock while he was wating old Mike Prescott come along. Mike saw old Swane setting there and he sed what are you waiting for Swane, dont you dass to go home. and old Swane sed what are you out so late for and old Mike sed none of your bizziness and old Swane gumped up and hollered ill show you what i am wating for and he forgot about the concreek and started after old Mike rite acrost it. old Swane is auful long legged and he neerly got acrost it the ferst straddle but not quite and he weigs 300 pounds so he broke throug and got both feet in and fell flat and coodent get eether foot out. the most of him was on dry ground all but his feet.

well he pulled and yanked and twisted and swore but he coodent get hold of ennything to pull with xcept the grass and that tore off eezy and as he was on his hands and gnees he coodent twist round so as to unty his shoe strings and pull off his shoes. all the time Mike was lafing his head off and dansing round old Swane and asking him how he liked it. well, bimeby old Swane asted Mike to pull him out and Mike sed he wooden't if he stade there till the reserrection day and when that day come he was going to get old Gabriel to blow i cant get him up i cant get him up, i cant get him up in the morning. then old Swane sed he wood arest Mike and keep him in jale for the rest of his life and old Mike sed go ahead and arest me. why dont you. and old Swane swore and knashed his teeth.

then old Mike sed he was going to stay there all nite and wach him and in the morning he was going to tell how old Swane was going to arest him jest for being out late and how he got the underholt and flopped old Swane so hard that he coodent pull him out.

well when old Swane herd this he swore auful. but the more he swore the more old Mike laffed. bimeby old Swane told old Mike that he hadent augt to be two hard on a man he had gnew thirty years and old Mike he sed he had gnew old Swane for 30 years two long and that this was the ferst time he had enny respec for him.

then old Swane asted old Mike how much money he wood taik to pull him out and old Mike sed he woodent do it for a million dollers and old Swane sed he wood give him $.50 cents. then old Mike sed he woodent do it for 100 thousand dollers and old Swane sed he wood give him $.75 cents. then old Mike come down to 50 thousand dollers and old Swane went up to $1. doller. so they kep dickering and dickering and old Mike kep coming down and old Swane kep coming up a quarter at a time. bimeby they got prety near together. old Mike sed he wood do it for $3. dollers and old Swane sed he wood only give $2. dollers and old Mike woodent come down a red cent and old Swane woodent go up a dam cent. bimeby it was getting towerds morning and old Mike sed he was going home and get a few hours sleep and then he wood come back and wach him sum moar. he told old Swane he gessed he wood be there when he got back unless he pulled his old hine legs off.

then old Swane told him to go to and rot there and old Mike started down towerds Front Street. well when old Mike had most got to the corner old Swane whitch cood see him in the corner gas lite hollered for him to come back. so old Mike come back and when old Swane sed he wood pay it old Mike sed he had rased his price to $4. dollers. then old Swane swore terible and sed he woodent pay it and old Mike sed if he started home onct moar he woodent come back for $10. dollers. so finaly old Swane sed he wood pay it if Mike wood get him out and keep his mouth shet about it. but old Mike he sed the Exeter News Letter wood give him $1. doller and peraps $1. doller and $.50 cents for the story and he coodent afford to throw away so mutch money. so they dickered and gawed a while longer and finaly old Mike agreed to pull him out and keep his mouth shet about it for $5. dollers and hoped to die and crossed his throte if he ever let out a single yip.

then old Mike untied old Swanes shoe strings and got hold of old Swane after old Swane had paid him the $5. dollers and not before and pulled him out leeving his shoes stuck there. then he and old Mike got the shoes out in peaces with a pickax and old Swane had to go home in his stocking feet stepping on sharp stones and nales and things and limping and swaring auful.

well, nobody wood have gnew ennything about it if old Mike hadent got drunk on the $5. dollers, for old Mike always does as he says he will so long as he keeps sober. but it was unpossiable for him to keep sober with $5. dollers in his pocket and before nite he was drunk and treating all the bar room fellers and telling the goke on old Swane. then old Mike got arested and Justice Bell sent him to jale for 3 months. but old Swane dident have ennything to do about it for he is a pretty good old feller two.

but evrybody laffed about it and sed it sirved him jest rite for evrybody is always down on a poliseman whether he is a good feller or not. i asted father why it was so and he sed he gessed it was becaus we all wanted to do sumthing agenst the law and was afrade to do it becaus the police wood be after us.

ennyway father sed it always had been so and always wood be wirld without end, and that is all there was to it and i cood put it in my pipe and smoak it, whitch meens that it is not only so but also. and there aint enny 2 ways about it and there aint ennything more to be sed about it. when father got to that i shet up.

Sunday, Sept. 19, 186— no chirch at the Unitarial today. Beanys father has told me i cood come over and see Beany and i spent most of the day there telling Beany all about the concreek sidewalk. Beany sed he coodent have stood it if it hadent been for the parrot and me. he sed the parrot wood screech and sware and maik him laff when nothing elce in the wirld cood. he sed sumtimes peeple wood be going by and the parrot wood laff at them and tell them to go to and if they coodent see the parrot they wood think it was Beany. and 2 or 3 times peeple rung Beanys fathers doorbell and told Beanys mother that Beany had insulted them and she had to taik them in and show them the parrot. Beany sed that i helped him by talking over the fense with him and telling him about things. he is crasy to have school begin and says that a licking from old Francis morning and afternoon wood seam good to him.

i told Beany that father was going to try to get Beanys father to let him go out and Beany sed he cood if ennybody cood. Beany has split and piled up most 2 cords of wood and that had augt to help sum. Beany was disapointed becaus there wasent enny chirch. he sed chirch wood be better than staying in the yard for the rest of his life. you see it is about 2 weeks sence Beany went out of his yard and that is prety hard for what he did. ennyway i think sumbody had augt to give him sumthing for what he did. he got rid of the Boston feller whitch dident belong here ennyway then he got rid of the 4 rowdys whitch was a good thing. and if it hadent been for Mager Blake he mite have got rid of old de on Aspinwall and Rody Shattuck and Sofie Peezly and Feeby Derborn and that wood have been a mity good thing for Exeter. father sed society wood have been purged of sum of its most disturbing elements.

mother sed George you mustent talk like that about these peeple. they are good peeple in their way and father sed that is rite they are good in their way.

mother sed well George to hear the silly talk you made to them the time they come to the house about what Harry sed and did at the picknick one wood think they was the best peeple in the wirld and your deerest frends.

then father begun to laff and sed that is dipplomacy and when the life libberty and persute of hapiness of a beloved and not hoally unwirthy son of my old age is in danger of spending the rest of his life in close confinement in stait prizzen it is time to meet his accusers with their own weppons, lies, evasions, tricks and sutch weppons. if i hadent succeded in these they wood have found i cood fite.

and mother laffed and sed i gess that is so George you always cood and aunt Sarah sed so two.

father says he ows Beany a det of grattitude and is going to get him out if he can.

Westclox

Big Ben
De Luxe
$3.75

More Beautiful Than Ever

BEAUTY, enlivened with flower-like hues. Color tones to match every desire and to harmonize with the color scheme of every room in every home. Westclox of today! Accurate, dependable alarms for an active, colorful age.

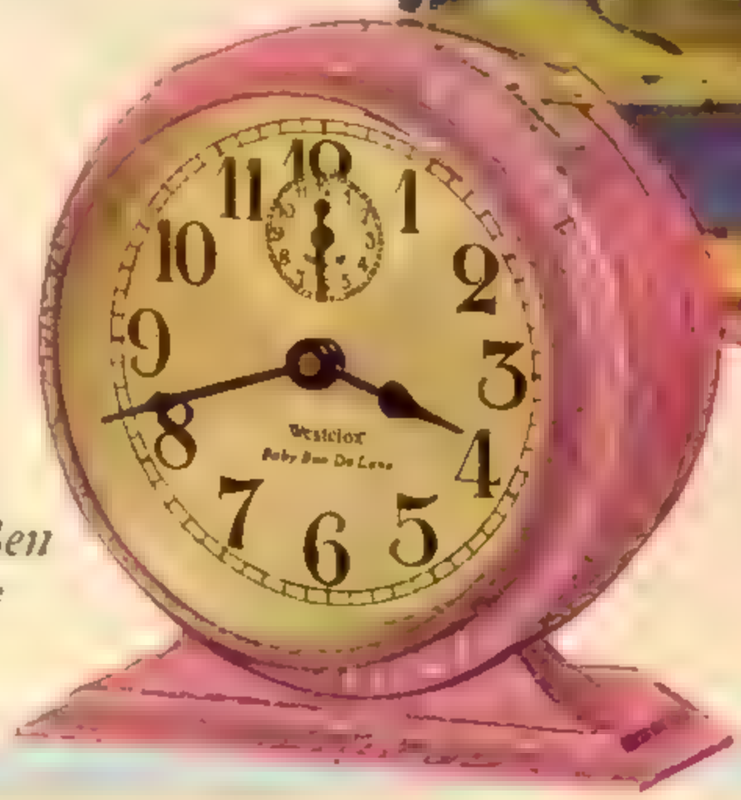
Big Ben De Luxe and Baby Ben De Luxe, world-famed for trustworthiness, are more desirable than ever in their exquisite colors. And there is Tiny Tim, a new member of the Westclox family—a handy little timekeeper, without alarm, for home, office or travel.

These models in old rose, green or blue —at the same price as nickel finish. They're the very last word in clock making.

Sold everywhere by
jewelers, druggists, hardware and department stores
Prices slightly higher in Canada

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY
La Salle, Illinois, U. S. A.
Factory: Peru, Illinois.
In Canada: Western Clock Company, Limited, Peterborough, Ont

Ben Hur, the popular $2.50 Westclox alarm, is also made in colors. There's a variety of other Westclox, finished in lustrous nickel—plain or luminous dials. Prices range from $1.50 to $5.00.



Baby Ben
De Luxe
$3.75

THE WOLVES OF CHAOS

(Continued from Page 29)

"It is an open fire," he whispered. "There may be horses. That will be the danger. Draw our horses' heads together and hold them lightly by the nostrils. If you hear a whinny, clamp down. If there are soldiers, there won't be much discipline. Don't worry. Only, I must know. Twenty minutes or less."

"If anything happens, will you cry out?"

"I'll whistle. That will carry farther. If you hear me whistle, mount and ride into those woods."

She stepped close to him. "We may never see each other again."

"What will be will be."

She put her hands on his shoulders, drew him toward her and kissed his cheek. "God guard you, Cutty."

"He will," replied Cutty, pretending to a confidence which he did not possess. "Remember, if you hear a horse whinny or you hear me whistle."

"I promise."

Nom du pipe! It seemed incredible to her how quickly he vanished. Five feet away and he was gone, and there was no sound to place him or by which to follow his going. She took the patient horses as Cutty had directed and began to count the minutes. One—two—three—fifteen times she counted sixty. Suddenly the two horses raised their heads out of her grasp.

A pair of arms went around her and drew her backward.

"Cutty?" she whispered.

A low laugh, from a strange voice, accompanied by the strong odor of vodka. Furiously she began to struggle to reach the pocket wherein lay the automatic.

VIII

CUTTY found his vantage point soon enough and realized that his skepticism had been a sound thing. He burned with impotent fury. Men and horses, they were plainly visible in the firelight. And the solution was simple to deduce: They were closing in upon Samson's railway. Some rescued fugitive had talked carelessly or had been treacherous. It was a pity. The Reds had not found Samson yet—that was evident—but they were astride the secret road, and the careless bivouac suggested that there were other troops out scouting. If the commander was a real soldier his outposts would be advanced and scattered—something of a net. The thought put a chill on his spine. He began his retreat, swiftly but with the uttermost caution.

All the way back to the spot where he had left Olga he trembled in fear of the sudden whinny of a horse and the inevitable answer. Olga had said that God owed them something; his lips twisted ironically. Playthings—both of them!

He reckoned that it had taken him about eight minutes to reach his observation point, two minutes to make his observations; eight minutes in which to reach Olga. They would have to turn south, thence into the woods and trust to blind chance. Dear God, for last night's rain and mist! The bright stars mocked him.

Presently he saw the horses against the sky line. They were separated by several yards, apparently browsing upon the dead grass. Olga! The thought was like hot iron. She had tried to follow him and they were done. He turned to retrace his steps—no running away now, free together or dead together—when his straining ears took in a human sound at his left. It was the low laugh of a man.

During his imprisonment he had had flashes of violent desire for reprisals when his miseries had been almost too hard to bear; but dominant and permanent was the desire to escape. Two years' accumulated venom boiled into his throat along with the hot blood calling to kill. Swift and silent as an eagle on wing, Cutty reached the outpost. The fierce struggle which Olga offered her assailant gave Cutty his opportunity. The man must not call out; he must die. His life or theirs; fate would have it so.

"Is he dead?" whispered Olga, her speech gasping.

"Get on your horse—quick! . . . Did he hurt you?"

"He kissed me. My face feels horrid. I am nearly sick."

He helped her to mount and swung into his own saddle. Not a muscle in his body that did not scream out. . . . Launcelot, at fifty-six!

"Follow me. They are hunting for Samson and we may not reach him in time. They won't find the outpost till morning. I am going to short-cut through the woods. Follow!"

He turned southwest at a trot—thick going too. He knew that he was leaving a trail as wide as a barn door, but once inside the woods, dead leaves would cover up the imprint of hoofs, if not completely, enough to serve. He doubted there would be a woodsman among the Reds; the peasant of the lowlands was not of the hunter's breed. How wide were the woods? Well, so long as they were wide. Only the blind madonna of the pagan—chance—would now lead him to Samson's door, for he would not be able to search for the signpost, the rolling cookstove in the ditch.

And ever this brave girl trailing behind him, a royal steadfast comrade, a burden nevertheless. Alone, with all the tricks of hide and seek at his command, he could have made pursuit impossible, got somewhere in the end. The burden of her lay in this: She divided his thoughts, and if caught, his agony would be double-damned by the knowledge of what would be in store for her. They would shoot only him. He wanted to save her, and to this purpose he would devote all his mental and physical energies to his last breath.

But what was happening in the mind of the girl behind him? She was happy! On the face of it, an incredible statement; yet it was true. This was what she wanted: to follow this man from hazard to hazard, to the end of the world. Her bodice was torn, her sleeves winged rags, her hair down. There was no urgent need of her hands upon the reins—her horse would follow the leader without her guidance. So she built up her hair as best she could and pinned it in a wad at the back of her head. If he had not come at that moment, by now she would have been dead.

Some part of Cutty's despair was the lack of a watch. A timepiece would have told him approximately how far they had come. The compass, valuable as it was, could only direct them. And now there was the possibility of the Reds, familiar with the locale, lying in wait at the far side of these woods. He was unarmed. He would never ask Olga for that automatic; she would need it far more than ever he.

"Have you still the pistol?" he called back.

"Yes. I couldn't reach it."

"Just as well."

Slish-slish, slish-slish went the iron-shod hoofs over the dead leaves. Cutty did not need the compass. Every little while he was given a glimpse of the North Star. There was an amazing undergrowth. It had probably been growing since '18—the peasants too busy patriotically to harvest it for the charcoal pits. Whenever a low limb struck him he called a warning to Olga.

Had he killed the outpost? Quite possibly. His hands still throbbed. His will to live was none of his creation; it had come easy-wise. To defend one's life at the expense of another's was a natural law. Kitty . . . He wondered if he would ever see her again. Lovely, vagrant Kitty, who would have passed through these heart-rending hours without a whimper, just as the girl behind him had.

Women—how they paid for war—living deaths! How they paid for their children and how their children paid them back! Nature—civilization had made her doubly cruel to women. Civilization had given them soft foods, soft beds, soft men, but Nature held to her irrevocable rules, and now women's tortures were thrice-fold. This poor child behind him. Servants, food, soft beds, lovely clothes and jewels—swept into oblivion in a single night.

He was surprised out of his philosophical meditations by the abrupt change overhead. They were again under the starry bowl of heaven. How long had it taken to come through? Maybe two hours. On guard again!

"Wait," he said. "Let us wait here for a few minutes."

For ten minutes his eyes, so well accustomed to the dark, roved in search of light or movement. He saw neither. Now then, to fare north to see if he could find the road again.

"Get out that pistol and hold it in readiness. Do you know how to work it?"

"Yes. You move the little latch on the side. But please do not leave me alone again."

"Together, then. Perhaps that is the better way. But remember to obey every command I give you."

She smiled in the dark. As if she would not!

Cutty worried some over the chink of the bridle metals. Daytime such a sound would not be noticeable, when the eye dominates the other senses. In the night this same sound changed its tonal qualities and reached a greater distance apparently. He was unable to muffle the sound. He could not tear either his blouse or his shirt, and he had no knife.

Sometimes, being human, he missed a point. He should have asked the muzhik for both knife and pistol. He strained his eyes toward the north, where, near or far, lay the road, but he found it only discoverable when he came to within a few yards of it.

"Halt!" he whispered. "I'm going to maneuver along the ditch for a ways. I must find that rolling cookstove, or kitchen, if I can. Hold these reins, but under no circumstance dismount. I'm confident that we are out of the danger zone—at least temporarily."

This time she did not have to wait. Soon by the swift action of his dim silhouette, she knew that he was returning on the run.

"The cookstove! Right under my feet! Miracles—almost too many." He remounted heavily.

"Don't you believe in God?"

"Yes. But I am still a little afraid of Him. Now, let me have a look at the compass."

Dawn was ending as they reached the third signpost—another farmhouse. It was some time before Cutty's knock was answered. He readily understood the cause of the delay. Samson's man was looking them over from some peephole. When the man did open the door Cutty saw at once that here would be no muzhik sergeant major. A soldier—every inch of him—of high caste; handsome, young, but gray and careworn.

"The compass!" cried Olga, once more assuming her rôle as interpreter.

Cutty presented the compass. The young man gravely examined and returned it.

At once Olga began to talk, so rapidly that Cutty could sense only a word or two, as good as nothing. Presently the stern young man took off his cap, approached and respectfully kissed her hand. She accepted the salute unconcernedly. Then Cutty remembered that she had kissed him on the cheek last night. The remembrance tingled his blood now; last night he had been too busy. He observed that the young fellow could not keep his eyes off Olga. But his eyes bespoke less of admiration than of astonishment.

"There is food within," he said. "You will have to help yourselves, for I shall be very busy."

"Tell him about the soldiers," advised Cutty.

When the news was imparted the young man shrugged. He replied to Olga.

"He says that the troops were discovered yesterday and that our muzhik is even now on his way here by another route."

"I see." Cutty rubbed his bristling chin. They would be the last, then? Tomorrow would have been too late.

Olga's thought ran in the same channel. "Do you believe in God now?" she asked, as if it were vital to her that she should have no more doubts.

"Yes. But my faith is a man's faith and it will always be somewhat troubled. Lord, how I ache! I smell coffee, in a land of samovars!"

At the table he noted her torn sleeves and bodice. He had come just in time. Lovely, even in her tatters. Nobility, the highly well-born. The title itself was without substance; it was its reaction upon the mind that mattered. Four or five centuries under one name. A pride hammered for generations out of steel and brass—that could take Olga down into and up through her hells and bring her here, serene of eye! What *bourgeoisie* or peasant woman would not have whined and sniveled continuously during these fantasmic hours? Cutty was a thoroughgoing republican, but he never let his republicanism obscure his perceptions—sometimes the nobly born were great. And their greatness had been bred out of a sound. Courage might be innate—as a seed in the soil—but it had to be got at with hoe and rake before it could be made to bloom.

Some day she would tell him her story. Or part of it. Yet he himself, the coming night, would begin her story without knowing it was hers!

She slept on the army cot; he stretched out on the floor, an army blanket his pillow. An old campaigner, sleep struck him full, without any dallying. Olga's body, being younger, less hardy, did not respond to the call of oblivion so readily as his. Her sleep was fitful; she turned this way and that, sat up, lay down again. It seemed to her that her legs and shoulders had been beaten by clubs. Dreams opened her eyes, too—dreadful fragments of actual scenes. Besides these hindrances, there was a burning thought that would not dim: The end of the Odyssey was at hand. Once, when she was fully awake, she sat up and gazed down at that fine handsome head. He would always be with her spiritually, though he left her actually forever. She swung her feet to the floor, stooped over Cutty and lightly kissed his temple. Good-by! Good-by!

At five o'clock that afternoon the young soldier aroused them both. He was accompanied by the muzhik. From the window Cutty saw a gray world of mist and rain. They must be off immediately. There were Reds both north and south. Delay would be dangerous. Neither Olga nor Cutty complained, though they were in muscular anguish and dreaded the horses. Four hours on horseback, they were informed, through a forest.

"Do you think you can hold on that long?" asked Cutty, wondering if he could.

"I have got to." She smiled, but her eyes were dark underneath.

He smothered a groan as he thrust a foot through the stirrup and literally hauled himself into the saddle. He saw that they were not going to set fire to the farm. Even in the mist and rain enough smoke would get through to be seen for miles around. Atmospheric conditions did not trouble him now, or signposts; there were capable guides ahead.

(Continued on Page 90)

Coils of Life for Your Car

A procession of these big, fiery coils moves through the Timken steel mill, where all the steel is made for Timken Bearings. Recently they were liquid metal in Timken electric furnaces, which produce the most durable bearing steel known. Shortly they will be made into tapered rolls for Timken Tapered Roller Bearings.

Timken-made electric steel, Timken tapered construction and Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* give Timken Bearings their ability to add life and performance to Timken-equipped cars, trucks and buses. This exclusive combination of features assures protection not only against friction, but against side-thrust, shock, speed and torque.

Shafts, gears and wheels are held permanently in line, for smooth, quiet, attention-free operation, in your most rigorous service. Remember, bearings directly support the moving parts. Bearing durability is paramount. You want Timken Bearings.

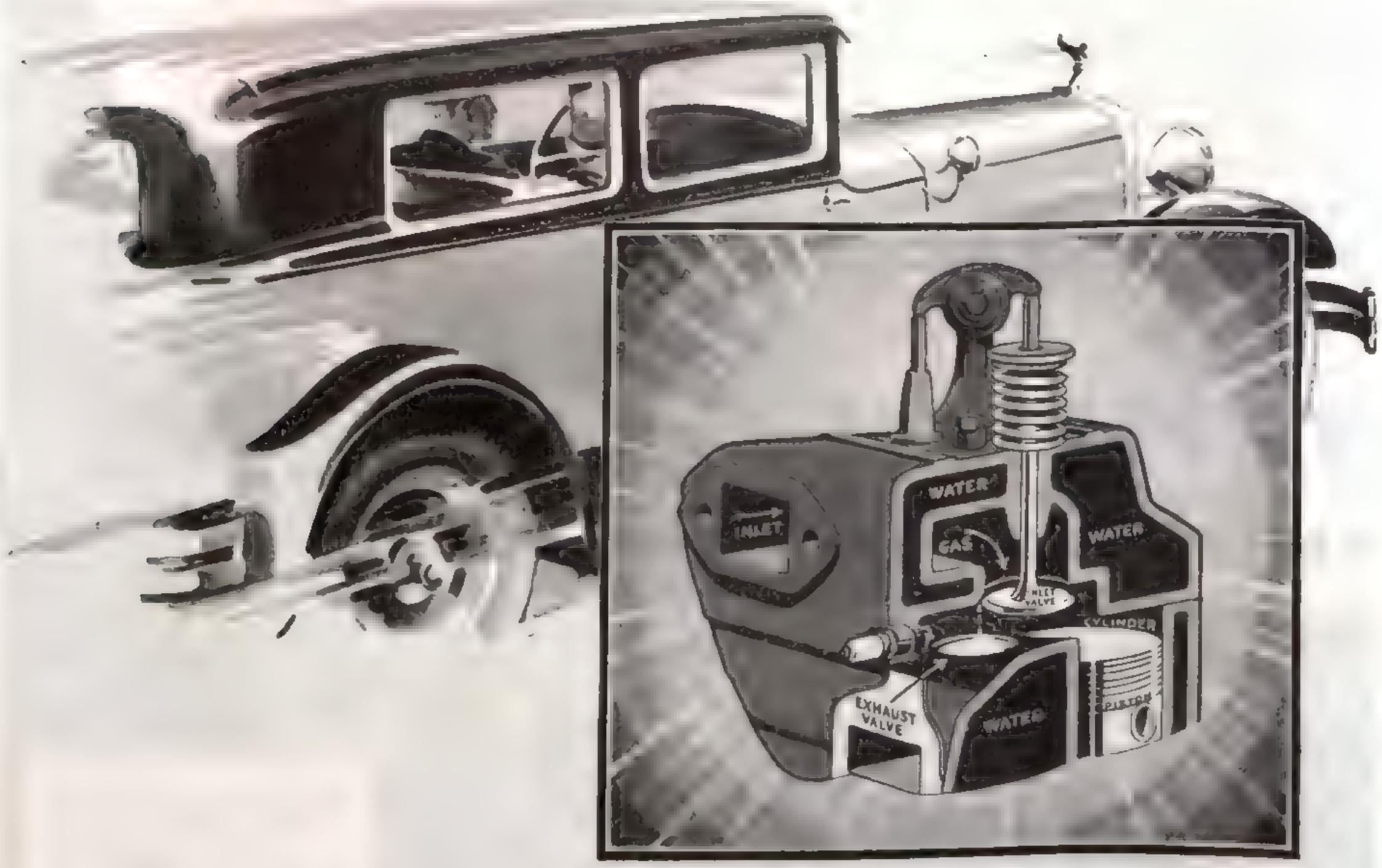
THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

Of 40 Manufacturers of Passenger Cars in This Country, 35 Use Timken Bearings at the Points Indicated by Crosses

Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	×	×	×		×
Cadillac	All	×	×		×	×
Chandler	Special 6	×	×	×		×
	Big 6 & Royal 8	×		×		×
Chrysler	52 62 72	×	×	×		×
	80	×				×
Cunningham	All	×	×	×		×
Dodge	All	×	×			×
Durant	4-M2 and 55	×	×	×		
	65 & 75	×	×	×		×
Elcar	6-70	×				×
	8-78 & 8-82	×	×			×
	8-91 & 8-92	×	×			×
Falcon	All	×	×	×	×	×
Ford	All	×		×	×	×
Franklin	All	×	×	×	×	×
Gardner	All	×	×	×		×
Graham-Paige	610	×	×	×		×
	614	×	×			×
	619, 629, 835	×	×		×	×
Hudson and Essex	All	×	×	×		×
Hupmobile	6	×	×	×		×
	Big 8	×	×			×
	Century 8	×	×			×
Jordan	All	×	×	×	×	×
Kissel	All	×	×	×		×
Marmon	68	×				×
	78		×			×
McFarlan	All	×	×	×		×
Moon	All	×	×	×		×
Nash	Std 6	×	×	×		×
	6 and 8	×				×
Peerless	8-69	×	×			×
	6-91, 6-80 and 6-82	×	×	×		×
Pierce-Arrow	81	×	×	×		×
	36	×	×			
Reo	Flying Cloud	×	×		×	×
	Wolverine	×	×		×	×
Roamer		×				
Stearns-Knight	All	×	×	×	×	×
Studebaker and Erskine	All	×	×	×	×	×
Stutz	All	×	×	×		×
Velie	All	×	×	×	×	×
Willys-Overland	Whippet 4	×	×	×	×	×
	Whippet 6	×	×	×	×	×
	56	×	×	×	×	×
	66-A	×			×	×
	70-A	×		×	×	×

Thrilling



HUDSON PATENTS "F" HEAD

The U. S. Patent Office has granted patents to the Hudson Motor Car Company on the "F"-Head high-compression motor. The patent—No. 1,656,-051, relating to internal combustion engines—covers the entire arrangement of valves, spark plugs and combustion chamber.

With the new patented design Hudson motors now are built with a compression ratio of nearly 6 to 1—or 20 per cent above the average—with correspondingly high standards of acceleration, fuel economy and power. It is practically impossible to make the motor knock under even the most adverse operating conditions. The motor is the liveliest, most powerful and economical Hudson has ever built.

And it gives the most brilliant performance in Hudson history, far in advance of anything the industry has known.

New Limits of Performance

The Hudson Super-Six
118-inch Standard Sedan

HUDSON

Super-Six

Are you blinded by the *New Blade Fallacy?*

Men by the million miss the joy of velvet smooth shaves every day. They are blinded by the idea that a new blade shaves smoothly because it's new. They use a new blade every few days, thoughtlessly believing that they are getting the best shaves possible — but they are NOT.

The maker of fine razors would like to get his blades to you in perfect shaving condition — if he could. But tempered steel is sensitive to weather conditions and the finishing touches must be put on the blade by stropping *just before the shave.*

This is interesting

Fine razors have edges of tiny invisible teeth. Temperature changes, jolts and handling get these teeth out of alignment. That's why a blade pulls. Stropping smoothes them into line and restores a keen cutting edge.

A few turns on Twinplex puts an edge on a NEW blade that is a marvel for smooth shaving. And it's so easy to strop with Twinplex. No fussing —no reversing blade. Just slip blade in and turn—strops both edges at once and reverses blade at every turn, just as a barber does. You can't fail.

30 seconds a day will keep one blade marvelously keen, for weeks of the smoothest shaves you've ever known. Shaving is also easier and quicker with Twinplex, for a keen blade is a quick, safe shaver.

You can now buy a Twinplex at any dealer's for as little as $2.50. It pays for itself in a few months and saves more than its cost each year thereafter. Other attractive Twinplex models at $3.50 and $5.00.

Send for the DULL HOUSE and FREE NEW blade stropped

Let the Dull House solve the problem of keeping [illegible] edges. Send [illegible] and we will send you, FREE, one brand NEW blade stropped on Twinplex, and specially packed to protect it. You will get from it a new idea of what a real shave is. Name your razor.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1005 Locust Street, Saint Louis
(Twinplex Manufacturers, Limited)

Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER, QUICKER SHAVES

(Continued from Page 86)

It was reasonable to assume that there would be no scouting by the Reds in weather like this; they would be scurrying to cover. They were yet under the ægis of the Terror and might remain there for years to come. They had not, as the French had had, a coalition of nations against them, nothing to inspire them with real patriotism. They were hugging only Marxian fallacies. It would be a long time, Cutty argued, before there would come into the Russian language a line equal to that which had spiritually defended all France's frontiers: To live free, or to die!

On, on, in single file, through an old forest with green-filmed stately boles towering into the sky. Night descended. At half-past nine they came into a clearing. Cutty saw in it the end of this phase of the journey. Olga saw the end of hers, too; and she swept a hand across her eyes, dashing the tears out of them.

"*Monsieur*," said the young soldier, "do you speak French?"

"Yes."

"Then proceed to yonder door—you see the house?—with Her Highness and present the compass. We have much work to accomplish—many things to destroy. And pray God for sunshine in the morning."

Cutty, followed closely by Olga, approached Samson's door. He was thrilling with curiosity.

IX

THE door opened and a colossal silhouette stepped into the frame. A refulgence, due to the position of the lights, stood out beyond his body lines, reminding Cutty of the old Florentine school of painting—sacerdotal. This semblance was emphasized by the long Russian military coat. Cutty could not see the man's face. He offered the compass, which Samson thrust into a pocket carelessly.

"Enter," he said in English. "Report came to me about you last night." He turned aside to admit them.

Hidden telephone, thought Cutty. Usually giants were malformed, as Cutty knew, but here was the most magnificent specimen of manhood he had ever laid eyes on. Blond and bearded and blue of eye, the pallor of winter still on forehead and cheek bones.

Cutty stumbled at the step. An enormous hand caught him by the arm and gently lifted him over the threshold. Cutty staggered over to a chair and sat down in a state bordering on collapse. He had drawn on the meager reserves of the middle-aged soldier; he had, so to speak, run his engine without fuel—pulled himself along by his boot straps. Queer piece of furniture, the human body, that it should go through hell upright and then collapse in the arms of safety. He looked at Olga. Young, but she, too, had drawn upon her last resources.

She began speaking in Russian to Samson; when done, he nodded and bowed. Olga then stood before Cutty, looking down into his eyes. The shadow of a smile played upon her lips for a moment.

"Thanks, Cutty. I shall always remember. Life—well, we two have seen it." She held out a hand; the ragged sleeve fell away from her smooth white arm, mottled with bruises.

Sometimes, among women he knew intimately, he would in jest kiss their hands. He rose and kissed Olga's solemnly, without jest, vaguely regretful.

"You are as brave a woman as I have ever known, and a good comrade."

"With you I could not have been anything else. It seems as if I had known you all my life. What crowded hours! I am not hungry. I want sleep."

An army blanket hung over the far door. She swung it aside and it fell behind her—symbolical, to Cutty. Like that, tomorrow, she would go out of his life forever. Cutty sat down again, making the chair creak.

His strange host struck a gong lightly, and shortly after, through one of the side doors came a soldier with a tray—soup and bread and tea and a tin of salmon.

"We shall talk afterward," said Samson, his voice sonorous.

Nom de nique! Not an endearing term, was Cutty's surmise—Samson. Rather significant of thunderbolts, reprisals, vengeance; the heroic blind man, come to the temple. And yet, the good Samaritan. Cutty fell upon the meal ravenously. The meal finished, he leaned back in the chair and sighed.

"Samson——" as if musing.

"They call me that," replied the giant. Cutty noticed that the man's head and beard were not so blond as white. "You are an American. Who gave you the sign?"

"Maranov."

"So he still lives? Just how did you escape from the Petrovski Barracks? That will make interesting hearing."

Cutty recounted the exploit. Samson struck his thigh and his laughter threatened to dislodge all unattached objects in the room.

"And what was your crime against Utopia?"—ironically.

Cutty ran his hand over his chin and cheeks. An unshaven face made him feel messy. Oh, well, he ought in gratitude to trust this man to the uttermost. So he got out Kitty's belt—talisman if ever there was one—and extracted the list, which he passed over. Samson read it. He did not return it at once, but stared into nothingness.

Finally: "You are a brave man. I'll do what is humanly possible to get you through. I very much desire your Government to receive this paper. So long as America holds aloof, an equilibrium is established. But if this rain does not continue through the night, if daylight isn't clear, I would not give a kopeck for the number of our days. They are coming toward this spot from three directions. If the troops had the discipline of my time they would have been here yesterday."

The speaker rose and went to a deep-set window and returned with a large tin box. Cutty stared thoughtfully at the blanketed doorway. There was only a slight edge in their favor, then? The box contained some old pipes, new mouthpieces and some tobacco.

"You smoke?" Samson asked.

"Tobacco to me——" Cutty did not finish the sentence, but rummaged about in the box. He found a bowl which suited his taste, poked a new mouthpiece into it, loaded and fired it, and for a little cared not which end the world stood on. "How many persons have you got through?"

"Three hundred."

"By what means?"

"Airplanes."

Cutty lowered his pipe, incredulous. "Then that was your plane roving around last night?"

"I was forced to risk it. I had to know where they were. Camp fires."

"But airplanes, in the middle of all this?" cried the astonished Cutty, making a gesture toward the world outside.

"This forest is twelve miles long and seven wide. There was a natural clearing a thousand yards from east to west. We leveled it."

"But how did you get the stuff in?" demanded Cutty, his astonishment growing.

"I know my French Revolution. I saw what was coming when the army first showed signs of mutiny. Others refused to see. My money went to Stockholm. I had no illusions. It took us six months to make three hangars and fill them. Oh, we were not then thinking of saving individuals. We expected civil war. This nucleus would be ready. We make our take-offs in the night."

"But the landings?"

"We have been lucky. Our ground lights throw no beams. We generate our electricity when we need it. We are only five hours from our other secret landing in Poland. In the winter we sit tight. We are out of the winds. From April to October we do what we can. To those who have gone through, word of honor never to tell how. But someone has betrayed us, accidentally or intentionally. In the morning dawn—we must go, with luck or without it. My English puzzles you. I was educated at Cambridge in the days when England looked suspiciously upon all Russians—except those who harangued from soap boxes. The true menace they did not see, being as it was under their very noses."

Cutty inhaled a volume of smoke and exhaled it through his nostrils slowly, so that his picturesque head resembled an Alpine rock.

"We're kind of wonderful after all," he said, "aren't we, we human beings?"

"Kind of. For my friends—those I could snatch out of yonder hell, could they but find the way to me. Oh, some day Russia will be Russia again. Sooner or later common sense and realities will take hold. The beginning of everything is chaos. Do you know who your companion is?"

"Her name? No. She has the patience of a sheep and the courage of a lion. I heard your man call her Highness. I'm not inquisitive. When she is ready to tell me her story, she will."

Samson combed his beard. "She stands alone, of all her family. She does not know me, but I know her—penniless and homeless. Her mother had greatness of her own. Her father was a scoundrel, but his death was not without greatness. She will find people she knew, but more than give her food and shelter they cannot. Chaos never considers the innocent. She has her eye upon an end. Woe to those her elbows touch!"

Samson leaned over to put a log on the fire and something slipped from his blouse and dangled at the end of a fine gold chain. The dangling object was a Greek cross of lustrous emeralds. Cutty stared, for he had what he humorously called the green complex. Samson quickly thrust the jewel back into his blouse.

"Were you in the Petrovski Barracks two years?"

"Oh, no. I was transferred frequently; probably to amuse me, for sometimes it was very dull. You see, I would not tell."

"In spite of death?"

Cutty chuckled. "I'm a wise old parrot. The moment I surrendered that list, that moment would have been my last. The word of a Soviet? Let us call him what he is—anarchist."

Samson appeared to be musing. "The love of adventure."

"I am an addict. Early in my life I was a foreign correspondent for a great newspaper. I came into considerable property. But the habit had been formed. I found a game worth playing. But now I am tired. I love my country, but I wish now to love her passively. Her democracy is the best human beings have yet evolved, but there are still many holes in it. We crawl slowly out of chaos; we do not jump. But we have seen things, rock-fast—Robespierreism—Leninism. There we are, with only a few mosquito bites. This affair was really not mine. I inherited it from a lovable young chap who died in duty. I would have liked a son of his type. So it was mandatory that I should carry on from the point where he stopped."

Samson saluted.

"Theories—thousands of them—and each theorist plugging his ears with wax lest he hear his rival! Noise! And yet the essence of all these theories—which begin in wind and end in blood—will some day bring back Russia. Not the Russia that I have known, but a Russia."

"What's going on in the world?"

Samson gave him a gist of it.

"That is what I wanted to know. A chap hates to be beaten after he has gone through what I have. So my country holds aloof?"

Samson rose and slowly began to pace the floor, the long skirts of his military coat swaying behind him. After four or five turns he stopped in front of Cutty.

"Tell me, have you ever heard of a woman called the Lady of the Shambles?" Samson spoke gently.

(Continued on Page 93

Let your eye-for-values guide you *to these modern, low-priced rugs*

Designed and made by the makers of Armstrong's Linoleum

TO the woman who "knows her shopping," this new rug will be a delightful surprise. For even to the experienced eye, it *looks* expensive. It has the artistry of design, the deep, clear-toned coloring you associate with more costly things. There's no hint of a bargain . . . until you glance at the price tag.

Then the surprise. Why, a large 9 ft. x 12 ft. Quaker-Felt Rug costs little more—perhaps no more—than you usually pay for a pair of good shoes!

Has new Accolac finish

A new lacquer finish, Accolac—rich, satin-smooth, and dirt-resisting—protects each Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rug. Thus cleaning is speeded up, simplified. For no dust or dirt can sift through the Accolac finish and become imbedded in the rug. All dirt is surface dirt . . . ready to come off with a quick dusting . . . just as you dust your furniture. No heavy sweeping to do. You don't even need to use the vacuum cleaner.

Think of the time and work these rugs can save you. With one in the dining-room, never again need you worry about spilled foods. No danger of spotting. Even grease wipes right up with a damp cloth.

Let one of these rugs help you keep the children's room always looking neat, or brighten up your sun porch. And your kitchen! You'll wonder how you ever did without such a labor-saving rug . . . for a quick damp mopping, and all traces of soil vanish from the Accolac finish.

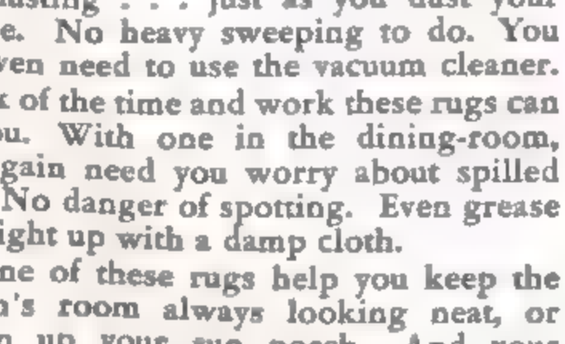
Each Quaker-Felt Rug is *guaranteed* to give satisfactory wear. A new rug if you're not satisfied, says the numbered certificate.

Send for "Rich Beauty at Low Cost," a new, free booklet that will help you choose rugs for your home, that will tell you the whole thrift and labor-saving story of Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rugs. Shows the new designs in full color. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, Lancaster, Pa.

* * *

You can also buy Armstrong's Quaker-Felt by-the-yard in 6-ft. and 9-ft. widths. An inexpensive "all-over" floor. Dozens of lovely new patterns to choose from. Accolac finished.

A brand new rug free . . . if the one you buy fails to give complete satisfaction. That is the guarantee of this Quaker Girl Certificate—on the face of each Quaker-Felt Rug.

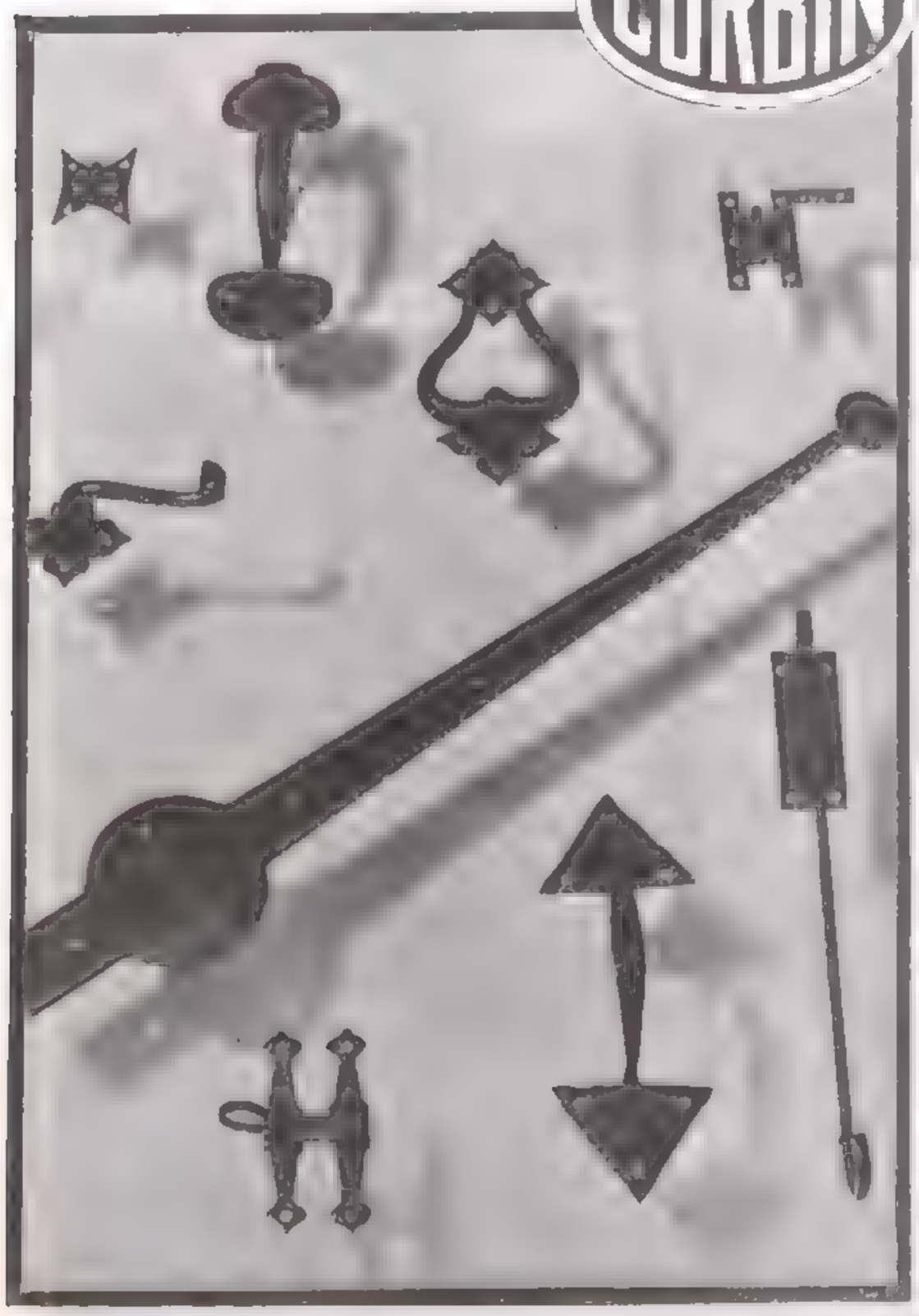


Made by the Makers of Armstrong's Linoleum

Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rugs

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

CORBIN



If your home calls for Colonial Hand-Forged Hardware in Iron—Corbin can supply that, too

A TRULY Colonial doorway is known by the hinges that gracefully swing it—by the latch that gives it picturesque security—by the knocker that suggests hospitality and welcome within.

You can give your home an old-time charm and quaintness with this Colonial hand-forged iron hardware by Corbin.

A newsy booklet we'll gladly send you tells all about it. Use the convenient coupon below. Better still, see this interesting hardware at any Corbin dealer's.

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

The American Hardware Corporation, Successor

New York Chicago Philadelphia

P & F CORBIN Dept. S-9

New Britain, Conn.

You may send me your booklet on Colonial Hand-Forged Iron Hardware by Corbin.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 90)

For all the heat of the fire, to Cutty the room seemed to grow cold and vaultlike. The Lady of the Shambles!—a woman, beautiful and terrible. Yes, he knew her; he had seen her; she had even brushed by him one day, leaving him dizzy with the thought and the cloying perfume of her, as she wandered about the Petrovski upon her mad and ruddy business.

x

"YES," said Cutty, "I have seen her. You kissed her boots if she asked you to. And blew a hole through you if you didn't. Yes"—staring uneasily at the bowl of his pipe—"I have seen her at play."

"She is still in Moscow?"

"No. They have sent her west on a proselyting mission. That is the whisper. I have not seen her in nearly a year."

Samson extended his formidable hands. "I want her damned neck within these fingers. My son would not kiss her muddy boots." The passion died away quickly. "So she goes forth? Then so must I, this task being ended. Have you any money?"

"Once in Warsaw, I shall be well taken care of. But this poor girl, in there ——"

"I have no friends to send her to, but I can give her some money. Does anybody know that woman?" Samson added.

"I do," said Cutty after a pause. He knocked his pipe against his boot heel. His tongue had begun to smart. "And if she had known that I knew it!" Cutty drew a finger across his throat. "Karlovna—Anna Karlovna. She came from the Caspian Sea region and her story is rather pitiful. You see, a few years ago in New York I was the indirect cause of her brother's death. My men were leading him to the police station, when he made a break for liberty. He was shot and killed. At the Petrovski I dared not ask any questions about her, for fear of drawing her attention to me. Théroigne de Méricourt—without any patriotism. Yes. I know all about her. Will you permit me to see that cross of emeralds?"

Samson hesitated, debating; then suddenly he drew the chain over his head and laid the cross upon Cutty's palm. Lovingly Cutty examined the stones. After a while he looked up.

"I believe I've seen this before. In 1912, on the breast of the Czar."

"It was his gift to me before his abdication. . . . Eh, well!"—moodily.

"I am fond of emeralds and chrysoprase," said Cutty divertingly. "A few years ago I stumbled into some strange adventures while helping one of your compatriots."

Samson sat down. As he did so the outer door opened and the young officer entered. He saluted and burst into gutturals, which Samson interpolated with nods. Another salute, then the young fellow wheeled and hurried whence he had come.

"Everything is ready," explained Samson, "except the weather. Well, we have no choice. Death if we stay and maybe death if we go. The trees in the west are very high. A take-off in the fog is as safe as a blind man in a strange room full of chairs."

"Oh, we'll get through," Cutty declared. "I have a talisman. It's that belt you saw. When I found it I knew that nothing could stop me getting through. My godchild gave it to me." How oddly "godchild" fell upon his tongue tonight! The utterance was accompanied by an annoying self-consciousness, as if he were telling an untruth and expected to be found out. Yet, there was no human law against a man loving his godchild, his ward. Still, the word seemed to have caught edgeways in his cheeks.

"Talisman? Well, in that case ——" Samson smiled and stretched out his legs. "We may be summoned any moment. But go on with your story."

"Ah yes. Well, one night there tumbled into the window of a young and lovely lady—this godchild of mine—a handsome young man. Anna Karlovna's brother had chased him across half the world. This young man carried a bag of jewels of astonishing quality—a fortune. Among these gems were two extraordinary emeralds. Karlov, or Karlovitch, wanted these emeralds, for reasons which I shall explain later. We called this young man Johnny Two-hawks or Hawksley. Odd name—Indian-like. But his mother had been a famous opera diva, guarded by two aunts whom young men dubbed the two hawks because they so well guarded the diva."

"A singer? Ah." Samson ran his fingers through his beard.

"The young fellow was badly beaten up," went on Cutty; "but we pulled him through. We got him out of my godchild's flat into my apartment, which is on the top of a fifteen-story building. There his enemies could not get to him, and he grew strong again. I tried to prevent it, but Kitty and this forlorn young grand duke ——"

"Grand duke?" Samson leaned forward. "A grand duke whose mother was an opera singer?"

"Yes. When I was a young fellow I heard her at the Scala in Milan. Well, this grand duke is now an American citizen a cowman on a Montana ranch."

"This world is full of unbelievable things!"

"Today unbelievable, but ordinary facts tomorrow. Well, to go on. Karlov wanted to exterminate the last of that house, and he came near doing it, through the inquisitiveness of Kitty—Irish, lovely, brave and impulsive. I found the two and managed to best Karlov in a rough-and-tumble. He was shot an hour or two later. Poor devil! Demolition of the house which had destroyed his sister—the emeralds to grind under his heels!"

Samson eyed the blanket behind which the young woman had gone, an air of bewilderment set upon his face.

Cutty pyramided his fingers. He was oblivious of all except the scenes he was conjuring out of his amazing pack of memories.

"There is a quaint story regarding those emeralds. If a young virgin looked upon them she would find a true lover and be happy ever after. So, Anna Karlovna—broken and destroyed, when her mind was full of fairy stories. A mad woman ever since. I do not blame Karlov, or Karlovitch. He loved his sister. You never saw her?"

"No."

"I tell you she is a beautiful thing to look at—till you see her eyes. You see, some of this day's madness lies at the door of you folk. In all political convulsions the innocent pay with the guilty."

To this Samson agreed by an affirmative nod.

"Very well. I saw Kitty and her grand duke over their rivers." Cutty chuckled. "I was the hero. I did all the roof crossing, all the fighting. That seems to be one of the main reasons of my being—rescuing people and losing a good deal of personal fun and leisure. My ambitions are sedentary; my life is one long record of hazards."

"The Order of the Good Samaritan," said Samson gravely. "Welcome. I know your breed. You grumble eternally and go on helping those who need you. And you would not trade one wine-warm thrill for all the comforts of your eagle's nest at the top of your fifteen-story building. I was in New York twenty years ago."

"Well, I'm through now. This old body of mine ——"

Samson laughed. "That old body of yours is at its culmination. You have lived a man's life, which is good. You have been fretting. A man of your energies needs wide spaces. A man who can escape from the Petrovski Barracks —— Don't talk nonsense! But, go on."

Pleasurably warmed, Cutty proceeded to finish his story. "Karlovitch, with his mob, burned and sacked the castle on the Caspian. Now, this poor Hawksley, in trying to save the jewels, returned to the head of the staircase in time to see his sister go

(Continued on Page 95)

Armed with New KNOWLEDGE

—sure of her new skill

The Woman of Today has made This Plan of Household Buying a Nation-Wide Vogue

THE woman of today! So self-reliant now in all her shopping—so sure of her new skill!

Only yesterday her mother depended almost wholly on the advice of salesmen when she bought food-stuffs. Needed to be persuaded and convinced.

The woman of today with her new, wide knowledge of real values has blazed a trail of her own. That she may be entirely *free to choose for herself*, she has made this special plan of household buying a nation-wide vogue.

There are no clerks to persuade her in the Piggly Wiggly Store.

The choice foods of five continents

On the open shelves with all prices plainly marked, you find the choice foods of the world at Piggly Wiggly.

Out of the countless brands and grades on the market today, the experienced men in charge of Piggly Wiggly have selected the finest varieties of every food for you to choose from.

You take what you please in your hands, examine it, make comparisons, arrive at your own decision *purely on merit*. No clerks to wait for no delays—no hurry, at the Piggly Wiggly Store. What useful ideas you get for dishes and menus!

And with every article you see a big square price tag, the celebrated "swinging" tag of the Piggly Wiggly Store.

Finer foods—less expense

How easily you save money at Piggly Wiggly! Week in and week out you cut your expenses for groceries. Consistently low prices are assured by Piggly Wiggly's special plan of operation.

To serve more tempting meals at lower cost—that is why two million women are now daily using this new plan of household buying. Today there are over 2800 Piggly Wiggly Stores serving the country from coast to coast.

To give your husband pleasant surprises both at the table and with your savings, try this modern method of shopping. Visit the Piggly Wiggly Store in your neighborhood.

From the ice box as well as from the shelves, you simply help yourself at the Piggly Wiggly Store

Because they want to be free to choose for themselves, 2,000,000 women are daily using Piggly Wiggly

More tempting foods at lower cost! Dishes that please the palate to suit fastidious taste—this is what Piggly Wiggly is supplying to more than 2,000,000 women

© P W Adv Co Inc

From a single store a few years ago to a nation-wide system of over 2800 stores—here is the astounding record of this new plan of shopping

PIGGLY WIGGLY STORES

The finest kinds of each food selected for you to choose from

Unusual opportunity to own and operate a profitable local business with the merchandising co-operation of a national organization—exclusive Piggly Wiggly franchises. Available in cities where stores have not been established. Open only to men who control sufficient capital to finance a number of stores. Address Piggly Wiggly Corporation, Memphis, Tennessee.

A SERVICE NOW OFFERED IN OVER 800 CITIES AND TOWNS

SPARKLING

with fine art work paid for by the economy of *Hammermill Cover Paper*

"GIVE it some life," is the lash under which you plan every folder, booklet, broadside or catalog. Business competition holds that lash.

Keep one thing in mind, and you can turn out beautiful jobs with surprising economy: Specify Hammermill Cover Paper. First, because it is a good paper. But equally important, because it is low-priced. Take this saving, put it into finer art work, extra color or better printing.

Or, if you prefer, you can put the saving into Hammermill Cover envelopes to match the job, or into bigger editions.

Eight colors and white, ample variety for any average printing job. Each color time-proven by years of printing experience. Light, medium and double-thick weights. Antique or ripple finish. And, like all Hammermill papers, Hammermill Cover is exceptionally uniform in quality.

Hammermill Cover Envelopes: Eight sizes, to fit mailing pieces from small folders to 9 x 12 booklets. Three colors white, sepia and grey. Guaranteed by the United States Envelope Company. Available everywhere through Hammermill agents.

Write for Working Kit . . . On your business letterhead, request a Working Kit of Hammermill Cover Paper, containing printed specimens in the various colors, weights and finishes. Simply address the Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pennsylvania.

Use Hammermill Cover Paper for

Hand Bills
Broadsides
Box Covers
Post Cards
Price Tags
Posters
Folders
Booklets
Calendars
Announcements
Book Wrappers
Magazine Covers
Package Circulars
Display Folders
Dance Programs
Material Tickets
Window Cards
House Organs
Text sections of fine booklets
Book Binding
Greeting Cards
Display Racks
Return Cards
Programs
Price Lists
Bulletins
Sale Bills
Menus

As Standard as Hammermill Bond

(Continued from Page 92)

down under the hobnails. The picture haunted his dreams. In his delirium he babbled about torches and hobnailed boots. It was his notion that he should have gone down there and died with her. He called himself a yellow dog. But in a moment like that, who thinks clearly? So he ran away. But there are times when fate is kind. He tumbled into Kitty Conover's window. Her mother was a dear friend of mine, her father my comrade in the old newspaper days."

"And what became of the emeralds?" asked Samson.

"Oh, I have them at home. I like to play with them, imagine the scenes through which they have gone. Sinister stones. I've a notion that originally they came out of the Peacock Throne. Lord, how lovely they are! I am an honest man; yet it came into my mind once to steal them. Demoralizing things. But Kitty gave me both of them. Green stones!"

"Well, you shall see them again if we land in Poland."

Silence. The two men stared into the fire.

Queer, thought Cutty, that call of Kitty's in the night; how real it was! Anna Karlovna. Out of space, bullet swift, came an appalling thought. The Karlovna woman, on her way to finish up what her brother had failed to do! His body grew numb. That fury loose, seeking the death of Hawksley, an eternal storm over Kitty's sunshine—and no way to warn her! Kitty, whom he had no right to love, but did! Cutty half rose from his chair and, aware of his present impotence, relaxed again.

"Did you hear something?" asked Samson.

"What we Americans call seeing things. The Karlovna woman's absence, perhaps in America ——"

Samson touched Cutty's knee. "Ah! Suppose she destroys those you love—your godchildren? Will you pity her or wring her neck?"

"God knows what I'd do!"

"Let us say that we loved our dog. It becomes touched with rabies. We kill it. If we do not ——"

"It bites us and we die horribly. Yes, yes!"

Cutty understood now—the phenomenon of Kitty's voice and appearance. She had called to him, despite fact; through the thousand miles of the night she had found him! Something dreadful had happened.

"Those emeralds—what are they called?" Samson again eyed the blanketed doorway. "Singular gems always have names. What were they called?"

"What? Oh, yes! They are called the Drums of Jeopardy."

"The Drums of Jeopardy?" cried a feminine voice. The two men sprang to their feet, to behold Olga standing in the doorway, her eyes startled, her lips parted. "Did you say the Drums of Jeopardy?" she asked, in a voice which she could not drive above a whisper. "My brother is—alive?"

Cutty could hear the rain distinctly as it pattered monotonously on the roof.

XI

OUT of this shock, tragic and otherwise, came what Cutty had been seeking all these hours, but subconsciously. He had been aware of the vague likeness to some other face he had seen, but the turmoil and desperation of the flight had not permitted him to rummage around in his storehouse of recollections. Now he knew. She had inherited the beauty of her mother. On the other side of that wall, the one in all the world, at that singular moment, flying for his life as he had been, to have knocked the sister of Johnny Two-hawks to her knees! Bewilderment, which did not subside at once. Olga. . . . Of course. Her brother had babbled her name in his delirium. A few seconds, this way or that, and she had not been here. The human mind, barricaded by facts against the invasion of the incredible and finding itself invaded, falls into bewilderment. And Cutty's mind was already beset with calamitous fears relative to Kitty's safety.

The tableau had short duration. Olga let the blanket fall behind her and walked unsteadily to the nearest chair, which she sat down in, and covered her face with her hands.

"Ivan, alive and happy!"—came through her fingers. "When I heard the name Anna Karlovna I could not help listening. She—her destruction at the door of my house! I remember Anna, shy and beautiful." Olga rocked her body, her tatters swaying with her. "And all the while we believed each other dead, Ivan and I! Kitty—the young woman of your troubled dream. Ivan ——"

Cutty shook himself mentally. "I will take you to him," he said. "You will love Kitty his wife. It seems to me that all my beliefs, all my facts, have been uprooted and cast on the wind. For you to be there at that moment, when I jumped! I can't accept the unalterable fact, and I must."

"When we reached that ruined farm all my belief in God came back." Olga looked up, smiling through her tears. "And you?"

"Oh, from now on I shall believe in any kind of miracle"—a kindly banter in his voice.

Here he was, the Good Samaritan again. He must do for the sister what he had done for the brother—see her safely into harbor. But when this task was over he would hide himself in his eagle's nest, bolt all doors and eat and sleep for weeks, lest he hear some other cry. But in his soul he knew that he was happy, that there was no happiness like this kind of happiness.

Meanwhile Samson smiled. Strange tales crossed this threshold and never recrossed it. He would like this American for a friend. A tall, bony man with a beautifully shaped head, a humorous mouth above a masterful jaw, the brow of a thinker, hair of iron-gray and the vivid blue eyes of the sailor; in normal times, handsome. Of unfaltering courage, swift invention, who, fleeing death, could take an unknown woman under his wing. Oh, this world was not so shoddy a place.

"Always remember," said Cutty, "that your brother saw you die. From that hour he cursed himself because he did not rush down there and die with you. In his dreams he saw your face, the torches, the hobnailed boots. He had no way of finding out whether you lived or not. Day by day he was in flight, the man Karlovitch close upon his heels."

"He did not hear me scream 'Fly!' I knew that he could not escape. I did not want him to see me die."

How had she escaped? A shiver ran over Cutty. He must never ask her that question. Five years had passed since that night out of Brocken. And during these five years? No, he must not even speculate.

"Did Ivan find Gregor?" she asked.

"The old violinist? Yes, he found him."

"Where is Gregor?"

Gravely Cutty pointed heavenward. "Karlovitch imprisoned him to trap your brother. He failed in that. Then he fell to torturing that beautiful old man—first by breaking that glorious Stradivarius—Gregor's soul—and then by starvation. Even the joy of seeing your brother was denied him." Cutty turned to Samson. "Gregor Gregorovitch ——"

"Yes. He was one of the greatest violinists of his time. I heard him the year of the coronation."

"He loved my mother—but as a man loves a star," said Olga. "He gave up his career to be with us, to watch over Ivan. Ah, what dreadful things in a world that should be so beautiful!"

"Your brother is now in happy circumstance and soon you shall share these circumstances."

"Tell me about his wife."

Cutty's face grew warm. "She is as lovely as a basket of peaches. Your courage. Her mother was an actress"—his face grew sad—"a beautiful and gracious woman who married a comrade of mine." Cutty briefly sketched his own life.

Meanwhile Samson mused. A queer family history, this girl's. The wastrel of a father, marrying an opera singer, and then going gayly to the devil, true to form. The boy and girl had escaped the taint of race because, till her death, the Italian mother had been a tower of strength, a great woman in more ways than one. In a little while, because she was still young, this bit of flotsam would witness her lurid night go down the horizon. That is, if they got into Poland, he added grimly.

Suddenly there was noise, a humming of things. All three of them listened intently. The young officer came storming in.

"Twenty minutes at the utmost!" he announced breathlessly. "They are moving in on three sides of us!"

What followed had, to Cutty, the broken unrealities of a phantasm. Hither he and Olga were rushed, and thither. Helmets, coats, shouts; all around them the noise of a thousand thunders. West, he saw four great ground lights above which the fog writhed and twisted like white fire. But other things, with any definiteness, he could not see. He was in the pit, side by side with Olga, before he knew it. Unseen swift fingers strapped them in. His original bewilderment was still strong within him; on top of that, confusion monumental had come.

Movement, which grew faster and faster. The far pair of lights seemed to be rushing violently toward them. The bumping ceased all at once and the lights began to fall even as they approached. He knew so little about aviation! Oh, he had flown; blue sky, blue waters—that kind of flying—passenger. But here were conditions, on the face of them utterly hopeless. If only he could see! Miracles—well, sometimes they did not arrive. Nothingness above, below, on either side; blindly, then, anywhither; death here or back there—one magnificent, the other horrible. In the confusion he had lost his goggles, so he had to shut his eyes, the wind beat into them so fiercely. After a minute or two he turned his head and looked back. The ground lights were gone. They had escaped the first danger, the trees? A little hope then?

He groped for Olga's hand, found it, and was strangely comforted.

By squinting he could see the dim refulgence which rose above the navigating lights, the silhouette of the head and shoulders of the pilot. Not Samson; the shoulders were not broad enough. Samson, and he hadn't said good-by to him—his brain having been as thick with fog—ay, and with blue funk!—as the atmosphere. Blue funk; no lying now, no self-lies. There was nothing between him and God, unless it were Kitty's belt. Talisman!

He could not get himself to pray for life. He had lived clean and honorably, and he had nothing to ask. God would let him live, or he wouldn't. Prayers would not change the tide. But he was afraid. Here was something he could not face, bluff himself out of, making his wits count. The unknown encompassed him.

He computed the miles at a hundred the hour, and that it would take between four and five hours to reach Poland, if Kitty's belt were talisman. For seventy-odd hours he had been stepping from one miracle into another, not with growing confidence but with lessening. One miracle stepping on the heels of another in a procession—the mind could not digest it. Hence, doubt, an unbanishable surety that the next time luck would fail.

Had he but seen something of the hidden camp, the hangars, the plant, the crews; but that had been denied him. He could not even recall sharply the furnishings of the room in which Samson had received them!

By and by it began to grow cold, and later, bitterly cold. Olga, in her ragged wet clothes and shoes. His hands, becoming numb, lost the touch of hers. He stretched his free hand out into the night, drawing it back without having felt anything. But the

(Continued on Page 98)

How Would You Like to Work for Mr. Cable?

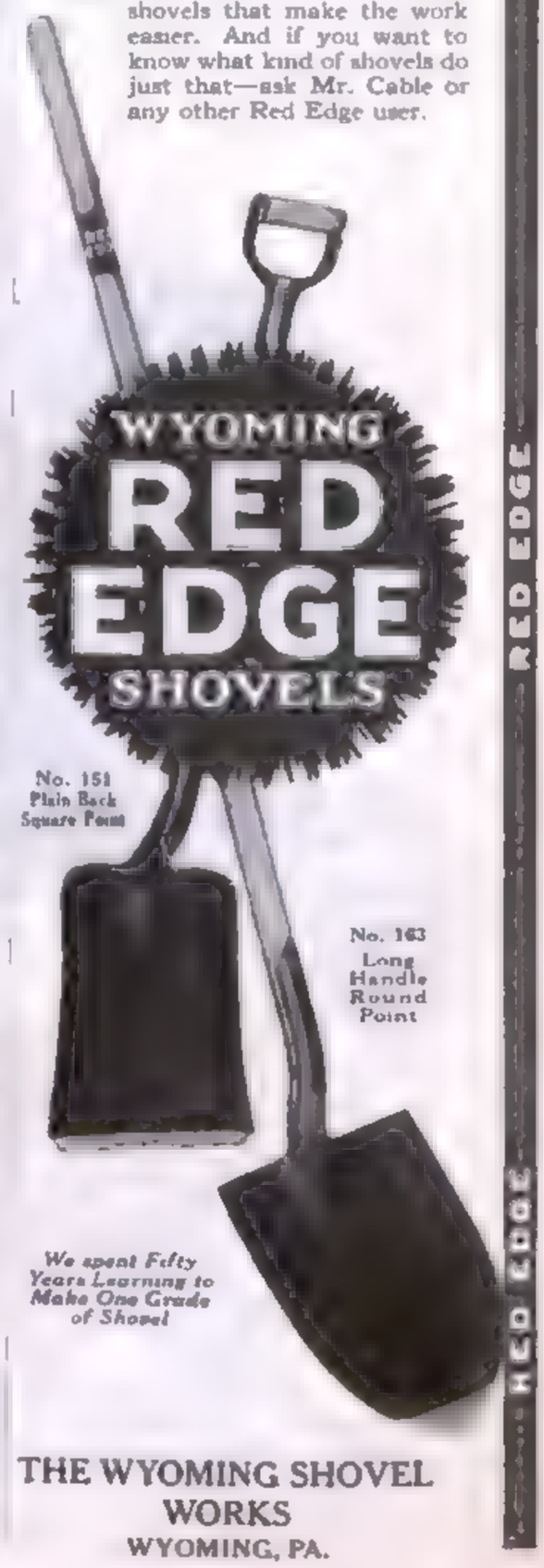
IF WE ever find ourselves simultaneously out of a job and in the vicinity of Canton, Ohio, we shall apply for a job as a foreman in the Cable Company, Inc. And we'll tell you why.

A year ago Mr. Cable assembled his foremen and spoke as follows or words to that effect: "Boys, we've a big season in front of us, and I have a little proposition to make to you. Every cent we save on each contract job under the estimated cost I'm going to put in the kitty. Next winter we'll blow the kitty on a trip to Florida and stay there as long as the money lasts.

"In our business time is money and labor is money. Every day we save on a job is so many iron men in the kitty. I'm supplying all our gangs with Red Edge Shovels, because Red Edges make hard digging easier and long jobs shorter. Now, dig in and let's see the dirt fly."

They dug in and the dirt flew. And last winter while the rest of us were shivering, Mr. Cable and six of his foremen were basking in the Florida sunshine.

If you have a shoveling job to do, the obvious way to do it economically is to provide your men with shovels that make the work easier. And if you want to know what kind of shovels do just that—ask Mr. Cable or any other Red Edge user.



THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PA.

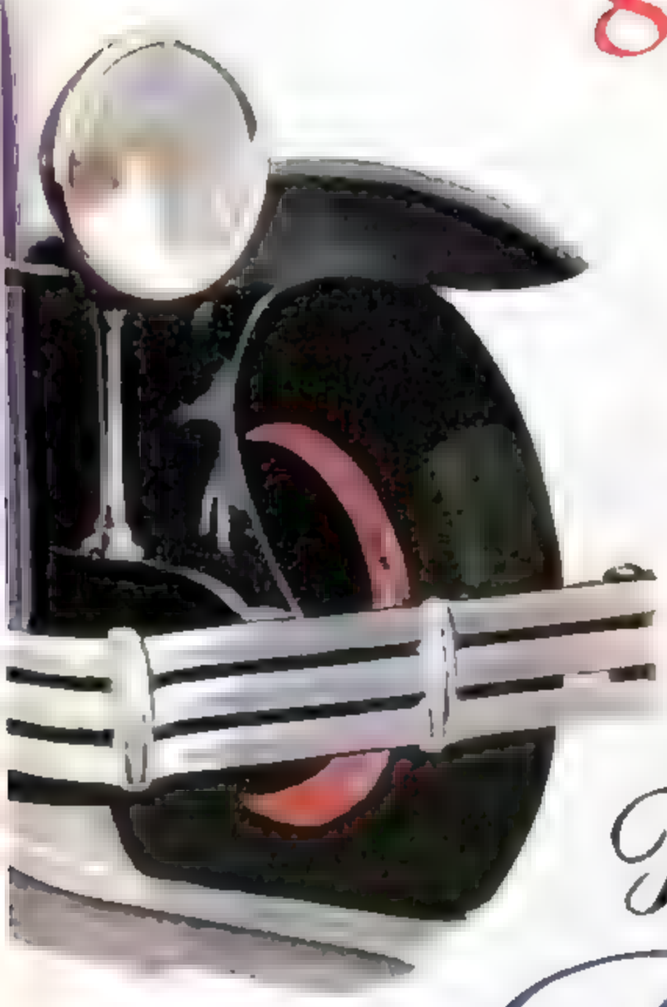
Don't jus

Prove it yours

st have a "demonstration"

elf···like this

Take to the highway...test this new Buick..for acceleration ..power..hill climbing..... prove to yourself it's the great car of the world!



With the entire country chorusing its praise—with demand for this epic Buick creation setting a new high record for a quality car—it must be plain to everyone that the Silver Anniversary Buick marks the highest degree of motor car efficiency and effectiveness ever known.

Nevertheless—to learn the full extent of its leadership—test this thrilling new Buick against any automobile in the world!

Don't just have a "demonstration"—make a thorough-going test of Silver Anniversary Buick abilities! Line up in traffic—accelerate at the change of the signal—experience greatest getaway in any gear.

Then take to the highway. Measure the Silver Anniversary Buick against any automobile on the road in power, swiftness, flexibility, hill-climbing.

Drive it yourself—get first-hand knowledge of the amazing abilities of its dynamic Valve-in-Head six-cylinder engine—abilities so new, so advanced and so epochal as to have no counterpart in the entire field of motoring!

This is no conventional offer of a "demonstration." Test this new Silver Anniversary Buick with the same zest and the same freedom that you view the matchless beauty of its new Masterpiece Bodies by Fisher. Prove to yourself it's the great car of the world!

The Silver Anniversary

Buick

Buick MOTOR CARS

Now Come School Days

Ingersoll

WATCHES

YANKEE
$1.50

The watch that has taught punctuality to millions of youngsters. Sturdy, dependable and good looking—it will gladden the heart of your boy and serve him faithfully. Yankee Radiolite, tells time in the dark, $2.25.

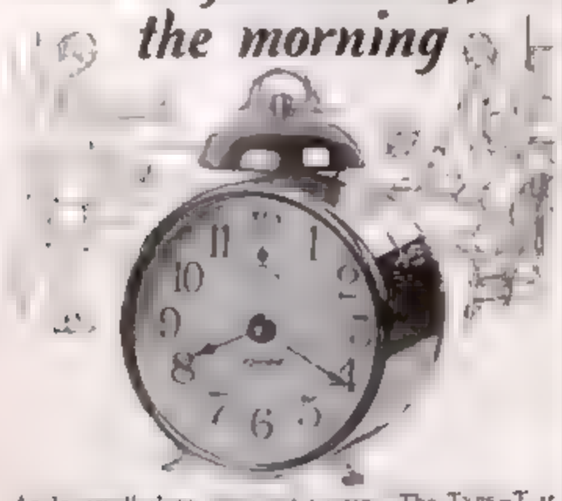
WRIST
$3.50

Proud and happy—that's the boy or girl who has just been given an Ingersoll Wrist Watch. A *real* wrist watch—sturdy and strong, with chromium finish back that won't corrode and mark the wrist. Mat finish metal dial with double sunk effect. Wrist Radiolite, $4.00.

WATERBURY
$5.00

Engraved Design...Chromium Finish...Jeweled Movement a dress watch in the new durable, platinum-like chromium finish. Smart 12-size. The best watch $5.00 can buy. With radium dial, $6.00.

And to get them off in the morning



An Ingersoll alarm clock, of course. The TYPE-T at $3.50, shown above, is the Yankee of the alarm clock line. Has the Yankee qualities of sturdiness, dependability and good looks—and is fast gaining Yankee popularity. Others up to $4.50

If not at your dealer's, sent postpaid

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.
New York Chicago San Francisco

(Continued from Page 95)

touch of his lips to the back of his hand informed him that it was still raining. The silhouette of the pilot remained unchanged. At any rate, he knew what was toward, where he was going.

Cutty began to grow drowsy. Wind and bodily inactivity got their will of him, finally, his bewilderments surrendering to sleep. When he came out of this oblivion he saw fading stars. Dawn was in the coming. Dimly he saw the speaking tube.

"What time is it?" he called in Russian.

"After four. The other busses passed over us and are home by now."

Rather a bored tone. The Fifth Avenue bus, from the Plaza to the Library, of no more importance than that!

Cutty looked at Olga. Her chin was down, her head bent forward. Blessed oblivion! Let her stay in it.

The miracle came to its end and Cutty began to consider his years. Loving Kitty as he did, it was natural that he should take frequent inventory, haul forth the calendar. At thirty he would have romped through all these adventures. The spontaneous combustion, it would seem, was gone out of his corpuscles. Well, he was through. The great game was on the shelf, adust.

Olga was gay.

"Cutty, I've forgotten your real name."

"Patrick Henry Clay. My father was a fierce, fire-eating Republican, so my mother had nothing to say. Do you know anything about American history?"

"Very little."

"Well, Henry and Clay were great American patriots. So the curse was laid upon me to live up to their names."

"And you are a great patriot."

"I had to be or become ridiculous. Children should be permitted to select their given names."

"Cutty." A tonal caress. "*Nom de nique—nom du pipe!*" She laughed.

"That's it—laugh. It is all daylight again. Now, when we get to Warsaw I shall lend you money for new clothes and tickets to Paris. Johnny-Ivan can pay me back. I'll cable him. Do you know Paris?"

"No. Though I visited there when I was a little girl."

"Go to the Hotel Meurice and wait. I can't go with you—some affairs to get done. Then I'll take you home to your brother."

"Doesn't the good you do make you warm in the heart?"

"Well ——"

She laughed again. Another long journey with this man, without hazards. The sea below and the blue above. She gestured toward the sun. Life was burning in her; the scattered embers had drawn together in flame. Life! The barriers of caste gone to limbo. Her heart could go whither it listed, without restrictions. Of all the men in the world, this one. Grumbling about his years, when he had but reached the peak of them! Did not she know him for what he was—a man? She loved him tenderly and defiantly! She was Olga Mikailovna—woman, free. She kissed him swiftly on the cheek and drew away.

There was thrill in it, and there was sadness, to Cutty. The Italian strain was bubbling up in her. Small blame. As children kissed their fathers. Cutty smiled. Queer, how every act of this child tore further aside the veil hiding truth. He was fifty-six and some odd months. She would not have kissed him like that had he been thirty-six. Oh, well ——

Yes, the miracle of the flight—the Odyssey—was done, but not without its tinge of tragedy. Ten of Samson's little group had been left behind.

"Why?" asked Cutty, troubled.

"Because they willed it so. No argument of mine survived theirs. They had taken oath never to leave Russia. If she became sane again, they would march along with her; otherwise they purposed to die upon the beloved soil. Oh," said the giant Samaritan, his helmet in his hand, tears in his eyes, "they gave, or are still giving, a good account of themselves. Breakfast is ready."

"Where is the young chap who guided us to you?"

"He has not been taken alive. God give him peace. You are a man of heart," went on Samson, placing his huge hands on Cutty's shoulders. "The trouble with this world at present is the overdevelopment of too many brains. You and I shall meet again. It is written. There is a Fury at large. I know what she will do: Inveigle herself into the graces of some of the exiles in London or Paris, and she will betray them—if I do not forestall her. Before I send you into Warsaw I shall give you my address. Telegraph yes if you see her. And I fancy you will. There is at stake the happiness of that American girl who is your godchild. So it may be prophesied that we two shall meet again somewhere."

They met again, twice in friendly converse, the third time in violence and death.

(TO BE CONTINUED

THE UNTAMED

(Continued from Page 17)

"You're beautiful!" he said with such sudden conviction that she turned and stared at him. It was as though he had abruptly proposed to her. But he appeared unaware of her as a person. "I like that line," he announced, and made a sweeping down gesture with thumb and forefinger, as if he held a crayon. "Would you mind keeping that pose for a little while? I'll do a sketch of you. We'll have plenty of light."

"Do you paint?" she asked.

"A bit. Wait a second and I'll get my stuff."

He went into the hotel, came out presently with a canvas, an easel and paint box. It was, she noticed, no amateur's paint box; it was grubby and filled with twisted, writhing tubes of color. He rummaged in it, grumbling.

"Let go the muscles in your left leg," he said. "Take it easy—just as you were—that's it."

He worked steadily, pausing now and then to light a pipe or to scratch his head thoughtfully. It was strange, she reflected, to have someone so intensely, almost violently, interested in you, and still have him act as if you were no more human than a clothing-store dummy.

"I wish you'd sit still!" he said.

She sighed extravagantly. "It's very difficult to keep still when I'm worried."

"Then don't worry."

"I can't help it. You haven't told me yet whether you'd take me in the plane." She shot a sidelong glance at him and smiled. "You'll tell me when you've decided, won't you?"

He grunted and went on working, sucking at his dead pipe.

"Try not to wiggle," he begged her.

"I was worrying again."

"You're persistent, anyhow. Will you be quiet if I say I'll take you in the plane?"

"Very quiet! You're a dear!"

"Keep your chin up."

There was silence for nearly twenty minutes. The railing was uncomfortable and her head was commencing to ache, but she held the pose resolutely. The light was failing. Finally, when the sun hung over the horizon, a huge flaming orange ball, ready to plunge into the ocean and be extinguished, Skip rose suddenly and stretched as though he were trying to pull his joints apart.

"That'll do for now," he said. "Not finished. I think I'll give it to your dad if he likes it."

She moved her grateful body off the railing, which had become razor sharp, and went beside him, looked at the picture.

"Why, it's good!" she exclaimed.

"And why not?" he demanded.

"I didn't mean it that way," she hastened to say. "It's just — well, one doesn't come to Central America expecting to find a painter who can really paint, driving an aeroplane. It's a beautiful piece of work!"

"I wouldn't go that far," he said. "It's not too bad. I've done better. Lousy job of the hands!"

He took her right hand abruptly in his, turned it and studied it.

"Good hands!" he said. "Small, but there's strength in 'em. Hate those little female hands that look as if they were made of tallow. No character." He sighed. "Not bad around the ear."

She wondered if he were about to take her head like a plaster cast, perhaps with the palm of one hand covering her nose, and examine her ear.

"Thanks for posing," he said. "I'll finish it at the mine. Take it down next trip."

"And you're going to let me go with you?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes. I don't like to hold out on your father's mail. You're right about getting your story in first." He smiled. "I've been in a few jams myself, so I know how it is."

Sing Lu came out to tell them that dinner was ready. Sing Lu, when he wasn't hitting the pipe too assiduously, could really cook; but he had to be urged out of the routine of pork chops, yams, plantain, rice and fried bananas. It was a really first-chop dinner—tender chicken stewed with herbs, avocado salad, coffee that had been roasted in his own oven.

After dinner they sat on the veranda. The stars were out, molten silver splashed upon a blue-black sky, and the breeze was faintly cool. Skip's pipe winked in the darkness. "How do you happen to be down here, driving a plane?" she asked. All evening she had tried to get him talking about himself, but he was elusive.

"I'm very much like Gauguin in at least two ways," he said. "I haven't any money and I must paint. It's a case of paint or be damned. Flying is the only way I can make money. The explanation is very simple, you see."

"Where do you come from in the States?"

"Boston."

"Don't you ever get lonely here?"

"Lonely? No, I'm too busy. When I'm not flying, I'm painting." He rose, knocked a red shower of ashes from his pipe. "We'd better be turning in. I have a letter to write and you ought to pack your suitcase tonight—two suitcases, if you like. There's plenty of room. We'll be broken out at the crack of dawn."

In his room, Skip placed the portrait of Cynthia against the wall and studied it in the lamplight while he undressed. It was better than just fair, he said to himself. Its form was good; it had life, energy. But the hands were awful!

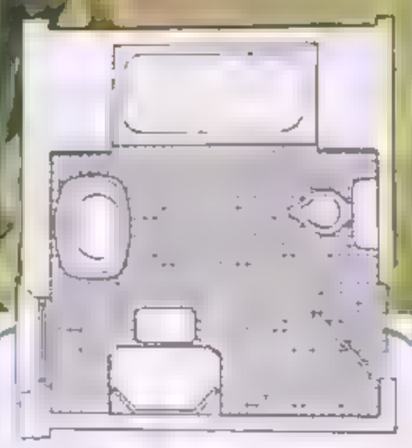
He remembered the letter from his sister, opened and read it. Presently he took up pencil and paper and began to write:

I will add this postscript to my letter from the mine, which will catch tomorrow's mail. Your letter of the twelfth reached me today. It is very decent of father to say that he is willing to forgive and forget, but just between you and me, it isn't greatly to the point. There isn't anything to forgive and forget. The chief thing of importance to me is that I am happy here, doing the thing I want to do.

I'm not in the least bit interested in his money. He can do anything he pleases with it. I'd much rather have his affection. So be the little diplomat, honey, and explain to him nicely that I haven't the least intention of returning home or of being supported by him. I intend to pay my own freight. He considers me the world's champion disappointment, but I would rather be a disappointment to him—selfish, I know—than to myself, which I was while I worked at the bank. Since I feel that way I couldn't very well accept his money. More than that, there isn't the least reason in the world why he should

(Continued on Page 100)

A GLIMPSE of the charm of Kohler Colorware—and a revelation of the truth that today is a *new* day in bathroom design; that color-beauty now starts with color in the fixtures themselves . . . Choose this mellow *autumn brown;* or the delicate old ivory; or blue, gray, lavender, green, or black. . . . And remember, *Color means Kohler.* Write Kohler Co., Kohler, Wisconsin, for their color booklet.



The Kohler Belmore Lavatory is in autumn brown enamel. Bath, toilet, etc., are furnished in color to harmonize

"MODERNIZE YOUR HOME"

© 1928, Kohler Co.

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Plumbing Fixtures

LOOK FOR THE KOHLER TRADE MARK ON EACH FIXTURE

MURPHY FINE FINISHES

Famous for 63 years among architects, master painters, and makers of products requiring a fine finish

How to get a new-looking car—

AN old-looking car, plus a quart of fine enamel, a good brush, and a few hours of your time, produces this very gratifying result—a new-looking car. Worth more money, and very pleasing to the owner.

The enamel you use makes a difference. In the finish—both for looks and for wear. In how long it takes to dry—important: less dust will collect if it dries fast. Makes a difference, too, in the fun of doing it. Murphy Da-Cote Enamel flows on easily, spreads out evenly, is delightful to paint with. You can "feel" the quality as you work.

This "feel" of quality is very tangible. The master painter knows it means quality. You *feel* it as you work. You *know* when you see the finished job. You know still better after months of wear.

Tell your wife too (or yourself) that Murphy Da-Cote Enamel is a wonderfully fine thing to brighten up lots of things in the house.

The quality you get in Murphy Fine Finishes is not costly. Money doesn't enter into the making so much as knowledge, experience, and care do. Whether you get Murphy results, depends upon whether you care enough to go to a store that sells Murphy Fine Finishes. Should you not find your Murphy dealer readily, let us tell you where the nearest one is.

Send coupon for Instruction Book and Color Card.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

40c sample can of Murphy Da-Cote Enamel for 25c. (Offer limited to 2 cans—only 1 can of each ——) Your choice of the following colors: Red, Light Red, Mandarin Red, Tangerine Yellow, Green, Light Green, Spray Green, Jade Green, Navy Blue, Light Blue, Brown, Light Brown, Gray, Light Gray, Pearl Gray, Ivory, Cream, White, Black, Flat Black.

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY
NEWARK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

Murphy Varnish Company, Newark, N. J.
Send me Instruction Book and Color Card
and following 40c cans of Murphy Da-Cote Enamel at 25c each for which I enclose
$ (stamps or coin) Order colors by name
1
(Only 2 cans to a person)

Murphy *Da-Cote* Enamel

(Continued from Page 98)

foot the bills for what he considers my damn foolishness

I may turn out to be a rotten painter, as well as banker, but it is going to be my own funeral. I can't be tamed, be broken to someone else's harness and be happy. I'll support myself and accept the consequences. No news, except that the daughter of Jim Washburn has blown in unexpectedly. Very pretty. I did the beginnings of a portrait of her this afternoon. It seems strange to see an honest-to-heavens girl from home. I've forgotten how to act. I feel goofy when she looks at me, as though my ears were turning red.

He paused in his writing and looked steadily at the portrait of Cynthia. In the yellow half light of the lamp it seemed so alive that she might turn and flash one of those quick expressive smiles at him. He resumed writing:

I don't intend to let anything interfere with what I know I want to do, which is to paint. Try to impress upon father that I haven't the least bitterness toward him. In fact, I love and admire the old boy dearly. I hope he will love me now and admire me when—not to speak of it—he is able. Every man ought to be allowed to pay his own freight if that is the sort of pride he has. You were an angel to send the canvases. A good rib-cracking hug for you. SKIP.

He blew out the light and tumbled into bed beneath the mosquito netting. Then Conception was pounding upon the door and it was the beginning of dawn.

Cynthia, sleepy-eyed, joined him outside and they had coffee. She was in riding breeches and a white blouse, with a tweed coat over her arm. The carriage which Skip had ordered the day before came crawling into the plaza and did the last fifty yards in a burst of speed.

The field was fifteen minutes away at a jog trot. As they approached, the two men left as guards over the plane began to haul away the tarpaulin and rustle tins of gasoline, which they placed alongside. It was a big plane, with two seats forward and a compartment, for freight or passengers, which could be entered through the side or from the pilot's cockpit.

Cynthia watched Skip and his two helpers. There was a hard-boiled air about the business—men and plane. She had never been up and she had a slightly romantic attitude toward flying; but these men were engrossed in an almost daily job of seeing that a certain amount of prosaic freight was transported from one place to another.

Skip mounted the wing and the men passed up tins of gasoline which he poured into the tanks. That done, he started the engine and allowed it to idle; then he disappeared in the cockpit and came out the door in the side of the fuselage. The men stowed her suitcases and two heavy boxes inside.

Skip came up through the cockpit again, tossed out two canvas sacks to which harness was attached. He jumped to the ground, took one of the sets of harness and held it for her to get into.

"Parachute," he explained.

"Do you always wear these?" she asked. They looked ominous.

"Yep. If you need one and haven't got it, you're out of luck."

"Have you ever jumped?" she asked.

"Lots of times. Rather fun. This is your release ring." He placed a metal ring in her hand. His lips twitched with an amused smile. "Be sure to have your ring in your hand before you go overboard. Jump, count one-two-three-four and then pull. Gravity does the rest."

"I wouldn't be afraid," she said stoutly.

"I hope not. . . . We'll shove off now."

He climbed aboard, took her hands and helped her into the cockpit, settled her in the seat at his left.

The motor roared and the plane waddled forward, gaining speed. Then the earth dropped away. Beneath them lay San Fernando, amazingly white instead of dirty gray, and the water was turning from green to indigo blue. Under the water was a gleaming tracery of coral.

A mist of faint purple was rising from the land, unveiling endless jungle of nearly black green. And the sky was a baby blue, with a white-hot, angry-looking sun blazing in the east. The scene had all the delicacy of a picture post card. And yet it was thrilling, beautiful.

Skip pointed to the altimeter, pulled her over and shouted in her ear, "Can climb! Fifteen hundred!"

She wasn't interested in the mechanical excellence of the plane. The coast line dropped farther and farther from them; breaking waves became little white threads, slightly frayed, dividing briefly the unbroken green of the jungle and the unbroken blue of the sea.

Skip let go the control stick, stretched and thumped himself on the chest; then he went through his pockets again, brought out a pipe. He rummaged in a box at his right, found tobacco and a greasy map. When he had his pipe going, he spread the map upon her knees, pointing to their position.

His indifference to his plane was a little shocking; she had expected a pilot to be glued to his controls, do-or-die fashion, eagle-eyed, tense, not blandly unconcerned, as if he were sitting in the rear seat of a limousine. But she noticed that his eyes kept sweeping back over those indicators. Several times his hand went to the control stick for an instant to correct their course. Finally he pointed to the altimeter, waved the nose of the plane down with one hand while he eased off on the throttle with the other. The plane's nose sank obediently. Talking was easier now that the throttle was partially closed, but it was still voice-straining.

"Great ship!" he said in her ear. "Got another like it at the mine."

The plane drove ahead blindly, like a farm horse that knows the way home to its oats. Skip leaned back and began to think about the picture of Cynthia. He discovered that yesterday's generosity belonged entirely to yesterday; he didn't want to give it to her father. In fact, he found himself determined not to part with it, even if he had to paint a dozen more to make good his promise. Not that he was interested in the girl herself. Of course not! He brushed that thought aside. She was a good model, her features were clear, she was graceful. He stole a glance at her. Yes, she was wonderfully pretty. When she was a little older she would be beautiful.

He was aroused from his thoughts by the bump as they crossed from water to land; the plane shuddered and jumped, fidgeted restlessly. Cynthia's wide eyes turned upon him inquiringly and he smiled to reassure her. The easy, tranquil part of the trip had ended. Rising and falling currents of air, stirred up by the sun, struck at them, sometimes throwing them from their course. The sparsely covered top of a mountain sent up a mighty wallop. Ahead lay a vast plateau of open jungle.

"Bought by some rubber interests," he said in her ear. "Full of Indians now. Inaccessible as the devil. Go down here with engine trouble and it might be two weeks before we'd get out. Nice people—the Indians." He pointed down to a settlement, nearly invisible from the air, along the banks of a stream that wound in and out like a blue ribbon. "That's where the chief lives."

Durado, he explained, was at the other end of the plateau, at the head of a river. The plane was following a bee-line course from San Fernando to the mine.

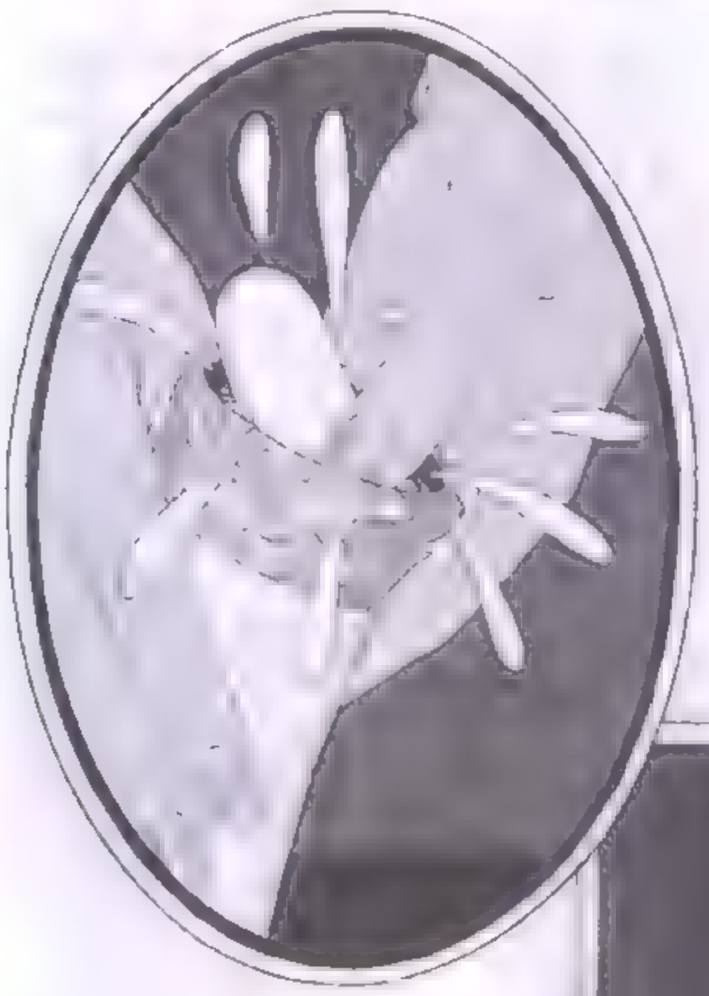
"You'll see the smoke of the mill in about fifteen minutes."

The plateau streamed under them as though it were a map on rollers. Presently she saw a faint suggestion of smoke ahead; then the stamp mill and a dozen smaller structures took form. There was a big oblong clearing where mahogany trees had been cut for fuel.

Skip put the nose of the plane down, engine closed, and they shot earthward through the troubled air, wind whistling past them. The plane leaped and trembled, tossed by invisible thank-you-ma'ams; then their speed slackened and they took

Continued on Page 103

Which Bottle of Milk Would You Rather Open?



WHAT'S the difference between them? Why, one has an old-fashioned cap that's as hard to pull out as a bureau drawer without knobs. And see how the good top cream splashes ! ! ! when the cap is finally dislodged.

Now note the bottle below. It has a Sealright Liftright Cap—as easy to remove as the top on your tea-pot. Just lift the tab, pull—and the cap's out in a jiffy—without spilling or splashing the rich top cream. No bother—no risk from using an unsanitary opener—your milk is kept pure and your clothes are kept clean!

Everybody can now enjoy the convenience and protection of Sealright Liftright Caps on their bottled milk. Used by leading dairies everywhere.

SEALRIGHT CO., Inc. - Dept. AA-9 - FULTON, N. Y.

IN CANADA—*Canadian Sealright Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario*

If it's a
LIFTRIGHT CAP
it lifts right out!

AN EXTRA advantage of the Sealright Liftright Cap is the little patented groove at the tip of the tab which makes it always easy to lift and pull.

Or, if you prefer—the Sealright Pouring Pull Cap has, in addition to the groove, an opening under the lifted tab, for sanitary pouring or for inserting straws. Ideal in schools, restaurants, etc. Eliminates spilling, glass-washing and is 100% sanitary.

Another Famous
SEALRIGHT PRODUCT
Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Container

ALWAYS buy oysters, pickles, olives, sauerkraut, etc. in a Sealright, the dependable round paper container that will not leak or crush. It is as easy and safe to carry as a box of candy.

To be sure of accurate measure and positive protection against leaking, see that the dealer uses a genuine Sealright. Look for the name "SEALRIGHT" stamped on the top or bottom of the Container. "If it's a Sealright—It can't leak!"

SEALRIGHT
Liftright and Pouring Pull
Milk Bottle Caps

WHAT A CAR TO WIN SUCH PRAISE

Engineers! Critics! Owners! Everyone—everywhere! All join in enthusiastic praise for this new Oldsmobile.

And with good reason! For there never has been a car like this. All the advantages of a big car . . . fine-car beauty, comfort and performance . . . all combined with low price and convenient size!

Look at its new Fisher bodies, masterly creations of artist-engineers. Supreme beauty, style and smartness are apparent in every line and contour. Sparkling new color combinations lend added attractiveness.

Drive this new Oldsmobile. Test its daring speed, its dashing acceleration, its dazzling performance on the hills. Note how nimbly it slips through traffic—how easily it parks. Mark its smoothness, its quietness, its restful riding comfort.

Then compare this new Oldsmobile with other cars. You'll find that *"Two years ahead"* and *"The Fine Car of Low Price"* fall far short of describing it. You'll understand why it continues to set new sales records month after month.

And you will realize that the lavish praise you hear on every hand is the earned reward of unparalleled merit.

OLDSMOBILE

TWO-DOOR SEDAN $925

f.o.b. Lansing + Spare Tire Extra

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 100)

a prodigious bump over a long building. For seconds they hovered a yard or so above the ground, Skip pumping ever so gently upon the stick.

With an air of exhaustion, the plane put its wheels and tail skid down and they dragged to a stop.

Skip's arrival meant letters and newspapers. A dozen men came out of various buildings and were on the field when he taxied up to the hangar.

"There's your dad," he said. He released her from the parachute harness. She stood up and waved.

Jim Washburn came close, gaped at her. The engine stopped and he yelled out: "Dog bite me if it ain't Cynthia! Cynthia!"

Skip's mechanic, Bert Hogan, had spent twelve years in the Army and he knew all about life, including the ways of a man with a maid. Whenever he felt himself falling in love he took a dose of medicine. If, twenty-four hours later, he was still in love, he knew it was the real thing; otherwise it had been just a touch of liver. For two weeks, since Cynthia Washburn had been at the mine, he had been observing Skip with philosophic detachment. He had watched him grow glum and more glum. A pleasant word out of him was a treat.

"Off your feed, chief?" asked Hogan sympathetically.

"I'm all right," growled Skip. He was giving the plane he had flown from San Fernando that morning a desultory examination.

"Better get the medico to give you a shot of oil," Hogan suggested.

Skip grunted and left the hangar. He went to his one-room house, built with rough planks of mahogany, and moved the finished portrait of Cynthia so that he had a better light upon it. The painting was the best thing he had ever done, yet he felt a sharp pang of disappointment when he studied it; it fell short of what he had wanted to do. He tried to compare it with his memory of canvases he had done in Paris and Rome, before he had been dragged home to learn banking, but memory failed him; so he ranged other portraits against the wall—products of the past two years, pictures of Indians and types about the mine.

Things that had once seemed good struck him as worthless now, and he wondered if the portrait of Cynthia would seem worthless later. His fluctuating sense of values irritated him. He felt acutely that he had no constant standard toward which he could work. Everything was awash—bilge. At least two of the portraits were rank bilge. He slid them disgustedly upon their faces into a corner.

"Hey, Skip! You home to callers?" It was Jim Washburn shouting from outside.

Skip went to the door. "Come on in and take the weight off your feet."

Jim came up the stairs. He was dressed to go into the mine—dungarees, stiff with dried mud, heavy boots with hobnails that crunched into the mahogany floor and a battered sun helmet that would be exchanged for a slicker hat at the shaft entrance. He was a prematurely old man, made gaunt by bouts with fever, leather-skinned, grizzled, with blue-gray eyes that shone brightly. He was slight, but his fist, driven by wire muscles, could hit like a sledge

"I'm taking an inventory of art," said Skip. "There are times when I think I'd make a fine house painter."

Jim's head shook disapprovingly and he stopped before the portrait of Cynthia. 'It sure is a grand picture!" he exclaimed with deep conviction

"I like it pretty well," admitted Skip "Not so good as I wanted it to be "

"What ever is?" asked Jim. "Are you sure enough going to paint one for me?"

"Sure enough! I'll begin it tomorrow if Cynthia wants to sit."

"Better go to town tomorrow. We'll have fifty pounds of stuff ready." "Stuff" meant gold.

"Whew!" said Skip. "She's running high!"

Jim nodded. The expense under which the Canzio Mine operated was formidable. "Got to run high," he said. "Like to have it make the Almira. When's she shoving?"

"High tide—six or sevenish."

But Jim had something else upon his mind. He helped himself to tobacco, stuffed his pipe and sat down, looking at the picture from the corner of his eye.

"Skip," he said, "I'm telling Cynthia she better go back home. Got a cablegram from the college in the mail you brought this morning. Seems the other girl coughed up the truth about that business and they want Cynthia to come back right away. All honey an' apologies."

"That's good!" Skip scowled and turned away. "How does she feel about it?"

"She doesn't want to go—not a little bit. In a way, you can't blame her. She gave them her word of honor. Ain't a word of honor good for anything up there these days?"

Skip collected his canvases, stacked them against the wall. "Wants to stay here, eh?" he asked. "Why?"

"I can't just make out. I thought maybe you could help me."

"I haven't talked with Cynthia about what she wants to do," said Skip. "Most of the time we've been together I've been painting or there've been other people around."

Jim Washburn's bright eyes were searching his face.

"I sort of thought you two had been getting pretty chummy."

Skip hung fire for a moment. "Is that why you want to get her north again?" he asked quietly.

"Partly," replied Jim. He scratched his chin and sucked his pipe. "Yeh—partly."

"What have I got to do with it?" demanded Skip angrily.

Washburn was unperturbed. He planted his elbows upon his knees, rubbed the hard palms of his hands together.

"We've been working here two years, Skip," he said slowly. "You're pretty close-mouthed about yourself. I don't know where you come from or how you happen to be doing this sort of work, but you can't be with a fellow night an' day without knowing a sight more about him than he's likely to tell you. I like you—fine. Never a word to say against you. There was a time when I thought that a man who painted pictures was a sissy boy, but that was where I was wrong. You're sure no sissy boy!"

"You needn't worry about me," said Skip. "I can take care of myself."

"Sure you can! I'm not worrying about you. I'm worrying about Cynthia."

Skip swung about impatiently "Why drag me into it?"

"Well, don't get sore. I've been pretty worried. Skip, what do I know about raising a girl?" Skip shrugged. "I just wanted to know how things stand, that's all," continued Washburn. "Chief thing in the world, so far as I'm concerned, is for Cynthia to be happy. What do you think I ought to do? One day you said you had a sister "

Jim Washburn stared up at him from the depths of his perplexity. Skip picked up his pipe and scowled into the bowl. There was only one thing to do, he said to himself, and that was to put her aboard the Almira and send her north. The sooner she got out, the better for everyone.

In the two weeks since he had walked up the steps of Sing Lu's International Hotel and found her there, he hadn't had a mentally tranquil moment except when she was before him, posing. Little smiles, little gestures haunted his mind; the soft music of her voice was in his ears always, a beguiling echo; he couldn't forget her eyes when, sometimes at the table, they met his and seemed to flash a message of understanding, conspirator-like. She obsessed him. She stirred up loneliness in him, gave him an aching sense of being incomplete. She made him feel unhappy, dissatisfied; robbed painting, except when he was painting her, of its almighty sufficiency.

"You'd better send her back," he said flatly. "This is no place for a girl." He moved across the room, paused and laughed humorlessly. "Don't worry about me. I don't blame you for not wanting me as a son-in-law—if that's what you're driving at."

Jim Washburn leveled the stem of his pipe at him. "You're the one that said it—I didn't. I didn't say a word about not wanting you as a son-in-law."

"Sounded that way, certainly."

"I said I wanted Cynthia to be happy. If she'd be happy with you, it'd be all right with me. I'd just ask you to wait a bit and get her out of this country; back home, where a woman can have the sort of things a woman likes—pretty dresses, lady friends, a nice house with a yard around it, an automobile—things of that kind. You know what she says?" he demanded suddenly.

Skip's head shook.

"She says she's studied chemistry and that she wants to stay here and work in the assay office! Hell's bells!" He rose. "Well, if that's the way you feel about it, there isn't anything more to be said. Glad we talked it out, anyway."

"Cynthia didn't say anything that put that idea in your head, did she?"

"Nope—not a word. Guess I was off on the wrong foot. Just playing a hunch. I don't know much about women. Their minds work funny."

"Jim," said Skip abruptly, "I cut loose from home because I wanted to paint. If I'm ever going to be any good on this earth, it's going to be as a painter, nothing else. I'm not letting anything interfere with that. Maybe I'm the original One-Idea Ike, but here I am and here I stay—win, draw or lose. I couldn't afford to get married even if I wanted to. And you can bet I wouldn't ask a girl to live in a one-room mahogany shanty stuck in the middle of a bloody jungle! No, my job is to paint pictures and run an aeroplane."

Washburn picked up his sun helmet and slapped it on his head. "And my job's to run this dang mine. I'd better be getting at it before the shift changes." From a pocket he pulled a plug of chewing tobacco and took a good gnaw at it. "Don't like to use this stuff when she's around. Ladies think it's disgusting for sure. Guess we're just a couple of coots that ought to stay where we are, do our jobs and not bother other folks."

"That's right," agreed Skip. "So long."

"S'long. . . . Cynthia'll probably go up with you in the morning."

Skip threw himself upon the bed and stared at the ceiling for a few minutes; then he sat up, put his chin in his hands and stared at the floor.

"No use bellyaching!" he said, half aloud. "The point is I can do without her." Within twenty-four hours he would be putting her aboard the Almira; within a month she would be nothing more than a vague memory; within two months she would be only a name—Cynthia. Anything else, he told himself, would be unfair—unfair to himself, worse than unfair to her.

The shaft house poured out a dirty, polyglot crew of Indians, negroes, Chinese and Spaniards—in every imaginable blood combination thereof. As they plodded across the clearing to their huts on the far side, the earth shuddered from shots of dynamite. The whistle shrieked and the night shift ambled past the checker, who wrote down numbers. In a little while the mine would be clear of powder fumes, the muckers would be loading ore cars and the stamp mill would be turning out amalgam; then the assay office would run the amalgam through the retort and there would be more "stuff" to be carried by plane to San Fernando.

A Chinese boy, outside the chuck house, began to beat upon a triangular piece of drill steel Dinner was ready. Come and get it Skip loitered over his washing-up until he knew that most of the men had taken their places at the table. Except that Jim Washburn sat at the head, with Cynthia at his right, there was no precedence. Skip sat four chairs away from her and listened to Hank Corbin, chief of the diamond-drill crew, tell of his efforts to recover a black diamond that had been lost from the drill head.

It was dusk when they rose from the table. Skip left the chuck house abruptly.

"Oh, Skip!" she called after him. He paused and she joined him. "Dad insists that I start back north tomorrow. I'm going with you to San Fernando."

"He told me you might. Sorry you're leaving."

"Are you?" She hesitated. "I don't want to go. We won't be able to do the picture for dad."

"I'll give him this one," said Skip.

Her eyes met his in a searching gaze. "Oh, I thought you—that you wanted it yourself."

"He can have it."

Cynthia looked across the big clearing at the darkening rim of forest. "What time are we leaving?" she asked.

"About eleven."

"I'll be ready." She turned away and went back to join her father.

Skip walked slowly to his house. "And that's that!" he said to himself, as he lighted the lamp. The picture of Cynthia came out of the gloom. He looked at it for a minute and wondered at the reproachful expression about the mouth and eyes. Had he painted it there, or was it merely imagination? To rid himself of the obsession, he stacked the picture with the other canvases and tried to read a book.

Cynthia and Jim Washburn came out on the field the next morning while Skip was warming his engine. He took the suitcases from the Chinese boy, stowed them. Sumner, who ran the assay office, gave him a leather pouch which held sealed containers of gold.

"Ready when you are, Cynthia," he said.

She gave her father a last hug and kiss. Skip pulled her up and held the parachute harness while she stepped into it.

"Going to be bumpy," he warned, "but I'll climb right out of it."

They sped down the field, took to the mercilessly rough air. The plane struggled through it, flinching under invisible blows, fighting back sluggishly. They made a large climbing turn over the mine before he laid the ship into her course for San Fernando. The air became smooth. Beneath them was the vast wooded plateau and ahead lay a ridge of mountains, screening the ocean. Forty minutes passed, with the plateau sliding beneath them.

They were nearing the mountain ridge when the engine began to sputter. Skip had been leaning back, gazing absently over the side of the cockpit, but the change in beat of the engine whipped him into action. The needle of the gas-pressure indicator was dropping. He turned a valve and began to work the hand pump.

Cynthia watched him, wondering what was wrong, and followed his gaze to the needle. It paused in its descent for a moment and then continued to sink.

Skip suddenly laid the control stick over, and the plane made a careening, vertical turn, headed back toward the mine He continued to pump. His left hand went to her neck and drew her close to him so that he could yell in her ear.

"Either the feed line is busted or the dump valve is leaking," he explained. "I'll try to make the mine."

The needle was sinking slowly. His left hand went forward and rested upon a valve, while his right stroked the pump. He shook his head disgustedly.

"If we can't make the mine," he said, "we'll have to go overboard. Got fifteen minutes of gas in the reserve tank. If the main tank'll hold out for ten minutes, we can do it. No chance to make a landing here."

The engine was working erratically, jerking them ahead. The needle of the tach' wabbled.

(Continued on Page 107)

Voted the Favorite

Use Parker Duofold Ink and Parker Duofold Leads in any pen or pencil of any make to get its best results.

We offer these pens in five colors and in a shapely form, with no disfiguring attachments —neat, trim and striking.

Duofold Pencils in colors to match Duofold Pens, $3, $3.50, $4. Lead turns out for writing, in for carrying.

Cord 50c Extra

Where the vote was taken

A & M College of Mississippi
A & M College of Texas
Baylor University
Boston University
Carnegie Institute of Technology
College of the City of New York
Columbia University
Dartmouth College
De Pauw University
Drake University
Emory University
Illinois State Normal University
Indiana University
Iowa State College
Iowa State Teachers College
Johns Hopkins University
Kent State College
Lafayette College
Lehigh University
Loyola University
Marquette University
Mass. Institute of Technology
Miami University
Notre Dame
Ohio Northern
Ohio University
Pennsylvania State College
Princeton University
Purdue
Temple University
University of Buffalo
University of California
University of Chicago
University of Cincinnati
University of Georgia
University of Iowa
University of Kansas
University of Minnesota
University of Missouri
University of Nebraska
University of Oklahoma
University of Oregon
University of Pennsylvania
University of Pittsburgh
University of Southern California
University of Texas
University of Washington
Vassar College
Virginia Polytechnical
Washburn College
Washington State College
West Virginia University
Western Reserve University
Wichita Falls Junior College
Yale University

in 55 Colleges

by a Margin of Forty-seven Per Cent

Proved the choice of probably the world's best judges of a fountain pen

Fountain pens get their *hardest usage* in colleges and schools. They must be ever-ready to write at touch of point to paper, and continue with speed and ease.

For the pen of a student must Clear the Track for THINKING by eliminating all pen troubles that might interrupt the train of thought. It must give the brain the Right of Way to insure proper concentration.

We wanted to know how the Parker stood in face of these requirements, so we made a test in fifty-five of the best-known institutions of learning to determine the real facts.

No Leading Questions

We didn't ask leading questions. Fifty-five professors simply handed students cards on which these inquiries were written: "Which fountain pen do you own now?" and "Which will you buy next?"

The result showed that 47% more students owned a Parker than the next most favored pen . . . *and in addition, 14% of those now owning other makes* would change to a Parker next time they buy a pen.

Thus the world's most critical users, as a class, gave their preference to Parker.

Parker Improvement Number 47

A fine ink channel ground between the prongs of the point brings capillary attraction to the aid of gravity feed.

This is Parker Improvement Number 47, known the world over as *Pressureless Touch*. A tiny globule of ever-ready ink always extends a trifle beyond the point of a Duofold.

It starts immediate writing *without pressure* and causes a steady flow.

**Guaranteed Forever Against All Defects*

Non-Breakable Barrels, 28% *lighter than rubber*, add to this writing ease, as well as *protect* your Duofold from accidental harm.

Then to make satisfaction doubly sure Geo. S. Parker *Guarantees the Duofold forever against all defects.

So this master pen need never cost you more than the original purchase price. *The price of the Parker Duofold is but* $7 for the largest ink capacity obtainable in a fountain pen of this type. There is but one way to be certain that you have this master pen—look on the barrel and *read the imprint*, "Geo. S. Parker —DUOFOLD." No imitation bears that mark.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES, NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • ATLANTA • DALLAS
SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

*To prove Parker Duofold is a pen of lifelong perfection, we offer to make good any defects provided complete pen is sent by the owner direct to the factory with 10c for return postage and insurance.

Parker Duofold

The College-Trained Pen

OVER-SIZE $7

Lady Duofold $5 *Duofold Jr. $5*

When you see a man consult this watch . . .

Ask who he is!

WHAT record of success or service has won for him this special mark of appreciation?

For this watch is a Gruen Pentagon. And so often has it served as a tribute to distinguished merit that it has been justly called the Croix de Guerre for American Achievement.

There are many ways in which he might have earned this decoration for peacetime achievement. Consider these few examples of actual presentations of the Pentagon:

For business achievement: to Howard Wurlitzer, Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.; to Jos. B. Graham, Graham-Paige Motors; to Chas. Fuller Stoddard, American Piano Co.

As a token of affection from employes: to Joseph B. Shea, Joseph Horne Co.; to John D. Sage, Union Central Life Insurance Co.; to Wm. A. Law, Penn Mutual Insurance Co.

For industry of employes: by Equitable Life of Iowa, to twenty-five men showing unusual production; by J. Frank Darling Co., New York, to six salesmen showing unusual increases; to over 500 employes of the Cincinnati Traction Company for twenty years of faithful service.

For loyalty and service: to Nathan P. Reed, retiring President, Rotary Club, Somerville, Massachusetts; to Howard D. Smith, retiring Governor, Ohio Kiwanis; to Judge William A. Westfall, retiring President, Lion's International.

But why has the Gruen Pentagon been so frequently selected as the one watch to serve this special purpose? The explanation must lie in the particular qualities of the watch itself. By its patented shape, it is readily recognizable wherever it is worn

But its five gracefully rounded sides give it more than distinctiveness

Among those who have been presented with the
CROIX DE GUERRE FOR AMERICAN ACHIEVEMENT

GEN. LINCOLN C. ANDREWS
ADMIRAL W. S. BENSON
MR. W. G. BURRAM
MR. WM. H. CAMPBELL
HON. OSCAR E. CARLSTROM
HON. JAMES M. COX
HON. JOHN W. DAVIS
HON. RICHARD P. ERNST
HON. W. J. FIELDS
MR. CLAUDE H. FOSTER
JUSTICE SAMUEL J. HARRIS
HON. W. B. HARRISON
MR. EDGAR WATSON HOWE
COL. CHAS. A. LINDBERGH
JUDGE J. WILLIS MARTIN
HON. JOSEPH W. MARTIN, JR.
MR. GRAHAM MCNAMEE
MR. C. W. NASH
GEN. JOHN J. PERSHING
HON. JOHN W. TOBIN
HON. W. A. WALSH

This emblem is displayed only by jewelers of high business character, qualified members of the Gruen Guild

The Pentagon can not tip over in the pocket. Keeping the upright position at all times permits it to operate with more constant accuracy.

Any Gruen jeweler can show you a large variety of Gruen Pentagons. Prices from $2500 to $75 (never less)—including the special Paladin model, illustrated above, at $250. An exceptional watch for unusual accomplishment! Ask this jeweler to tell you the complete story of the Croix de Guerre for American Achievement.

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.
Branches in various parts of the world
Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century

PRECISION
Trade Mark Reg.

Every Pentagon carries this GRUEN pledge mark, placed only upon watches of finer quality, accuracy and finish. Made only in the Precision workshop

The Gruen Pentagon

(Continued from Page 103)

Then the engine went plop-plop-plop! He turned a valve. Instantly the engine roared out whole-heartedly, giving a smooth flow of power. Her thoughts leaped optimistically and dropped like lead when he turned toward her.

"Have to jump," he said. "Don't be scared. You won't do anything worse than get scratched up. Fair-size clearing near the Indian pueblo. Try to drop you there."

She stared at him, wide-eyed. He pointed to the cluster of Indian houses on the bank of a stream and then to a small open space about two miles farther on.

"When I tell you," he said, "get on the rim of the cockpit, legs out. I'll hold you. Then get your release ring with your right hand. When I hit you on the back go overboard and count—one-two-three-four, and then jerk your ring. I'll fly back and try to hit the same spot after you've landed. Understand?"

She gave him a half-paralyzed nod.

"When you're almost down, cross your legs so you won't straddle anything and put your arms over your face. All right! Get up now! Hurry!"

He had decided, remembering the breathless moments before his own first leap, that it would be best to give her as little time as possible for her imagination to work. Just up and overboard, trusting to thin air and a few pounds of silk. He held her harness while she swung her legs out, put the release ring in her hand.

"Remember! One-two-three-four and yank!"

Still holding to the harness, he sighted down at the opening, edged the plane a little to the left. Then he whacked her upon the back and shouted. She went over, sprawling grotesquely in nothingness. He kicked the plane about so that the tail went from her, and hung over the edge watching her.

She was falling face up—two-three-four-five. Then he saw her right hand whip out. The 'chute flashed from the sack, the risers whipped her around, face down, and she was hidden by the blossoming flower of white silk.

He swung about in a circle and headed down, following her at a distance. The parachute was oscillating badly—it was built for a heavier person—but her descent was nearly vertical and she was heading toward the clearing. He edged in closer and saw her land, curled up like a ball, in a mass of brush. The 'chute spread over her. An instant later he saw her fighting it away. He swooped down, waved. Both her hands fluttered in response.

He pulled the plane into a climb and glanced at the clock. Six more minutes before the gasoline in the little reserve tank would be exhausted; seven more minutes before the plane would be a tangled wreck. Finally he pulled around and came gliding in toward the clearing, sighting upon it. He stood up in his seat, one hand outstretched, touching the control stick, while he braced himself with the other; then he shot over the side, headfirst into space. The 'chute cracked open and he saw his plane flying tranquilly away—a model of inherent stability to the last. He was a little short for the clearing, so he reached for the shrouds, spilled some air and edged toward it. He had time for one more glance at the plane, to spot its direction, before the earth claimed him with a bump.

He fought clear of shrouds and parachute, got out of his harness.

"Cynthia!" he yelled. "Are you all right?"

"Yes! But I can't get out!"

"Wait a second!" He ran toward her.

She was waist high in thorny underbrush, hopelessly tangled.

"Thank the Lord, you didn't hurt yourself!" he exclaimed. He waded into the brush, thorns stabbing him.

Her jaw was set and her eyes flashed indignantly. So many violent emotions had piled up within her in so brief a time that she vented them in being furiously angry because she could not extricate herself. He unfastened her harness, detached it from the 'chute, which was in tatters, and threw it into the open.

"I'd better carry you out of this," he said. She submitted willingly, put an arm about his neck. Laboriously, with creepers dragging at his feet and barbs pricking him savagely at every step, he made his way out of the brush.

"There you are," he said, as he put her on her feet. "How do you like jumping?"

"Tell you later," she panted. "I hope it isn't any disgrace to be scared. I was!"

"No disgrace at all!" he assured her. "Believe me, we were lucky! You're pretty badly scratched."

They surveyed her arms; barbs had torn red lines in her skin and there were tiny beads of blood forming.

"That's nothing," she said, and sat down abruptly upon the ground. "Whew! Well, it doesn't look as though we're going to catch the Almira today. Where do we go from here? We're pretty far from the mine, aren't we?"

"Smack in the middle of the plateau," he told her. "There will be some Indians out looking for us. I had a powwow one time with the chief and he promised to send men out to me if I ever came down. Their pueblo is only a couple of miles away, and that's about a two-day hike from the mine."

He sat down beside her and they rested for a few minutes.

"You're a game girl, Cynthia," he said.

She smiled gratefully. "I didn't feel very game when I went overboard. I thought that parachute would never open!"

He collected the two sets of harness and his own 'chute—Cynthia's was ruined—swung them over his shoulder and they started out, breaking a trail toward the stream that would lead them to the Indian village. At intervals of a few minutes they stopped while he yelled. Finally an answering yell came like an echo. It grew stronger.

A few minutes later two Indians, wearing only cotton breechcloths, broke through the forest at a jog trot. They were small men, no taller than Cynthia, but stockily built. Their hair was coarse and straight, blue-black, bobbed in a sort of Dutch cut and tied back from their faces with strips of calico. They put up their hands in a simple gesture of friendliness and smiled.

In pantomime, Skip told one of them to go out and look for the plane—gave him the general direction in which it had fallen. To the other he gave the harnesses and the 'chute. They started toward the village.

"How about the gold?" asked Cynthia suddenly.

He shrugged. "It's in the plane. These Indians wouldn't touch it. They never steal. At least it's almost unheard of. If an Indian steals, they take a sharp stone—no knife!—and cut the soles of his feet. Then they chase him through the jungle. If he doesn't run fast enough, they kill him."

"That's a pretty thought!" commented Cynthia.

"They're quick on justice," he continued. "If an Indian commits a murder, they bury him alive with the man he killed. Crime isn't a paying game with these people. They're not civilized."

It was a gala day upon the plateau. For two years they had seen the plane crossing above them; sometimes it swooped down over the village and dropped a bolt of calico or a carefully wrapped can of powder for their old muzzle-loading shotguns. Except for a few who ventured close to the mine, they had never seen the man who flew. Shouts and answering shouts sounded through the forest. More Indians joined them. A dozen of them were dispatched to search for the plane.

The chief met them on the outskirts of the village. He was an old withered fellow, amiable, gracious. He escorted them to his house.

The village consisted of a dozen houses—merely covered platforms elevated eight feet from the ground, open on all sides, with thatched roofs. In the chief's house, which was the largest, an ancient female, who wore nothing but a cloth wound about her which seemed in imminent danger of coming off, but which never did, served them with fish stew in wooden bowls. They ate with their fingers.

"We won't get away tonight," said Skip. "I'll send a runner to the mine after while. He'll get there late tomorrow."

An hour passed before a messenger came from the searching party. The plane had been found. Skip persuaded her not to accompany him and hit out into the forest, the Indian guiding him.

The plane had dived at a good gliding angle between two trees. The wings were sliced off and the fuselage wrecked, but the engine was intact. With Hogan and a set of tools, the engine could be dismantled into portable loads and salvaged. He wrenched open the door of the fuselage, pulled out Cynthia's suitcases and the pouch of gold. In the cockpit he found the riot gun, which had jumped from its rack and was jammed in the controls. He divided the things among the Indians and they started back for the village.

Cynthia was sleeping. She opened her eyes as he came up the notched log which served as steps.

"There," he said, indicating the suitcases, "if you want to dress for dinner. I think—I'm not sure—that these people imagine you're a man."

She laughed. "No, they don't. The old woman was showing me how she cooked. Just females together, talking over our household affairs. They're awfully nice, Skip. And the youngsters are darlings!"

"They are clean, honest and moral—absolutely uncivilized!"

"You're not very enthusiastic about civilization, are you?"

He grunted and sat down upon the floor with his riot gun, inspected it. The gun was uninjured. He removed the drum of cartridges, slid it across the floor toward the automatics and the leather pouch. The men who had accompanied him were diving into the water.

"That looks good," he said. "Me for it!"

He went under the house and emerged a few minutes later, a very white Indian, wearing a borrowed breechcloth. Youngsters followed him, chattering excitedly, apparently amazed to discover that he was white all over.

Cynthia lay upon her stomach, chin propped in her hands, and watched them enviously, wondering what she could use as an adequately decent bathing suit. Men and children were yelling hilariously; they were diving for pebbles, swimming under water.

She grew tired of watching, put her head in her arms and dozed off again. The yelling went on monotonously; then, abruptly, it changed in tone. It took her a moment to arouse herself and she became aware of staccato phrases of Spanish. She lifted herself upon one elbow and looked, stared.

The Indians had backed away and were standing mutely. Skip, shining with water, had his hands raised to the level of his head. He was confronted by a man who held him covered by a half-raised rifle. The man—a gangling, dark-complexioned fellow, barefooted, wearing floppy trousers and a tattered shirt—was chattering Spanish in a high, excited voice. Skip was nodding resignedly.

It was a moment before her sleep-befuddled mind could take in the situation. She forgot about the pouch of gold—mere junk in a land where wealth was measured in pounds of white rubber, yards of calico, cans of powder. Skip's life was threatened. That appalling, terrifying thought brought her up on her hands, head well above the edge of the platform.

Skip saw her. He saw her snatch up the empty riot gun. "Get down!" he yelled.

The fellow whipped about, discovered Cynthia—another man, for all he could tell—rise with that dreaded, death-spraying, annihilating gun in her hands; that gun which shot its victim into a pink mist! He faltered for a second, and in his surprise,

(Continued on Page 110)

American Prosperity

Office Easy Chairs

"Men vie against men, trades vie against trades, area against area, for the winning of business advantages" — from *American Prosperity* by Paul Mazur, an eminent New York banker.

Mr. Mazur, in his book, pictures business America as a vast battle ground. The individual business man finds himself in a struggle not only with competitors in his particular field but with entire industries ranged against him. The rewards of victory are great, practically unlimited. But the victory, as never before, will be to the aggressive, the alert, the courageous, the efficient. The responsibilities which face and will continue to face business executives call for ceaseless effort based on careful plans—plans made by men who sit in office chairs—and executed by men and women also seated in office chairs.

The importance of providing chairs that *rest*, instead of *tiring* the body, cannot be too strongly emphasized. Sikes Office Easy Chairs are designed on scientifically correct principles that promote mental alertness by providing physical comfort.

There is a Sikes dealer nearby who will gladly show you chairs for any business purpose. Chairs specially designed for each type of worker, well made, beautifully finished and reasonably priced. Chairs of the sort that will increase your own comfort and efficiency and do the same for every man and woman you employ.

Sikes

SIKCO 46-L—a chair of unusual distinction, great comfort and quality workmanship.

When in Atlantic City visit the SIKES EXHIBIT in the Boardwalk National Arcade, Boardwalk and Tennessee Ave.

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

ὁ οἰκονομικός

2300 years ago when Aristotle wrote his famous treatise on government there was no ready-made word to describe what he wanted to talk about—the *business* of governing. ✒ So he adopted—and with what inspiration!—the Greek word for "housekeeping." The word has become part of our language as "economics".

But housekeeping—and not economics—still remains the important business of the world. ✒ Government, politics, war, business—none of these exercises so profound an influence over the destinies of man as housekeeping. It engages the hearts and minds of more people and calls for higher qualities than any other occupation. ✒ Each woman faces it single-handed. To keep her house successfully

she must know an appalling number of things. ✒ She must know how to cook. Know food—food values. She must bring imagination to her menus. She must know how to set her table attractively. ✒ She must know how to make her home comfortable and inviting. She must know furniture, rugs, curtains. She must have an instinct for decoration and arrangement. ✒ She must know the worth of labor-saving devices and how best to save her own time and strength. ✒ She must know clothes—how to buy them—how to make them . . . fabrics . . . modes. ✒ She must balance—year in, year out—the family budget and hold to—or better—a standard of living. She must widen her own horizon—create social contacts and find time for some of the riches which the world offers under the label of culture. ✒ She must face death to bring children into the world. She must raise them, care for them, pilot them safely to the threshold of manhood and womanhood. ✒ She must know something of medicine, surgery, nursing, dieting. Of education. Of physical training and moral training. She must explore the infinite mazes of child psychology and the psychology of adolescence. She must learn to be patient and to trust love. ✒ To her husband, she must be a companion, a sweetheart, a wife and a mother. She must stir his ambition, pull him through failure and keep success from hurting him . . .

McCall's is edited for the woman in the home . . . If we have helped to make her what she is, so has she helped to make us what we are. For it has been her letters, the real letters of legions of housewives, that have shaped and guided and inspired McCall's.

Any appraisal of McCall's, any measuring of its success, must take into account the faithfulness and understanding with which it has met the needs of its 2,300,000 readers.

McCALL'S

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD— R.S.C.

CARTER INK PRODUCTS

$7.00 and $5.00 others at $3.50

When you reach for The Carter Pen the finger naturally rests upon the upper part of its built-in Rocker Spring Clip. A gentle pressure . . . it opens! . . out comes the pen. No wear and tear . . no pulling and hauling . . And now you replace The Carter Pen . . . your finger grip is released . . the R.S.C. closes . . your Carter is safe, snug and secure. No more protection than such a good pen deserves . . . but there is a satisfaction in knowing your favorite pen is safe.

Made in beautiful blue or green unbreakable Coralite. $7.00 & $5.00 pens are unconditionally guaranteed. If not carried by your dealer, please write us.

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY
Boston Montreal
New York Chicago

THE CARTER PEN
YOU KNOW THE INK

(Continued from Page 107)

allowed the muzzle of his rifle to jerk upward. At the same instant, Skip, horrified by the thought that he might shoot her, plunged forward. There was no time to deliver a blow except the blow of his charging body.

The man, uttering a squawk of dismay, swung back just as Skip's one hundred and seventy-odd pounds drove into him. The barrel of the rifle whacked Skip over the head just above the temple. The gun went off. The universe exploded, shot fireworks against a smothering curtain of black velvet. Skip dropped in a heap.

It took place so quickly that Cynthia, from her perch in the grand stand, didn't know what actually happened. She saw Skip charge forward, collide with the man, then the rifle fired. She thought he had been shot. The man, bowled over as though a battering ram had struck him, sprawled out upon the ground. A half dozen of the Indians, who had been standing there dumfounded by this sudden battle between people from the strange outside world, jumped upon him and pinned him down. He began shrieking "*Dios! Dios!*"

She went down the notched log, half sliding, half falling. An Indian woman added a shrill horrible cry to the pandemonium and rushed with a gourd to the stream.

"Skip! Skip!" called Cynthia. She flung herself upon her knees beside him, took him in her arms. Blood was pumping from a wound in his head. The Indian woman splashed the gourd of water over his face and ran back for more. His arms moved uncertainly and his eyelids fluttered. Color came surging back into his white lips.

"Cynthia! Dearest! Oh, Cynthia!" His hands groped for her and his glazed eyes tried to find her in a madly whirling panorama. Another gourd of water poured over his head. He clutched her. "Oh, Cynthia, dearest! You're not hurt? He didn't —— What? Where is he?"

"Just be quiet a moment!" she pleaded. "Everything's all right. The Indians have him."

He tried to get up and sank back in her arms, mumbling drunkenly that he thought she had been shot. A third gourd of water washed the blood away for an instant and she saw that the wound was merely a gash. He insisted upon getting to his feet, and he stood there, supported between Cynthia and an Indian, wabbling and looking at the subdued bandit, who stared back at him, terrified. The man began to wail and beg for mercy.

"Cynthia!" said Skip, as though she were yards away from him.

"Yes, Skip," she answered from under his left arm.

"That gun wasn't loaded. You should not 'a' ——"

"Don't try to talk now. Let's go down to the water and wash your head. It's bleeding terribly."

They took him to the water's edge, poured more water over the wound. The chief's ancient female came with a handful of soft withered tobacco leaves, which she plastered over the gash. They bound a strip of calico about his head to keep the leaves in place.

"Whew!" said Skip. "The guy knocked me ga-ga. His gun hit me, I think. It was just like somebody turning off the lights." He took her hand in his. "Good Lord, I thought he was going to shoot you! Oh, Cynthia dear!"

"Who is he?" she asked.

"One of the traders, probably. They're a no-good lot. He just popped out of the brush and told me to stick 'em up. Probably saw the plane come down and made a rush here. Knew I carried gold on the up trip, of course. Then I saw you get up with that gun. Oh, Cynthia, I love you so much! I—I'm still a little bit groggy, but I —— Oh, Cynthia!"

"Skip dear, you'd better come to the house and lie down."

"But I mean —— I didn't really know until I saw him swing that gun on you what I —— I mean ——"

"Yes, dear. Please come to the house. Up on the feet. At-a-boy!"

He wabbled slightly. "I'm—I'm pretty all right now. But he certainly knocked me for a couple of tailspins!"

With the assistance of two Indians, she got him up to the platform and stretched out upon a mat. The chief squatted near them and began to babble angrily in his own language. The hospitality of his people had been violated. He pointed to the bandit, who was sitting upon the ground, wrists and ankles tied, and pretended to slash the soles of Skip's feet.

"You see?" asked Skip. He shook his head sternly at the chief and waved him aside. "The old boy wants to give out a little Indian punishment—slash the beggar's feet and chase him into the jungle. I used to have an Airedale that killed chickens. Good dog except for that. I took a chicken he'd killed and wired it about his neck so he couldn't scratch it off."

"Please try to sleep, Skip!" she urged.

"You think I'm cuckoo," he answered. "Listen! I put the dog in a yard where he couldn't get out and he carried that chicken on his neck until it rotted off. Never killed chickens again. When he saw a chicken he'd put his tail between his legs and clear out. That's what I'm going to do to that fellow. I'm going to tie that gold around his neck and make him lug it every inch of the way back to the mine. He'll be so sick of gold that he'll never want to see any of it again. I'll make him sweat under that load—put a few stones in it to make it heavier—until he's sick of it. Then I'll take him to San Fernando and turn him over to the governor. Believe me, the San Fernando jail is no place to spend fifteen or twenty years!" He sat up and felt his head. "Guess I'll get some clothes on now."

He went under the platform, discarded the breechcloth and dressed. As he came out the bandit stretched out his hands and wailed piteously, "Ah, señor ——"

"Oh, shut up!" said Skip.

Cynthia joined him. They went down to the stream and sat in the shade upon a bowlder.

"I've changed my mind," he said. "I'll let Jesse James sweat the predatory instincts out of himself by carrying the gold back to the mine and then I'll turn him loose. That San Fernando jail's an awful place to put a human being. And besides, I owe him something."

"How do you mean?" asked Cynthia.

He hesitated and slipped his hand over hers. "I suppose I'm pretty dumb-headed. A fellow must be dumb when it takes a bang over the head to bring him to his senses. When I saw him swing that gun in your direction, I —— Well, a man can't feel that way toward a girl unless he loves her more than anything else on earth. I've loved you that way all the time, but I was afraid to let myself admit it. I wanted to paint and I got it into my mind that I could paint and love you too. I didn't realize that without you I'd never be happy, never be able to paint. You're the only thing that matters. Cynthia, if you want, we could go back home—have money—everything. I wouldn't ask you to live here."

She drew her hand from beneath his. "Do you think I'm such a little coward that if I loved a man I wouldn't live wherever he'd be happiest?"

"I didn't mean that you were a coward!" he protested. "Above all things, you're not that!"

"I'd want to be with you. That's all I care about. I want you just to be Skip—like dad—untamed."

"Do you mean that you could love me?"

She flashed an oddly humorous smile up at him.

"What do you think?"

"Good Lord, Cynthia! I don't dare to think!"

"*Caramba!*" moaned the bandit. His head sank into his tied hands and he bleated out to his patron saint to witness his shame. He had been wondering if the little man who held him up at the point of that villainous gun could by any chance be a woman. Now he knew. She was being kissed!

A North Woodstock, New Hampshire, Scene

Another *Fuller* way to save work *this new* long handled Floor Scrub Brush

Fuller again comes to woman's aid with a new and better means to take fatigue from housework. This latest boon to women is a long-handled Floor Scrub Brush.

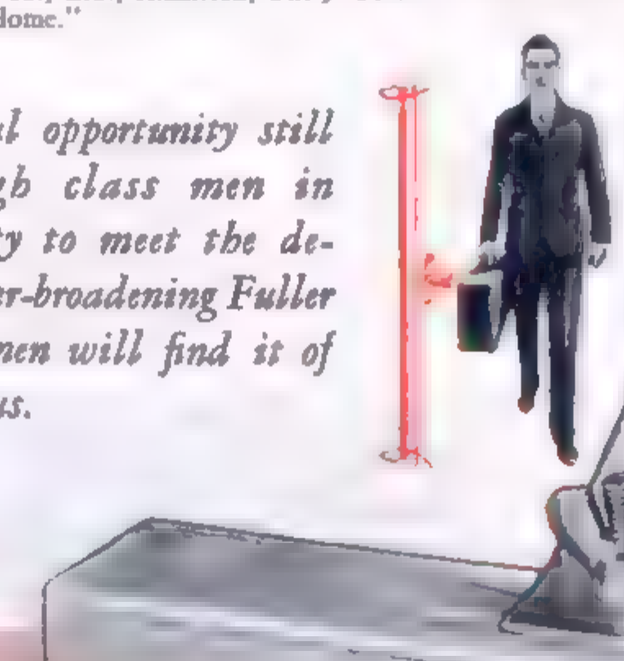
Floor scrubbing cannot be avoided if homes are to be kept spotless, sanitary. Yet what drudgery scrubbing is when done by old methods. And how easy it becomes with this latest Fuller triumph.

The long handle banishes "hands and knees" labor forever. Floors of kitchens, porches, garages, basements give up the last particle of dirt under the magic of the stout fingers of this brush.

The replaceable head is made of the highest grade Palmetto fiber. All metal parts are rust-resistant. The brush, placed on a heavy piece of felt, makes a fine floor polisher. It also may be used with steel wool to brighten up the floors.

Your Fuller Man will show you this new time-and-labor-saving member of the Fuller line next time he calls. To get him before his next regular visit do this: 'Phone the Fuller Branch Office in your city or write direct to The Fuller Brush Co., 3558 Main Street, Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.) Be sure to ask for free booklet, "The Cleaning Problems of the Home."

We have a real opportunity still for a few high class men in each community to meet the demands of the ever-broadening Fuller Service. Such men will find it of profit to write us.



FULLER BRUSHES

45 BRUSHES - 69 USES - HEAD TO FOOT - CELLAR TO ATTIC

"The winning of a thousand races ought to be a prideful achievement - - But the stability and mechanical nicety which make these triumphs possible are useless without perfect lubrication"— F. E. Moskovics

PRESIDENT STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO. OF AMERICA INC.

WHEN so many leading automobile manufacturers, dealers and engineers urge you to use the best oil, why accept any lesser quality? Use Pennzoil consistently. There is no better oil. There *can be* no better oil. It is 100% pure Pennsylvania oil of supreme quality and will do more than any other one thing to keep your motor new.

The greatest tests of speed and endurance that the world has ever known—in airplanes, automobiles, speed boats—have demonstrated Pennzoil's unquestioned quality. And its safety, its unfailing dependability and economy in ordinary use have won the confidence of millions of motorists.

THERE are many brands of oil closely copying the name and style of the Pennzoil trademark. Don't be misled by similar sounding names or the claim that some other oil is "just the same." Insist on P-E-N-N-Z-O-I-L and make sure that you get it. Why accept a lesser quality?

Leading car dealers, garages, filling stations recommend it and display the Pennzoil sign.

Any dealer will gladly get it for you unless controlled by a gasoline corporation.

THE PENNZOIL COMPANY

Executive Offices: Oil City, Pennsylvania, Los Angeles, Calif
Division Offices: New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco
BRANCH OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES
Refinery: Oil City, Pennsylvania

SUPREME PENNSYLVANIA QUALITY

PENNZOIL

LUBRICATION

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Continued from Page 18

Leaches would have been delighted to answer the telephone, but the rules prevented him from leaving the ring. Heckling was not confined to Queensberry contests, as the last Democratic Convention in the Garden proved. Probably the most famous kibitzer of all was Alexander Dowie, who chose the Garden as an arena in which to heckle Satan. Alexander, who dubbed himself Elijah the Third, arrived in New York just twenty-five years ago, ambushed in white whiskers of purest ray serene. The Garden was packed to the hinges on October 18, 1903, when Dowie opened his campaign to redeem New York, a city which was a pawn in pledge to Uncle Mephistopheles. The majority of the audience was there in all sincerity, but when Alexander opened up a bag of war talk the congested spectators started to answer him back. Right or wrong, a New Yorker thinks he is right. It ended in a rush for the exits while Alexander danced on the platform in venerable rage.

This excursion cost Dowie more than $250,000, and he left threatening New York another visit at his own expense. It was one week in which the Garden showed both a prophet and a profit, for it was a white elephant with ingrown tusks until Tex Rickard took hold of it. On the night that Joe Humphries announced himself in favor of fewer and politer babies, Tex Rickard strolled through the aisles chewing the smoking end of the cigar he always used as a teething ring. We stopped him and requested a list of prominent mourners present at the architectural wake.

"I don't know many of them," said Tex. "The place is full of old-timers who look as if they had been of some importance in days gone by. I am sorry to say good-by to the old place myself. It has been good to me and I have had a lot of fun in it. I am rather proud of the fact that I am the only man who ever made it pay. The Garden was all right, but it had never been run properly, that was all."

From Revivals to Knock-Outs

Tex was right. The old Garden had to go. Once a beauty spot, it had developed building trachoma and had become an eyesore. Even though the New Garden, on Eighth Avenue, is a palatial nest more fitting for the expensive eggs which Tex will hatch out in the coming years, we doubt that it will ever house the kaleidoscopic events which followed in quick succession in the old sports barracks. Revivals, dances, masquerades, presidential conventions, bike races, circuses, track meets, foot races by champions, running races by cops and furtive citizens, horse shows, dog, cat and flower shows, and battles featuring John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Jack Dempsey, Charley Mitchell, the crafty Kid McCoy and others: conflicts which almost become legends as the ink of memory fades on the mental pages.

Although the rapid growth of New York has pushed Madison Square down into the heel of the boot, it was once far uptown. In 1806, the United States erected an arsenal at the junction of the Eastern Post Road, which was the highway to Boston, and the Middle Road, which has gained some slight fame these days under its modern name of Broadway.

The site of this arsenal is about where the Worth monument now stands. This magazine formed a link in the chain of defenses which included two other arsenals in the lower part of the city and two forts—one off the Battery, called Southwest Battery, and the other in the Hudson River, off Hubert Street, called North Battery.

The Parade Ground

The arsenals were buildings two and three stories high, of stone and brick, constructed to resist every enemy but time, and inclosed by high walls. We know of no battles in Madison Square around 1806. Probably the boys couldn't do anything before Tex got there. This was the point selected to protect New York against invasion from the north. Even then it was an important locality. The state legislature passed an act in 1807 authorizing the appointment of commissioners to regulate and widen the streets. De Witt Clinton, who resigned from the United States Senate in 1802 to become the mayor of the city, was then filling the office for the second time. He named Gouverneur Morris, Simon De Witt and John Rutherford as commissioners, and this board is responsible for the congested condition of New York streets today. After earnest work, they laid the town out exactly wrong.

If the avenues had run east and west, and the streets north and south, New York would have twice as many vehicular corridors from the Battery to the neck of the bottle in Yonkers.

They also had some difficulty adjusting Broadway with the Bloomingdale Road. Between Sailor's Snug Harbor, now Tenth Street, and Love Lane, now Twenty-third Street, was a narrow causeway decorated by seven or eight frame shacks. By the commissioners' plan Broadway was to have been straightened at this place by continuing it from the bend of the present Tenth Street northward between Third and Fourth avenues to Twenty-third Street, where it would meet the Parade.

This Parade was laid out by the commissioners for military purposes, and contained 238.7 acres, extending from Twenty-third to Thirty-fourth streets and from Third to Seventh avenues. The report of the commission was dated March 22, 1811. A statute of April 15, 1814, reduced the Parade to 89.1 acres. Desiring to honor the contemporary President of the United States, the city changed the name of the Parade to Madison Square. Madison was an early Democrat and was fortunate enough not to see the 1924 Democrats trying to change Madison Square back into the Big Parade. The square was gradually reduced to its present size. The arsenal was abandoned in 1823, the land became city property, and in 1825 the first House of Refuge was founded in the old building. This home began with six boys and three girls—names withheld by request—and was destroyed by fire in 1839. The square then became a skating place in winter for good little boys and girls, all of whom were doubtless known to Santa Claus. A stream, sometimes known as Cedar Creek, had its source in the west of the square, turned eastward, skirted the north end of the park, then twisting south made a skating pond, afterward following a southeasterly course to the East River at Seventeenth Street.

The city was spreading its municipal tendrils slowly northward. The tunnel between Thirty-third and Forty-second streets was opened. Under the strident demands of chauffeurs of hay wagons, rapid transit was introduced in 1832, and horse cars ran along Fourth Avenue from Prince Street to Murray Hill at intervals of fifteen minutes. A fare of twenty-five cents was charged. New York was rapidly getting ready for Tex Rickard.

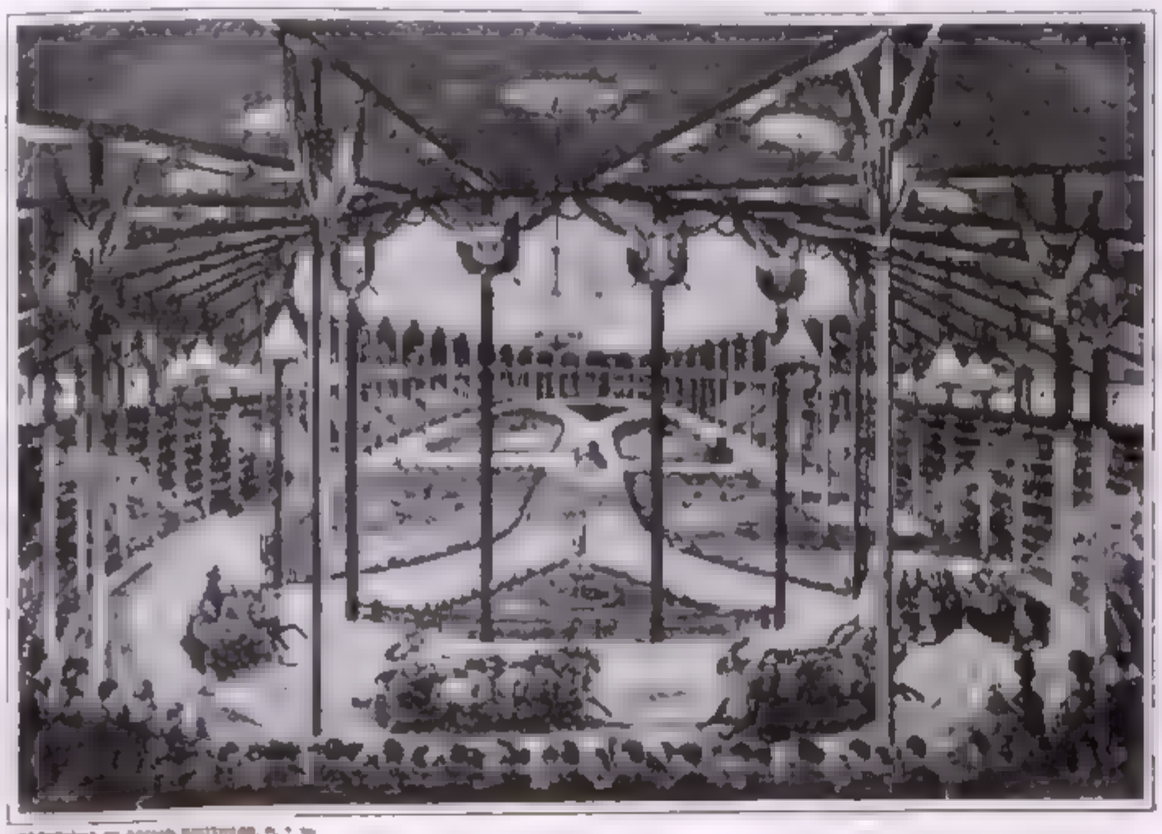
A Forerunner of the Garden

The square was formally dedicated to the public on the tenth of May, 1847. There was no Madison Square Garden at the time, for when Jenny Lind visited America a few years later, she sang in the Aquarium. The first building to acquire notice in Madison Square was Corporal Thompson's Madison Cottage, where Mrs. Van Rensselaer notes that the trotting men of the period found frequent refreshment for themselves, if not for their beasts. It was the post tavern used for changing horses and later became a road house. In the New York Herald of May 9, 1842, appeared the notice:

> Madison Cottage—this beautiful place of resort opposite Madison Square, corner of Twenty-third Street and Broadway, is open for the season, and Palmer's omnibuses drive to the door. It is one of the most agreeable spots for an afternoon's lounge in the suburbs of the city. Go and see.

Corporal Thompson's cottage soon gave way to Franconi's Hippodrome, built by a syndicate of eight showmen, among them being Avery Smith, Richard Sands and Seth B. Howe. This was the forerunner of the Garden. The Hip was brick, two stories high, and 700 feet in circumference. The arena was uncovered and was used for early American circuses and chariot races. About 4000 people were inside its roofless shell when it was opened on May 2, 1853. It lasted in public favor for about two seasons. About that time the spectators probably grew tired of seeing the same driver win the chariot race night after night. After the Madison Square Presbyterian Church was dedicated in 1853, the square became a desirable place of residence, so much so that a popular song was written about Miss Flora McFlimsey of Madison Square.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel was opened on the site of Franconi's Hippodrome in 1859. The Prince of



Inside P. T. Barnum's Grand Roman Hippodrome

Sunday ... Roast
Monday ... Hash - ?
... not any longer

MR. Husband and family—do you wonder that the enthusiasm of your Sunday appetite wanes when the roast goes to hash on Monday?

Thoughtful wives know that Monday's dinner becomes really a delight when Sunday's roast is made into delicious Chop Suey or Chow Mein by the simple addition of LaChoy imported Chinese ingredients.

The many delicious Chinese dishes found in the LaChoy Recipe Book become family favorites and the delight of guests.

LaChoy imported ingredients for making Chop Suey, Chow Mein, or any of the many genuine Chinese dishes, can be had at all good grocers' in sealed containers that preserve their freshness.

LACHOY FOOD PRODUCTS, INC.
DETROIT, U.S.A.

LaChoy

Chinese Soy Sauce—Chow Mein Noodles—Sprouts—Bamboo Shoots—Sub Kum—Water Chestnuts—Brown Sauce—Kumquats

In the LaChoy assortment are packages of every kind of Chinese imported delicacy required for Chop Suey and Chow Mein. At your grocer's or sent you direct for $1. ($1.25 west of the Rockies and in Canada.)

Free Book of Genuine Chinese Recipes

Fill in and mail this coupon for LaChoy Book of Chinese recipes, with 40 tempting dishes. Write LaChoy Food Products, Inc., Detroit, Michigan.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Safe Play for your Youngsters

THE Iver Johnson Velocipede is more than just a plaything. It supplies healthful exercise for any little boy or girl. Keeps them on the sidewalk, and out of mischief. Furnishes hours and hours of innocent fun—and safety, too, because the Iver Johnson is made to withstand the thumps and bumps that youngsters give it.

All vital parts drop-forged for added strength. Extra number of heavy spokes eliminates spoke trouble. Large 1¼-inch non-skid cushion rubber tires. Front axle bearings are in a forged, hardened, ground steel housing that does away with all projecting screws or nuts.

Four sizes. Colors: Red, Blue or Gold DUCO white head.

FOR OLDER CHILDREN

The Iver Johnson Juniorcycle keeps them on the sidewalk—safe and happy. Equipment includes New Departure coaster brake, large 1¼-inch non-skid cushion rubber tires, strong steel stand, and mudguards front and rear. Ruby Reflector tail light. Full nickel fork and steering column.

HANDSOME COLOR CATALOG FREE

Send today for FREE Catalog "B," showing all models of Iver Johnson Velocipedes as well as Juniorcycles and Bicycles for older boys, girls, and for adults.

DEALERS: *Everywhere the demand for Iver Johnson Bicycles, Juniorcycles and Velocipedes is on the increase. Some new territories are still open. Write at once to Fitchburg for our money-making proposition.*

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
7 RIVER STREET, FITCHBURG, MASS.
New York, 151 Chambers Street
Chicago, 108 W. Lake Street
San Francisco, 717 Market Street

IVER JOHNSON

BICYCLES
JUNIORCYCLES VELOCIPEDES

Wales stopped there a year later, and Dom Pedro of Brazil was entertained in 1876. The east side of the square was soon lined with beautiful homes. One of three Jerome sisters, living in that row, became Lady Randolph Churchill. William Travers, law partner of Jerome, resided on the east side. He was New York's wit and you can still hear his gags in vaudeville. Before dying in Bermuda in 1887, he answered a solicitous inquiry: "My doctors sent me here for change and rest. The waiters are getting the change and the hotel keepers the rest."

The Jerome mansion became the Union League, the Turf Club, the Madison Club and the University Club in turn. The space occupied later by the Garden was for many years the passenger station of the New York and Harlem Railroad. In 1831 the Common Council granted that corporation the right to run cars from the Astor House, along the Park, through Park Row, Centre and Broome Streets, Bowery and Fourth Avenue to Twenty-seventh Street; from there, with large cars, to Harlem River. The downtown route was used for the first line of horse cars in the city, and the Harlem Railroad was the first steam line to leave the metropolis. Later, the Common Council allowed the Harlem Railroad to grant permission to the New York and New Haven to run on their tracks "on that portion of the route of the New York and Harlem Railroad from the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street to Harlem River." Horses drew the cars from the station to the opening of the tunnel at Twenty-third Street, where the locomotive was attached. Wonder what the stockholders thought when they found that their locomotive had a feed bill for oats. This condition continued until the opening of the Grand Central Station in 1871.

After the railroad abandoned its Madison Square terminal it remained vacant until 1873, when P. T. Barnum, greatest of American showmen, secured a lease on the property and proposed to carry out his life scheme of exhibiting a Roman Hippodrome, Zoölogical Institute, Aquaria and Museum of "unsurpassable extent and magnificence." For some reason he failed to make the Garden a place of permanent amusement, but merely used it for several weeks each year on his numerous trips to the city. In order to protect the tents, brick walls were erected and united by a roof which partially covered them.

The Hub of High Life

During the summer months the interior was decorated to resemble a garden and refreshments were served at tables while various orchestras played. Theodore Thomas waved a baton there, and then came the military band of Patrick S. Gilmore, who grew so popular that the place was called Gilmore's Garden. Dog, chicken and horse shows and industrial exhibitions found a haphazard shelter in the patched coliseum, but it was so crazily constructed that the promoters of a checker tournament found it necessary to give out rain checks with each ticket. The last important meeting in Gilmore's Garden was the revival exercises conducted by Moody and Sankey upon their return from Europe in 1875.

The Garden became so rickety that building inspectors proclaimed it as dangerous as a soaped rug on a waxed floor. New York's increasing population demanded a bigger arena, and a corporation was organized to float the essential bonds. The old buildings were torn down and the name of Gilmore went with them. The cost of the new structure was to be about $3,000,000, the architects were McKim, Mead and White. Demolition of the ramshackle hippodrome was completed in 1889 and the history of the new Garden began on June 16, 1890. It was opened with a concert, Eduard Strauss, the Viennese conductor, leading the orchestra, the second half of the entertainment consisting of two grand ballets. Madison Square became the hub of New York's high life.

The 17,000 New Yorkers who attended the opening night thought the Garden must be beautiful because it cost so much. The material was yellow brick and white terra-cotta. Stanford White designed the tower, 350 feet high, an adaptation of the Giralda in Seville, Spain. The weather vane on the yellow tower was the golden Diana, by Augustus Saint-Gaudens. Diana was much too big for the tower, so she was sent to the World's Fair in Chicago. Saint-Gaudens designed a newer and more petite Diana, who was much admired by millions who think a lady is beautiful when she is balanced on her big toe.

The first Horse Show held in the Garden opened on November 10, 1890. The Morning World of the previous day said, "The opening of the Horse Show will be a very brilliant affair. All the boxes will be occupied by swell people, many of whom have returned to town so that they may be on hand."

The swell people on hand were the W. C. Whitneys, J. P. Morgan, Frank Work, the Duke of Marlborough and others in the Almanack de Goofa. H. Seward Webb was the largest exhibitor and won enough blue ribbons to braid a yak's hair.

A Battleground for Society

Turkish rugs and handsome wicker chairs were put in the boxes by the swell people on hand. The management objected, but as the seats provided were not comfortable for "short and stout dowagers," the point was conceded. The head usher was sent forth to remonstrate against the wicker furniture, but the short and stout dowagers gave him a look that was enough to blister the Car of Juggernaut. He retreated, and thenceforth the short and stout dowagers won all the glaring tournaments in the Garden.

Few people remember or knew that there was a theater located in the northwest angle of the Garden building. This was a playhouse of the orthodox type, seating 1200 people, the first play being Doctor Bill, which was presented on the evening of May 30, 1892. There was also a concert hall on the Twenty-sixth Street side of the building, seating 1600, in addition to the Roof Garden, capable of accommodating 4000.

But the main industry of the Garden was the annual Horse Show, in which event was crystallized the struggle for social supremacy of the New York 400. On the Sunday preceding the show an exclusive luncheon was held in one corner of the Garden. When the circus came to town this same exclusive niche was occupied by the freaks. The luncheons were sartorial battles preceded by haberdashery skirmishes. Berry Wall, Foxhall Keene and A. Louis Ouatina strove for the starchy honor of being known as the best-dressed man of the baggy 90's.

Peculiarly enough, the man who invented the classifying numeral, "400," was no longer a button on the sacred abacus. In 1888 Ward McAllister made his epochal statement that there were only 400 people in New York who knew enough not to bite the necks off beer bottles. His "400" made him a national dictator among the unemployed on yachts and horseback. McAllister was born in Savannah in 1827 of a very good family. During his first childhood he lived with a maiden aunt in New York and confidently expected to inherit her coupon scissors. But the gentle old girl crossed Ward by leaving all her golden cabbage to charity. However, she left him something more valuable, and that was an introduction to society. Ward proceeded to do more with this shoe button than another man could have accomplished with a string of pearls. Like other bangers of knockers on old Colonial doors, he became as exclusive as a marooned sailor. His first social bull's eye was his meeting with the Prince of Wales in 1860. Then he took a house at Newport, and by 1872 he was the top duke of society. By 1885 he was the autocrat of the drawing-rooms and no gathering was complete without him.

He organized the Patriarchs, a series of dances, in 1872, and was successful in squelching a rival series of hops known as the Cotillions. He was in the driver's seat until 1889, when he clashed with Stuyvesant Fish and Elbridge Gerry over the Ceremonial Ball at the Washington Centennial. McAllister was chairman of the entertainment committee and the ball was to be the culmination of a long, distinguished career devoted to the vanishing art of confetti tossing. He handed to the newspapermen his list of the sixteen ladies whom he had personally selected to dance the *quadrille d'honneur*.

Stuyvesant Fish, with mustaches like nine-point antlers, also handed out a list of ladies who were to dance the quadrille. Gerry, William Jay, W. W. Astor, W. K. Vanderbilt and Robert Goelet strung along with Fish. McAllister resigned. The newspapers cheerfully printed statements from both sides, while the public applauded retorts like "A gentlemen's agreement with you would be a one-sided contract," and "Neither Fish nor Gerry know how to get up a ball. Gerry says that all you need are pork and beans and a crowd."

Then McAllister retired to Washington, refusing to attend the ball, which was somewhat of a flop.

Although Ward never was totally ousted from power, his place was taken by Berry Wall, whose collars had the wing spread of an eagle rampant. There was a legend that McAllister had an oddity of speech which may have been assumed, but was a splendid advertisement.

He continually repeated "Don't you know?" or "Don't you see?" and, to vary the monotony, "Don't you understand?" He was an authority on cooking and vintage wines. In later years he reduced his schedule of 400 to 150.

Still on the Red

Even with McAllister absent, the Horse Shows at the Garden were brilliant. During the socially turbulent season of 1895, just before Consuelo Vanderbilt took the Duke of Marlborough for better or worse, the élite of the city welcomed the couple to the Horse Show nightly. Foxhall Keene and Jimmy Kernochan thrilled the self-made clique by their daring riding over the hurdles. It took startling jumping to concentrate the crowd's attention when Berry Wall unfolded his collars to the breeze or a society dandy appeared in a waistcoat made of bruised linoleum.

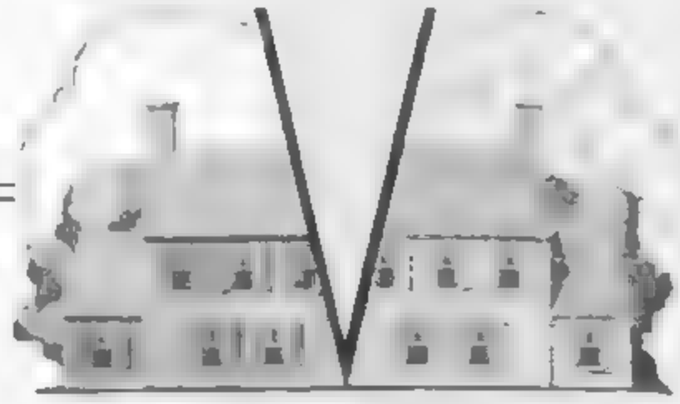
All this stuff was fine and amusing, but the Garden continued to lose money and it was impossible to get it off the red. Its main support was derived from the horse crowd and the circus. In January, 1893, J. A. Bailey, of Barnum and Bailey, went to the bat with the management of the Garden. He squawked loud and long about the business end of the affair. When Bailey got through singing the financial blues, the Rider and Driver declared that the Horse Show Association, which had subscribed $35,000, individual members having taken $100,000 more, was not getting fair treatment, having to pay the Madison Square Garden Company $5000 a day, or five times as much as any other tenant. Bailey offered to buy control at thirty dollars a share. If his offer wasn't met nose to nose he threatened to put up another building. He also charged waste, extravagance, incompetence—which seems enough. It was decided to sell the building at the annual meeting of the stockholders. There was outstanding around $4,000,000 in stocks and bonds, but there wasn't enough profit to sink a thimble. Bailey tried in vain to get an investigation of the management. In June the stockholders held another weep fest and it was decided not to sell, one of the reasons being that there was no buyer. Losses for the year ending April 30, 1891, were $18,000, and around $16,000 for the next year.

Near the close of the Garden's fiscal year, May 1, 1896, it was feared that, for

(Continued on Page 117)

30 Seconds Now

can save You Hundreds of Dollars *weeks from now!*



Here are 81 words stronger than a thousand arguments. If you plan to paint your house this spring it will pay you to read them now. Ask your nearest Devoe agent for complete details of this offer.

Paint half your house with Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint ,and paint the other half with any ordinary paint you choose.

If Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint does not take fewer gallons and cost less money per job, we will make no charge for Devoe.

If Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint doesn't wear one or two or three years longer —longer and better—we will give you, free of charge, enough Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint to repaint your entire house.

HOW can you make such an astonishing guarantee as that?" a homeowner recently wrote us.

A fair question. We will give it a clear answer.

When you paint your house you choose between three kinds of paint.

The first is the old-fashioned "mixed on the job" kind. Paint which "chalks off" rapidly. The reason Devoe lasts frequently twice, sometimes three times, as long as such paint is simple. Devoe, by combining zinc with lead, has produced a paint which resists this chalking-off process.

The second alternative is ordinary mixed paints which contain "fillers." Fillers are cheap pigments with little or no hiding power.

They cost less by the gallon—but they cost a lot more for every square foot of surface you paint. What is more important they lower the resistance of paint to weather conditions. They make repainting necessary long before it should be.

The third alternative is pure unadulterated paint made with lead and zinc. That is what you get in Devoe.

The famous Devoe formula was perfected with just one idea—to make a paint that would give the longest and best service it is possible for paint to give. It has enabled Devoe to make the most complete and astonishing guarantee ever made for paint.

Back of Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint are 174 years of paint making experience. The same quality that makes Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint superior is found in every Devoe paint and varnish product.

Insist that your painter use Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint. Or ask the nearest Devoe agent to put you in touch with a painter who standardizes on Devoe.

DEVOE & RAYNOLDS COMPANY
INC.

The oldest paint and varnish house in America
174 years old founded 1754

Free booklet. A booklet that will help you save money when you paint your house. Mail the coupon

Devoe & Raynolds Company, Inc., Dept. M
1 West 47th St., New York

Please send me your booklet giving complete information about House Paint

Name

Address .....

If you want name of nearest Devoe dealer check ☐

DEVOE HOUSE PAINT

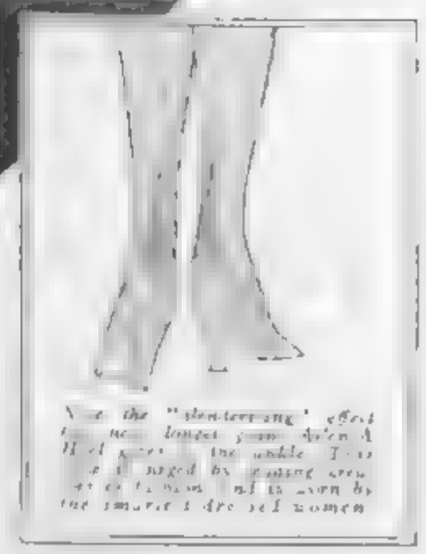
To get the best paint job use a Devoe Brush

A Devoe Paint and Varnish Product

How WOMEN *of the* SCREEN *Enhance their* Shapely Legs

—by Simply Wearing a Certain Type of Hosiery

DOROTHY MACKAILL wears this exquisite chiffon... with the smart Allen-A Heel that tapers to a longer point



TODAY, pre-eminent stars of the screen are rapidly turning to a certain type of hosiery which, they have discovered, accentuates the natural shapeliness of their ankles and legs.

It gives a wistful slenderness to the ankle never before attained. It makes the leg more graceful and appealing—the knee more alluring. It fits with creaseless perfection at all times.

Dorothy Mackaill has fallen in love with this new Allen-A Heel style.* A matchlessly clear, sheer chiffon from top to toe, full-fashioned, of course, to mold to the leg—while the new Allen-A Heel tapers to a point above the slipper, making the ankle appear exceedingly slender.

The silken foot is reinforced by this smart heel, an extra narrow sole, and special side and top toe guards—invisible even when worn with "cut-out" slippers. Thus long wear is assured.

You will find this lovely Allen-A creation at your dealer's in all the newest shades. Ask for it by style number—3715. Only $1.95 the pair. If your dealer does not carry it, simply send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin

*The same hosiery styles shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St.—and other New York stores—are now available at Allen-A dealers' everywhere. Priced from $1.50 to $3 the pair.

Allen-A *Hosiery*

(Continued from Page 114)

the first time, the books would come off the red. The stockholders were complaining of the prospective profit, but resumed their genial old grouch when they learned that the gravy would be something between $2000 and $12,000. The deficit the preceding year had been splendid, and the year before, even better.

In the spring of 1897, things had been browsing around the lawn of the poorhouse and the stockholders agreed to sell, but forgot to think out a plan of sale. The stocks and the bonds were growing more irritable with age, the mortgages were festering through long neglect, unfed taxes were whimpering in the gloaming and, like the darky's bank account, the interest was eating up the principal. The largest stockholder, J. P. Morgan, was willing to agree to anything suggested by the others to preserve the arena for public use. The other stockholders didn't do much except complain bitterly of mistreatment by the city in the matter of taxes.

T. Henry French was the first manager, but was shuttled into a lesser position as manager of the Garden Theater. He was succeeded by A. M. Palmer, who was unable to make the seeds sprout, and then the stockholders took it over. The roof garden, opened in 1892, was another financial flop in 1896. Even the assembly hall refused to pay for itself.

An unknown syndicate had an option on the works at $12.50 a share; H. C. Miner, H. B. Sire and the first Oscar Hammerstein considered taking it over. But one look at the books was enough to make any prospective buyer dash for the river with sash weights under each arm. Then some high-geared salesman almost persuaded the city into adopting this expensive stepchild and a bill to this end was introduced into the legislature. Stanford White agreed that the city should take it over, retaining the arena feature.

A Backward Step

"Without the arena," he said, "there would be no place to hold the Horse Shows and many other gatherings which take place as regularly as the seasons. The space should be kept in its present condition. It is the front of the building, containing the theater and the assembly hall, which does not pay. It has been a loss to the corporation for a long time, and instead of receiving relief from the city, we have been smothered in taxes. The city needs space such as that on the Madison Avenue side of the Garden.

Purchase by the city continued to be agitated for a long time, but when the enthusiasm flattened out, the stockholders were still holding the bag. Desperate efforts were made to book attractions which would assist the unhappy shareholders in laughing themselves to sleep at night.

There was another effort to have the Government buy it for a post office. The Rider and Driver protested and the Tribune went into editorial conniptions on February 6, 1900: "Take away the Madison Square Garden from New York and it is a backward step for the city. It is a surrender, a confession that New York is not such a big city as it thought it was."

The stockholders would have sent to Alaska for a man who could get the Garden out of its limp. And they would have been right, for Tex Rickard was running a wayside inn up around the Yukon at this time, entertaining such future celebrities as Rex Beach and Wilson Mizner, men who sought gold with pick and shovel, but were to find it with their pens. It was some years before Tex was to come to New York.

America's Town Hall

An idea of the sums paid in by sports fans to the box office of twenty-eight years ago can be gleaned by the tabulation of the Garden receipts published in the Tribune on April 22, 1900:

Horse Show	$120,000
Sportsmen's Show	100,000
Cycle Race	80,000
Dog Show	26,000
Poultry Show	20,000
Electrical Show	150,000
Food Show	45,000
Circus	200,000
Buffalo Bill	150,000
Military Tournament	50,000

Which is a lot of money for a year, if the Garden got it all, but all that corporation received was its rental fees. The yearly maintenance cost was $200,000, which had to be made up in about seven months of the year. The Sportsmen's Show was a successful feature, with trap shooting, water sports and wild animals. It was the habit of press agents to allow an animal to get loose, and the trouble in recapturing it was more than repaid by the free publicity in all the papers. This seemed to be a good idea to a wild cat in the 1900 show and it started out to acquire some free notices in the daily journals. It ran along the balcony rail, screeching like a box car on a curve, while the spectators fled in all the opposite directions there were on the compass. It attacked the Garden band, but was put to flight by a frightened musician breathing his loudest prayer through the bass horn. After this unequal duet, the cat allowed itself to be cornered by two old circus men armed with ropes, nets and accident insurance. Two raccoons got away the next day and were found in the pheasant coop, smiling beautifully through feathers.

The institution never suffered for lack of publicity, for it was America's town hall. In the old days, when an alto was supposed to be a soprano with the whooping cough, Adelina Patti sang there to three of the largest audiences ever assembled at concerts. She sang Home, Sweet Home on May 14, 1892, assisted by a chorus of 1000 singers, and a weeping audience never enjoyed sobbing so much in their lives. The great Columbus Ball was held a year later and old-timers still nibble the cud of recollection.

A mark that they still shoot at is the Actors' Fund Fair held during the week of May 2–7, 1892. The entire Garden was laid out as a miniature village of one street in the midst of a plain. The buildings were models of theaters of ancient London and older New York. The architecture and picturesque coloring of several centuries, and of places far distant from one another, were cleverly harmonized. Almost $200,000 was netted for the Fund on the week, but as usual, the merry chime of the cash register was no carillon for the stockholders.

We would like to have been there on November 9, 1895, when his fellow actors presented a loving cup to the greatest of them all, Joseph Jefferson. And we would like to have been present a year later, when a reincarnation of the orators of the ancient Forum appeared before a hostile audience and validated the presidential nomination he had wheedled out of the National Democratic Convention two weeks earlier in Chicago. When William Jennings Bryan spoke in the Garden in 1896 he could have talked the ears off a Philadelphia lawyer. The minute he started to speak he had the audience among his souvenirs and there was none who could resist him. But as an old Tammany politician said, "There's two guys in this place who don't know what Bryan is talking about. I'm one and Bryan is the other."

Three Wise Men

Bryan spoke there again in 1900 and ran the program to suit himself. When he was in his prime, the voice of Fate was but a minority report to him, and national Democracy followed in his wake, picking up corn that was to fatten it for a Republican barbecue. For three decades, the echo was more important than the Alps, but in 1924, in the same Garden, Bryan changed his wavelength and was lost in the static of the longest, loudest and least of all national conventions.

Once the depot for horse-drawn locomotives, it became the terminal for all whose talents were unusual and whose services were unique. It got so much publicity that it made people forget that Uncle Tom ever had a cabin.

But manager after manager was hired and fired while the stockholders continued to put camphor in their safety-deposit vaults in the hope that the bonds would outlive the moths.

Three Lochinvars were sprouting in the West who were to take the Garden off the red. One was the manager of a string of spinach-eared fighters, the second was a kid bumming rides on freight cars, and the third was a graduate of the Klondike who would not only shoot at the moon but do it on a cloudy night. The manager was Jack Kearns, the kid was Jack Dempsey, and the alumnus of the Yukon was Tex Rickard, who was to get rich by selling five cents' worth of lumber for fifty dollars a seat.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Baer. The second will appear in an early issue

Want $100?

To learn how you may earn it in your spare time send the coupon below today

Miss Eleanor Brown of Montana has made over $6.00 extra in a single day as our subscription representative. She started without experience—with just the desire for some extra money regularly to do with as she liked. She succeeded from the first. So can you.

Without Experience

The Curtis Publishing Company
737 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How may I earn up to $1.50 an hour extra in spare time?

Name
PLEASE PRINT

Street.....

City

State Age

"Not Trenton . . . *But 4:09 by the dial*"

Dudley Nichols,
Staff Correspondent of the New York World

From "A Ride in the Cab of the Broadway Limited"

By DUDLEY NICHOLS

FAR down the gloom of the platform the conductor cons his watch and raises his hand . . . Two fifty-five! . . . The whistle goes in the cab of the Broadway Limited.

"Quick!" says Wolf, the engineer, and the three of us slide in through the slot in front of the electric locomotive like three Jonahs entering the whale.

This whale, eating amperes and drinking volts, is to swim through hard ground under the North River and make Manhattan Transfer in fourteen minutes flat . . . Steam is a monster which cannot be gentled, and that is why K-4 is kept in the roundhouse out on the Jersey meadows. Steam is too primitive for Pennsylvania Station, where Bill Egan is master; so they send for proxy electricity, which is steam at one remove—steam in evening clothing, so to speak.

The engineer notches back a lever. The twin motors of this powerhouse on wheels grunt together. Instantly the locomotive grinds forward and begins in a monstrous movement to unreel that gyration of 4000 horsepower into straight miles.

We gather speed. A black spot shows ahead. It grows, opens all at once and swallows us. "The tunnel!" yells the assistant. "Three miles! We'll be out in four minutes!"

"Four-forty," says Godshall—which is his way of announcing North Philadelphia

Into the blackness we bore unflinchingly. Blue lights, yellow and red and green, blossom along the dark. We are in a hurled iron cell and we glue our faces against the thick glass of the ports. This is a thundering dark world of glimmering signals and blind velocity. We might be dropping to the red center of the world or roaring out into black space for all the stranger knows. Then the threads of steel curve upward and the train climbs up from under the river bed where great liners float on the green tide and set their courses for Europe to the east.

An airshaft opens and in the flash of sunlight we glimpse far up the fine tracery of trees From where we are, roaring into the unseen west, the whole world is a skyscraper which overhangs our heads.

Up the rise we shoot. A silver bull's-eye ahead. We punch it squarely and careen into daylight, the sun beginning to decline ahead of us and we hard after its colored trail. We are chasing evening as those eastbound ships putting out to sea are going after morning

"Clear!" the assistant is still shouting at regular intervals to the engineer, checking the "straights" of the semaphores now as they checked on the blinking lights back in the tunnel . . . "Clear! . . . Clear! . . . Clear!" . . .

Then Manhattan Transfer dead ahead.

"There's the K-4 coming out!" yells Wolf, and his finger sights at a lazy steam locomotive loafing out of the roundhouse down in the meadows, an overbearing devil of a locomotive which ambles down the curving switch with a great white flopping feather of steam stuck in his plug-hat. No wonder our nameless electric unhitches in a hurry and slinks off to give way to K-4, who clenches hold of our train with the authority of a mastiff taking a soupbone.

Feeling K-4 take hold and start the long pull for Chicago makes your muscles swell. Here is steam!

Engineer Sam Godshall nurses the throttle wide. Great pistons drive against the wheels. The immense tugging makes you gasp with the feel of it. From slow to fast, from fast to faster—a prodigious crescendo. You have got to ride the head of the meteor to know the meaning of speed. The tail of the meteor is all color, just as in a train it is all Pullman comfort and flying ease.

Up here in the cab the locomotive gets down to work. The drivers throb in an enormous rhythm. The locomotive becomes a bar of music running down the scale of the two bright rails in a gigantic four-four beat. And the song is all about time.

Time is the fundamental reality. The world and all that worldlings see are only ideas in the infinite brain of space. Time is the succession of those ideas, the sequence of images and events. And velocity is time made visible . . . Newark, South Elizabeth, Perth Amboy Junction, Metuchen—these images of Jersey towns flash by, and that is time made visible—four, eleven, sixteen, twenty-three minutes of time.

Godshall at the throttle pulls out his Hamilton from the breast pocket of his dungarees. The capital of New Jersey is not Trenton for him, but "four-nine" by the dial. My own strap watch checks four-nine, small brother of Godshall's Hamilton, but kept alive by the same beating heart of time.

In the end K-4 terrifies the novice. This demon seems to have no idea of moderation, no stopping point. Just when you think he has reached the maximum the engineer moves the throttle another notch. Fifty miles an hour is exciting. Sixty is hair-raising. But seventy is altogether too much of a good thing in a locomotive cab. This headlong vibrant roar, the door of the firebox clanging open and shut, the racking and rocketing of the high-perched cab, make the outsider feel like a deaf-mute in hell.

The locomotive is a demon. Fire and water, eternal antagonists, are his victuals: they fight to the death in his insides and their destruction is his speed, their spirits wafting out astern in an endless crape-like streamer of smoke and steam.

Godshall looks like carved steel. His oblong goggles slant upward and their band goes taut around his dungaree skullcap. His roman nose expresses the thrust of the locomotive. The lines of his set mouth are indomitable. He is the man of the machine.

A piece of steel which thinks and acts and has will. And the fireman is inhuman as he is, a man of great shoulders who works in a metallic rhythm: a hand on the chain swings open the firebox door, there is the blaze of damnation, the shovel scoops and swings, a hand on the chain swings shut the firebox door. In a tireless superhuman rhythm . . .

"We've got to slow down to forty-five to take on water," the fireman shouts in one's ear, and the voice comes with a faint mournful sound through pandemonium.

No chance of looking out the cab window. The wind is hard as a board. The scoop hits the quarter-mile trough, the locomotive wears a wide skirt of flying white water for a few moments, then we are past. We have taken water at forty-five miles to the hour!

And always above the din of the demoniac speed comes the regular beat-like shout of fireman to engineer: "Clear! . . . Clear! . . . Clear!" . . . as he watches the semaphores on the gantries at half-mile intervals. Two pairs of eyes check those signals for "straights" just as they did in the tunnel with the lights . . . Still the images whose succession means time to K-4 are flicking past us. We shoot past freight locomotives like a racehorse overtaking rats. Fields, woods, towns . . . nests of chimney stacks intervene between us and the setting sun we have been following and K-4 slacks off, eases down, grinds to a dead stop and leaves us staring strangely, with ringing ears, at a world which is stationary once again . . .

Godshall pulls out his Hamilton. "Four-forty!" he says—which is his way of announcing North Philadelphia.

. . . . . .

Dudley Nichols' story "A Ride in the Cab of the Broadway Limited" has been reprinted in booklet form. This brochure, illustrated with other interesting pictures not shown here, will be gladly sent you.

Hamilton Strap Watches of ultra-modern design and Hamilton pocket models known everywhere for their railroad accuracy are on display at any fine jewelry store. Let us send you, in addition to the thrilling story of Dudley Nichols' ride, a copy of our booklet, "The Timekeeper." This fully illustrates and describes all our new models and tells something of the care with which Hamiltons are made. Address the Hamilton Watch Company, 850 Wheatland Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

A silver bull's-eye ahead. We punch it squarely and careen into daylight

"Clear!..Clear!..Clear!" Checking the "straights" of the semaphores

Top left—The "Tonneau." A watch with individuality—one of the smartest Hamilton strap models; especially for men who want a dash of daring in the design of their strap watches. In either filled or 14k green or white gold, plain, at $55 and $85; engraved (as shown) at $57 and $87.

Center—The "Piping Rock." An ultra-modern strap watch styled by designers of international prominence. The numerals of gold, set in enamel, are a part of the case, not the dial. Available only in solid 14k yellow or white gold, with 19-jewel Hamilton movement, $125.

Top right—The "Cushion." Beautifully proportioned in line, with a welcome yet simple richness of appearance. In filled or 14k green or white gold, plain (as shown), $50 and $75. Engraved, $52 and $77.

Lower left—The "Robert Morris." Entirely individual in its contour and created with an eye to tomorrow. In 14k filled green or white gold with dial shown, $55.

Lower right—The "Stephen Girard." From wing-shaped bow to Romanesque numerals—designed for the man who likes a dash of modernity in his watch. Extra-heavy 14k green or white gold, with dial shown, $137 to $197.

Hamilton THE WATCH of Railroad Accuracy

© 1928, H.W.Co.

If I hadn't another suit in the world- *I'd still be well dressed*

ONE suit can be a whole wardrobe—if it's a Middishade Blue Suit. From the time you turn off the alarm in the morning until you turn in at night, there's no place you may go where your Middishade Blue Suit won't go well.

In your office, over a business luncheon, during the social hours of the evening—the rich blue of Middishade proves itself as versatile as it is correct, as adaptable to its surroundings and its company as the well-bred man who wears it.

There's a Middishade blue—plain blue, stripe, unfinished, basket-weave—for every taste and figure. And specialization in a single color makes the price but $37.50.

If you don't know the name of the nearest Middishade clothier—drop us a line and we'll tell you. The Middishade Co., Inc., Philadelphia, "Sergical Specialists—operating on blue suits only."

Fadeproof
MIDDISHADE
The *specialized* blue suit
$37.50

© 1928 T. M. Co., Inc.

DID YOU LOSE YOUR SHIRT IN THE MARKET?

(Continued from Page 15)

of opinion from the old-fashioned, rigid conservatism to the extremely modern, liberalistic attitude, are necessarily contradictory at times, but taken altogether they throw some illuminating side lights on the speculative landscape and the women participants therein.

Opinion Number One, emanating from the uptown branch of a prominent, highly considered brokerage firm whose name is a synonym for reliability. A board room for the men customers and a separate room for the feminine clientele. A few special accounts with women whose male relatives have the power to command such accommodation. But in general the attitude is: "I am very sorry, madam, but we do not handle women's accounts. We shall be delighted, however, to have you use the facilities of this office and to put through any orders you wish"—on a strictly cash basis of course.

Margin requirements are stiff, ranging from 40 to 50 per cent. They would close out the archangel Gabriel if he failed to come through with his margin. Manager, Mr. John Doe, a keen, pleasant-eyed gentleman with an excellent sense of humor concealed about his person and twenty years' experience in the vicissitudes of the Street.

"No," said Mr. Doe with a glint of mirth in his eye, "we don't care for women's accounts. . . . Why? Well, to be brutally frank, they're a nuisance. They talk too much. They're not good losers. They're on the wire all the time and they never know when to hang up. They ask your advice and don't listen; or they begin to argue and tell you what So-and-So said; or they ask you for advice and you try to help them make up their minds, and then they do the exact opposite, and when the market goes against them they turn round and ask you why you advised them so badly and why didn't you keep the market up. They consult astrologers and numerologists and the ouija board and have commerce with all manner of charlatans, shysters and crooks, play hunches, call themselves psychic and intuitive and believe in dreams.

"No"—he shook his head firmly—"we don't like women's accounts. To begin with, a brokerage office is not the place to make up a woman's mind; that's not our business; our business is to execute orders. In the second place, we couldn't make up women's minds if we tried—and I might mention that we've had some disastrous experiences when we did try, for the fact is that they can unmake them faster than we can make them up. Women are lightning artists at changing their minds, and if they chance to make them up wrong and lose, they hold it against the broker until kingdom come."

In the Wrong Market Place

"And my heavens, how they chatter in the women's board room! Confiding to one another their market transactions, shifting their orders with every rumor they hear, or praising some pet broker they've chosen because of the way he parts his hair. I sometimes think that we ought to have a separate board room for every woman client.

"Contrast with that conduct the men's board room. A man comes in, looks at the ticker, places his order and clears out. He wouldn't dream of asking a stranger what he's holding. A man puts up a certain sum to speculate with—five, ten or twenty thousand, according to his circumstances—but he doesn't give his whole time to it; he lets go of it; he isn't on the wire every other minute; he's absorbed in his business, and speculation is his distraction, his hobby, his plaything. He doesn't ride the old nag to death. But women become too absorbed in speculation; they keep chewing over it until their nerves become ragged; they're emotional, and they put that emotion into their market transactions and get all tensed up and shot to pieces in a crisis.

"They not only talk too much here but they talk too much about their market transactions with their friends at luncheon, at tea, at bridge. A man usually keeps his business transactions to himself—it's second nature to him; but the women pass around all the latest garbled dope from the rumor factories and scare one another to death.

"A client of mine lost several thousand dollars that way. She owned some tobacco stock in a very good company; it wasn't a speculative venture; it was an investment to hold. Well, it seemed that she belonged to one of these current-events clubs where ladies get the latest opinions in tabloid form, and the chief speaker prefaced her remarks one day by saying to her fellow members, 'I hope nobody here has any tobacco stock.'

"'I have,' piped up my client, instantly disturbed. The speaker advised her to get out of it right away. My client excused herself from the meeting and rushed breathlessly to the telephone.

"'I hear tobacco's in for a big tumble,' she said. 'Hadn't I better sell?'

"'Why,' I replied, 'I haven't heard anything against that company; it's a good strong concern. Never mind the fluctuations of the market; you own that stock outright. The market's down a bit now, but those shares will come back. You don't want to sell at a loss. Stay with it.'"

Eeney-Meeney-Miney-Moe

"'But Mrs. G says she sold hers, and she always makes money and I think I'd better follow her advice. What do you think?'

"'I think—in fact I know—that the company is absolutely O. K. Mrs. G is probably speculating; you're not. Was it the same company in which she held shares?'

"'Oh, I don't know that; she just said tobacco. So you think I'd better hold on?'

"'I do.'

"'Well, I don't know ——' And she rang off in evident distress.

"In an hour she rang up again and we went through the whole business once more. The following morning, just after the market opened, she rang up again. 'Do you see what that tobacco stock is doing? It's going down.'

"'Oh, it's all right. It's only fallen off a point. Just forget about it for a year.'

"'But am I not losing money with every point it drops?'

"'Technically, yes; practically, no. You'd lose money if you sold, but there's no reason to sell so long as the corporation behind those shares is sound.'

"'Then you think I'd better stay in?'

"'Yes.'

"Presently she was on the wire again. 'I'm sorry, but I just can't help feeling nervous about my tobacco shares. I was talking to Mrs. G again and she said I was crazy to stay in with a market like this. She told me to cut my losses and get out. I worried so I couldn't sleep.'

"'All right,' I agreed, worn-out, 'if it's going to make you lose your sleep, sell if you like. But you'll have to take a loss.'

"'But I don't want to take a loss!' she wailed.

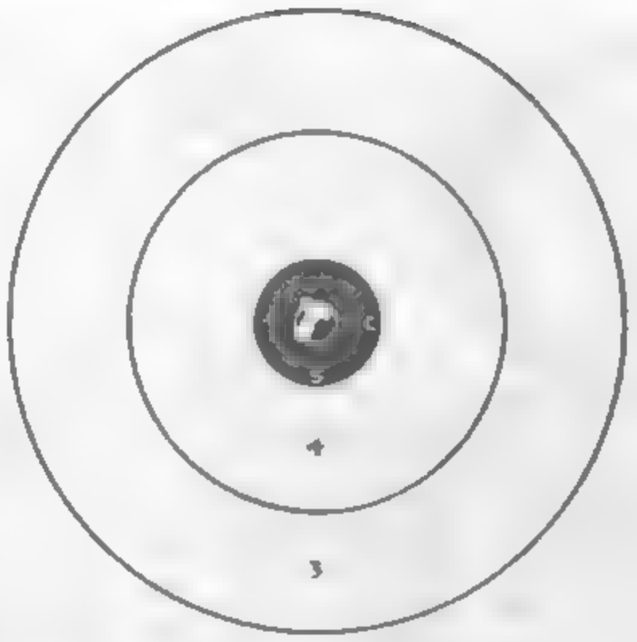
"'All right,' I laughed, 'then take my advice and stay in.'

"'But I'm afraid I'll lose some more!' she lamented. 'Are you absolutely sure the market won't go down some more?'

"'No, I'm not sure of anything. If I could predict what the market would do, I'd be a millionaire. I can only tell you that those shares of yours are intrinsically sound.'

"'All right, I guess I'll stay in.'

"But in the next few days the market suffered a slight reverse and the stock fell off another point. She sold. It was only a



1022 *consecutive* bull's-eyes!

HOLDER OF WORLD'S RIFLE RECORD TELLS HOW HE CONDITIONED HIMSELF FOR THE GREATEST TEST OF NERVES IN THE HISTORY OF SPORT

"As a marksman, perfect coördination of nerves is of first importance to me. But hot drinks are also essential, and caffein with my meals had been my only dissipation. However, it affected my nerves so that I dropped it from my diet, selecting Postum instead.

"I found Postum to be more than a substitute. I gained weight, slept better, ate better, and all signs of nervousness vanished. In less than thirty days I was in perfect condition.

"On June 24, 1921, I started a course of rifle fire that was the most exacting ever recorded. On that day I shot continuously for 9 hours and 10 minutes, making a run of 1022 consecutive bull's-eyes that established a new world's record—in fact, it almost doubled the old one. Even then, I quit without missing. My last shot was as perfect as my first. The entire group could be covered with a quarter.

"I could never have stood the strain had I continued the use of caffein. By changing to Postum, I added to my nerves the strength and endurance caffein had been taking away. I have used Postum regularly ever since."

—ULRIC S. VANCE, Jr., Hillsboro, Ohio
Member, U. S. Rifle Team, 1921
Member, Peter P. Carney's All-American Rifle Team

NO matter what your aim in life, calm, unruffled nerves are vitally important if you are to hit the target. You know that. But you may not have realized how slyly, insidiously the use of harmful medicine stimulants like caffein frequently can change steady nerves to shaky ones, and undermine your chances for success.

Try Mr. Vance's experiment! Eliminate caffein from your diet for thirty days—make Postum your mealtime drink instead. Then see how much better you feel!

Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran—no trace of any artificial stimulant in it. A drink that never frays your nerves, never affects sleep, or causes indigestion.

And Postum has a flavor you'll enjoy—a rich, distinctive flavor millions prefer to that of any other mealtime drink!

Your grocer has Postum. Or mail the coupon—we will send you one week's supply free, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate on the coupon whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

© 1928, P Co., Inc.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of
(Instant Postum (a soluble powder dissolved in the cup)) (Cereal (a delicious hot cereal beverage))
Name
Street
City State

(Postum Company of Canada Limited, Canadian Postum Company, Ltd., Windsor, Ontario)

BIRD'S ROOFS in varied colors give lasting protection from the elements at minimum expense. These weather-defying and fire-retarding asphalt slate-surfaced shingles give years of service. Insist on Bird's, if you desire roofing which blends rugged quality with rare charm and distinctive appearance.

Bird's Roofs are made for every type of building, and Bird dealers are always ready to estimate your roofing needs without obligation.

BIRD & SON, Inc.
EAST WALPOLE
MASSACHUSETTS
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
In Canada
BUILDING PRODUCTS
LTD.
Montreal

BIRD RUGS

THERE is a Bird Rug of enduring quality in beautiful colors and design . . . moderately priced for every room in any home. Insist on Bird's when you require floor covering wherein charm of appearance is combined with utility . . . Bird's Rugs and Floor Coverings can be easily cleaned with a damp mop.

Bird's Felt Base Rugs are obtainable in leading department and furniture stores at prices ranging from $6.00 to $18.00

Established 1795

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

temporary fluctuation and inside a week the stock was higher than it had been before. In she came and taxed me with it. 'Why did you let me do it?' she lamented reproachfully. And that's the way it goes.

"The fact is women don't play according to rules—or rather, they have their own rules. They go at the game from a different angle; their whole psychology is different. Some of them try to get away with murder and do things a man wouldn't dream of doing—he couldn't do them and stay in business.

"For example, one of our women customers who has a special account dropped in one morning and wanted to buy on margin 100 shares of a certain stock. She was already overextended, for our margin requirements range from 40 to 50 per cent, and this purchase would have brought her down to less than 25 per cent. So I refused unless she put up more collateral. She didn't like it, but she said finally, 'Oh, all right. Buy it and I'll send over some more to cover from the bank today.' So I bought. But the collateral didn't show up. I telephoned. She was out. I surmised what she was up to—she was hiding out, hoping the stock would rise so she could clean up a few points' profit without increasing her margin. But the market fooled her—it went down. She hid out three days, until finally I sent a peremptory note to her house and she came through. If a man had played that trick on us, we'd have refused to handle his account."

"What type of women use your facilities here?" I inquired.

"All kinds," he replied promptly.

"Many business women?"

"Well, no; chiefly rich men's wives, or women in comfortable circumstances with money of their own. Restless, emotional types, used to having their own way, who think the rules should be framed to fit their whims. Of course, there are a few brilliant women operators in the market, as shrewd and cool as men, with nerves of steel—or so they say. I confess I've never run across one of these female Iron Dukes, but they may exist. The general rank and file of women, however, who are in the stock market today use their emotions to trade with instead of their heads; they become tense, taut, overabsorbed, turn panicky in a crisis and don't know when to sell and when to hang on."

Bought for a Rise

"Women possess another defect as operators in the market. They trade without the slightest knowledge of what they're actually doing. For example, they buy and sell shares without knowing a single thing about the corporation issuing those shares; they don't know about the standing of the companies, their earnings or managements. They listen with a far-away, abstracted air while I explain why this or that corporation's shares are a good buy, and I flatter myself that I've really nailed their attention and start in to do some educational work, when suddenly they veer off at a tangent with something like this:

"'Oh, yes, that's perfectly lovely. It sounds splendid. But, you see, I'm sailing on the fifth and I'd like to clean up enough to pay for my trip and buy a Peke. So will you please pick out something that'll go up about twenty points before then?'—just like that! Once a woman client phoned in a buying order and at the same time she put in a selling order at a thirty-point rise. Well, it sounded pretty fantastic to me, for that stock would never see a thirty-point rise this side of eternity, but I put through the order and said 'Certainly' when she asked me to phone her when it sold. Late that afternoon, just as I was leaving the office, my phone rang and her voice, sweet but a bit weary, came wistfully over the wire, 'Do you suppose I could go out and take a walk? I've been staying in all day for fear that stock would go up while I was out and I'd miss your telephone.'

"'Well,' I said, 'the stock market's said its prayers and gone to bed for the night, so I think you may safely take a walk. As to that particular stock, I doubt if it will come to life for some time; but if it does, I'll send you a telegram.' But do you get her psychology? She figured that if she put in her order and then waited in expressly, that stock couldn't possibly be so mean as to disoblige a lady. Or perhaps she thought I'd go after it with a big stick and chase it up thirty points the way a dog chases a cat up a tree.

"Now what women—and also men—must realize is that the only solid basis for trading, whether you buy to hold as an investment or as a speculative venture, is the merit of the article you buy—and that statement goes double for speculation. So long as women remain indifferent to the soundness of the corporations whose stocks they purchase, they will remain amateurs. As yet they are only half-baked."

But on the Other Hand——

The next broker, manager of a flourishing uptown branch, contradicted *in toto* the opinions given above. The office, located in the smart shopping district, had a large feminine clientele. It had no restrictions against women's accounts, save that those of married women must be O. K.'d by their husbands. The manager we will call Mr. Jones.

"I like to deal with women," began Mr. Jones, "because they show such fine sportsmanship. They are intelligent, alert, courageous, and better losers than men."

"What?" I exclaimed. "They are not poor sports in the market?"

"Not a bit of it. They are just as shrewd as men and not one whit more temperamental. Moreover, women are beginning to know their stuff; they can no longer be called tenderfeet; they are learning the first principles which underlie the operations of the stock market and they pay more attention to their transactions than most business men—probably because they have more leisure—and therefore they get better results, for you cannot master any subject unless you concentrate upon it.

"And why shouldn't women succeed just as well as men? Trading, after all, is not a function of sex; it's a function of the brain. There are cool men and cool women; panicky, emotional men and panicky, emotional women. There are nervous men who sweat blood every time the market fluctuates a point, and individuals of this temperament, whether men or women, ought to stay out of the market. And I should like to say that most business men are little better educated as regards operations in the stock market than women. They go to pieces in a crisis, hang on when they ought to sell, and sell when they ought to stay in the game; their judgment is no keener; they buy pigs in pokes and hot-air specialties; they don't investigate the corporations issuing the stock, and when they get stung they yell more loudly than the women do. And it's the men in my experience who, when they make a killing in the market, think it's entirely due to their own smartness, and when they lose, hang the blame on the broker. The women say, 'Well, let's see if we can't make it up in something else.' It's dangerous to generalize, but I should say that the odds were in favor of the women so far as sportsmanship goes, and they show a finer courage in a crisis.

"Let me give you an example. During the recent collapse of the market a man rushed into this office simply shot to pieces with panic; he fairly gibbered his selling orders and his hands shook as if with the palsy. The same instant the telephone rang and a woman's voice, cool and competent, said, 'Mr. Jones, don't sell a single stock that I'm holding at a loss. I'll put up 100 per cent margin if necessary, even if I have to go out and sell my pearls to do it.' That woman kept cool in a crisis: the man lost his head."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "she had more financial reserves than he."

(Continued on Page 124)

Today's style

. . . comfort. . . convenience

for the watch you now wear!

MAKE your wrist watch new again by adding a dash of style to it! And at the same time enjoy new comfort, new convenience.

For the old strap or ribbon substitute a smart Wadsworth Watch Band in precious metal to match the case of the watch itself!

Distinctly the note of *Today* is these modish creations by Wadsworth—the same Wadsworth which has long enjoyed recognized style leadership in the fashioning of fine watch cases.

You'd naturally expect such a watch band to match a fine watch perfectly!

Made in white or green gold filled, or in solid gold, a Wadsworth Band is *one with your watch*—in lasting material as in style.

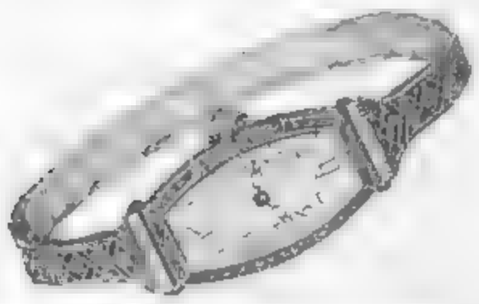
And Wadsworth Bands are so constructed that when properly adjusted by your jeweler, they assure utmost comfort on the wrist.

No danger of losing your watch, as with a worn strap or ribbon. No need for future replacements.

Ask your jeweler to show you a style that will harmonize exactly with the watch you're now wearing! He has many distinctive designs for both men and women—among them the new Lord and Lady Wadsworth Bands pictured on this page.

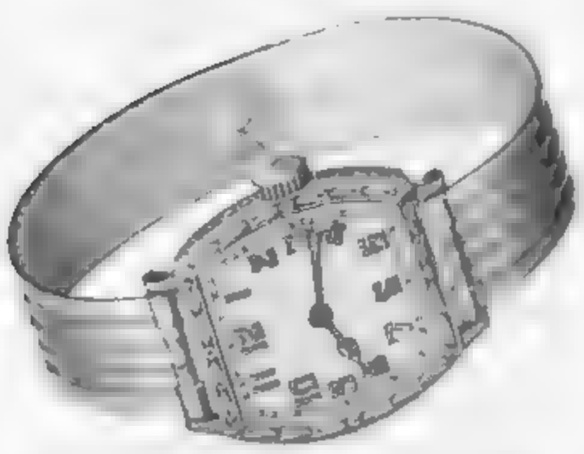
And it takes but a moment to fit one to any modern wrist watch, any size wrist!

WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
DAYTON KENTUCKY OPPOSITE CINCINNATI, OHIO
Case makers for the leading watch movements

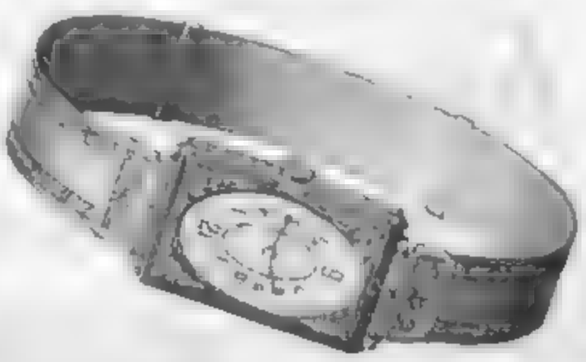


The new Lady Wadsworth Band for women. A bracelet style of distinguished beauty with a special patented construction of links and springs that assures extra strength where most needed. Wadsworth Quality Gold Filled $5 to $8.25

The new Lord Wadsworth Band for men. A style with unique strap fashioned in two sets of similar links which allow an adjustment for comfort to the wrist. Quickly put on and taken off by means of a small clasp as shown. Wadsworth Quality Gold Filled $6.50



The Improved Ben Hur Band, for men (and Arabian, narrower, for women). These models open in the center, are easily adjusted to conform to the wrist and fastened by a special safety lock. Improved Ben Hur, 14 kt. Solid Gold, plain, $25, decorated, $27. Arabian priced lower in solid gold. Wadsworth Quality Gold Filled, plain, $6.50; decorated, $7.50



The Athena Band, for women (and Olympura, wider, for men). These models expand to slip over the hand, are easily adjusted to any wrist size and secured by a snap lock. Athena, 14 kt. Solid Gold, plain, $20, decorated, $25. Olympura for men somewhat higher in solid gold. Wadsworth Quality Gold Filled, plain, $7.50, decorated, $8.50

Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

This Way FOR COOL SHAVES

YOU get the difference with the first dab of the brush. You spread it with the lather. INGRAM'S the pioneer *COOL* shaving cream . . . *cools* and soothes the tiny nicks and scratches you don't see but *do* feel. It leaves you a whole skin for the next shave. Men like its clean, pleasant odor. No after-shaving lotions needed . . . INGRAM lather takes care of that.

Even the package is different for this different shaving cream. INGRAM'S comes to you in a neat blue jar . . . with a wide mouth. You can see that you are using just the right amount. No waste. The cap keeps the cream properly under cover when you're not shaving . . . and doesn't roll under cover when you are.

Over a million men now enjoy cool shaves with Ingram's Shaving Cream. Twice as many as last year. Three times as many as year before last. It won't cost you anything to try Ingram's.

7 Free *COOL* Shaves Await You

Most of the million men who now use Ingram's every day tried it first—at our expense. Be sure before you buy. Let Ingram's prove itself on your own face. Just send the coupon and your 7 Free Shaves will go to you at once. Or, buy the full-size jar that will give you 120 *cool* shaves for 50 cents.

Ingram's Shaving Cream

COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
1250—10th Street, Detroit, Mich.
Also Windsor, Canada

I want to test on my own face that *difference* you are claiming for your **Cool,** Soothing shaves. Please send me the 7 FREE Shaves.

Name .....

Address

(Continued from Page 122.

"No, the contrary was true; but he was of the excitable type that gets stampeded, while danger steadied her.

"Now there are a few important points that I'd like to peg down in this discussion of operations in the stock market—a few basic principles which men as well as women should observe. The first is this: Don't speculate in any stocks that you wouldn't want to keep as an investment. Any security which isn't good enough to keep as an investment isn't half good enough to speculate in. For you're taking a risk when you speculate, especially if it's on margin, so you must safeguard that risk by confining yourself to sound investment issues. Then, even if you have to put up 100 per cent margin, which means buying outright, you've got something of value. Otherwise your entire capital may go over the dam. So stick to sound stocks with real merit behind them."

A Little Pig Goes to Market

"The second basic rule is this: Don't speculate at all unless you can afford to lose whatever sum you're playing with. Just ask yourself this question: 'Will it make any difference to me or to my family if I lose this sum? Will it mean lower standards of living, a poorer education for my children or injury to my business?' Be honest with yourself, and if the answer is in the affirmative, then keep out of speculation and buy good sound stocks and bonds outright.

"Another rule for both men and women is this: Never let your off chance interfere with your main chance. Now what is a man's main chance? It's his business, the occupation by which he earns his living. And the off chance is the little side issue, hobby, plaything by which he refreshes himself. The moment the side issue begins to absorb his attention, and he discovers his thoughts constantly straying in that direction, to the detriment of his business, the time has arrived to stop. The same principle applies to women who, like men, have their duties and fixed obligations in life. And don't worry; don't take your stock-market operations to bed with you. The habit of insomnia is worse than any money loss.

"Another danger is overextension. For example, a woman client, we'll say, buys 100 shares of General Electric at 140 and puts up $7000 as margin requirements, which is 50 per cent. Then she may decide to buy 100 shares of Packard Motor at $70. If she put up 50 per cent margin on that, it would mean $3500 in addition. But she doesn't; she uses the same $7000. But now she has bought $21,000 worth of stock and her $7000 margin is reduced to one-third, or 33⅓ per cent. Suppose she buys something else. Her percentage of equity is still further reduced. But such a small percentage does not allow for violent fluctuations of the market. If there should be a sudden sharp decline, she would be liable to a call for more margin, and if she failed to produce it, her brokers would sell her out.

"Now both men and women are apt to sail too close to the wind in this respect; they're greedy, overoptimistic and spread themselves out too thin in order to get rich overnight. Don't speculate on shoestring margins—and that is just another way of saying don't be a hog."

The next interview was with the manager of an uptown branch of a great bank with a large feminine clientele. And here again the criticisms were adverse.

"Women," said the manager, "are unstable in their financial transactions, shifting like quicksands. The more a man tells them not to speculate and explains why, the more they are hell-bent to do so. They come in here, ask advice, take up a lot of my time, and I lay out programs of investment for them—not speculation, but investment—and if I discover they possess a gambling streak, I allow a bit of leeway by including a list of sound, well-diversified common stocks with futures. Well, they listen and seem to agree and then they swing right around and do the exact opposite of what was recommended, and presently they're back again, sitting in that chair and asking for a rescue party.

"Our clients in general are not of the type which frequents brokerage offices. Some of the latter have cut their eyeteeth and are as wily and shrewd as men speculators; but the women who come in here represent the rank and file of those uneducated in financial matters. Most of them do not understand the first principles of investment, much less of speculation. And yet many of them are dabbling in the market. For example, I laid out a nice little financial program for a woman and she was enthusiastic about it until she discovered that she would have to hold the stocks for some time.

"'Oh,' she objected, 'but I want to make some money.'

"'Well,' I said, 'you're going to make some money out of these; they're bound to appreciate.' But that wasn't what she wanted. She wanted to speculate on margin and win a fortune overnight. Another woman came in to ask my advice; she had a few hundred in a savings bank. But that was too slow for her; she wanted to pull it out, speculate with it and roll it up like a snowball into something immense. I advised her to leave it alone; it was safe, handy and drawing compound interest. But she was determined to stick it up.

"Well, she took her little nest egg, went out into the market, and when it broke she got cleaned. Back she came, sobbing as if her heart was broken, and wanted me to do something about it. That's what they all want. I've had scores of weeping women come to seek my advice after they'd been wiped out dabbling in highly speculative stocks on a margin basis. This last year the women have been badly hit by the speculative craze."

That Eternal Chivalry

A woman broker, with an extensive experience in a large brokerage firm dealing with both sexes, declared there was no difference between men and women save in respect to education.

"Most of my customers," she said, "are business women, and they are just as good sports as men. They don't nag, blow up emotionally or make scenes in their market transactions any more than they would in any other business relationship. The discipline of business is the finest thing in the world for a woman, for it teaches her to consider the feelings of others; she can't sulk and pout and try to run away with the whole show.

"Of course, women who have had no business training make silly and absurd mistakes. I should be inclined to believe that the women of whom the men complain are either those of the older generation unversed in business ways, or else the type of woman which life has not disciplined. And the undisciplined woman who thinks the universe revolves around her is an unmitigated bore, not only in a brokerage office but in any relationship.

"Women, however, are not altogether to blame for their ignorance in market transactions, for men have done their best to prevent them from becoming educated. Brokerage firms, with few exceptions, refused to deal with them. The general masculine attitude has been that women must always play safe, buy only gilt-edged securities, widow's bonds and legals and conserve their money. Men could speculate, but women could not. But you can't put a blanket prohibition like that on one-half the people and let the other half go free. And when honest, reputable houses refused to handle their accounts, women simply went to shady concerns and bucket shops. But within the last few years, largely by their own unaided efforts, women have won their way into the financial world, and now brokerage houses are beginning to open their doors to them on the same terms

as men. They still make many mistakes and get their fingers burned, but they are learning and learning fast."

"The trouble with these recent big markets in which the public has participated," said an official of the New York Stock Exchange, "is that a sucker plays the market, gets stung and clears out; but he isn't missed, because a fresh sucker has taken his place. In the matter of stock-market transactions the public is still half educated, half baked. The sale of Liberty Bonds taught the people a fine lesson in investment; but unfortunately we did not continue the educational course, and the public was not taught to discriminate between good and bad stocks, or when to use the stock market and when to leave it alone. It did not learn the fundamental principle governing the purchase of securities, whether for speculation or for investment, which is to base the whole transaction squarely upon the intrinsic soundness of the corporation issuing the shares.

"Buying stock is no different in principle from buying any other kind of merchandise: the individual must investigate the merit of the article before the purchase is made—not afterward."

Without Rule or Reason

"The Stock Exchange itself has no power to prohibit speculation, for it is nothing but a big, open, free market, with rigid rules governing the honesty of its operations; and any citizen may purchase shares listed there, provided he has the price and the operation is not contrary to the rules laid down for equitable trading. In the old days, when professional traders controlled the market, at least we knew where we were, for they observed the rules of the game. But in these recent big markets, the public paid no heed to rules; and with vast numbers of ignorant traders, all jumping in or all jumping out at the same time, the market gets out of control and its violent fluctuations damage not only the victims who are hit but the entire financial structure of trade. Take, for example, the break which followed the furious buying of Bancitaly stock. Gianinni warned the public that the shares were being boosted far too high. But what did the public care? They showed their indifference to the warning by continuing to sky those shares to cloud-tickling heights until the inevitable decline came, and a lot of honest but ignorant folk all over the country got badly hurt."

One Law of Speculation

"Or take the question of money rates. One striking feature of the recent bull movement was the advance of the stock-exchange money rate to 7½ per cent for the first time since 1921. In an inside, or professional, market, that high rate would have acted as an automatic check on speculation. In addition, trade reports at that time showed prosperity spotty, with the unemployment problem rearing its head—another warning sign to go slow. We thought when we added an additional charge of two dollars on the purchase price of 100 shares it would act as another brake. But the fact is that the public is too ignorant and too indifferent to pay any heed to these automatic brakes; it figures that a rise of a point or two will more than cover the added expense of trading, and it keeps right on speculating even when all the signals are dead set against such a course. Women have figured in these recent speculative markets; they are just as good sports as men—and no better educated.

"The Stock Exchange has always been opposed to unwise speculation by those who cannot afford to lose, not only because of the numerous human tragedies which ensue but also because speculation of such a nature wipes out the people's financial surpluses, hurts business and strikes at the very root of the nation's prosperity.

"Well, what is the remedy? Education—and still more and more education. And in the meantime, if a citizen of this democracy wishes to commit financial hara-kiri by speculating when he should be saving his money, the grim law of the survival of the fittest is bound to operate."

JUMBO

(Continued from Page 25)

concluded. "Make a copy for each salesman, Miss Guffey, and have it on his desk by four this afternoon."

His eye, following Miss Guffey's departure, detected a suggestion of resentment in her gait and carriage. He nodded grimly, pleased by this testimony to his new estate. That girl had been more breezily, cheerfully affable than any of the others; if he hadn't made her realize sharply that he was no longer to be irreverently addressed she would have weakened discipline by her gay irreverence.

Lingering sales resistance in the matter of the Sharpsbury contract crumbled ignominiously before his resolute and final onslaught. He carried away the signed order with singularly little pleasure in his conquest. Yesterday this business had seemed infinitely important and desirable, but today it had become a trivial affair. His thoughts concerned themselves with matters immeasurably more considerable.

He had proved, in his dealings with Paul Anderson, the validity of his whole philosophy of life. He had seized Shumberg's job simply because he had followed the selfsame tactics which had enabled him to lick Bob Birdsell, sixteen years earlier, in the vacant lot behind the school—by knowing where to strike, by striking first and fearlessly and striking with all his might

This truth, more than any other aspect of the affair, stood out in shining relief. Before this proof of it Hogan Flint stood with a kind of awe. If he had wavered in his faith, Paul Anderson would never have given him his chance. Perhaps by that same disbelief he was forfeiting the infinitely more important chance of—of Marian Drew.

He felt his teeth and hands go tightly shut. The bigger the giant in your path, the more pitifully hopeless the odds against you, all the more effective the Napoleonic principle of swift, audacious, cunning attack!

Even while he talked over the telephone to Marian he spoke between set teeth. She had, she told him, a sort of date with Wally Brent for tonight. The intervening miles of wire carried to her enough of Flint's fixity of purpose to persuade her, almost without debate, to cancel this engagement. He hung up the receiver with a thrilling conviction that this won skirmish was an omen of victory in the major battle beyond it.

Paul Anderson was standing by his desk. "That Sharpsbury contract, Flint ——"

Hogan Flint shrugged careless shoulders. "Oh, that!" He exhibited the signed order with a negligence that was altogether unfeigned. He had forgotten about the Sharpsbury matter. "Here it is."

Anderson's eagerness lowered him in Flint's esteem; he felt sorry for a man who could get excited over such a triviality as an order in terms of mere carloads; he listened almost impatiently to the president's applause.

"I seem to have picked the right man for Shumberg's job," said Anderson finally.

Hogan Flint, prompted to shrug and grin, remembered that Shumberg's vacant post had not been won by agreeable acquiescence. It would have to be held by the same tactics that had seized it; Anderson's approval held a dangerous quality of patronage. It must not pass unchallenged.

"You? What did you have to do with it?" he demanded, with barely enough

(Continued on Page 128)

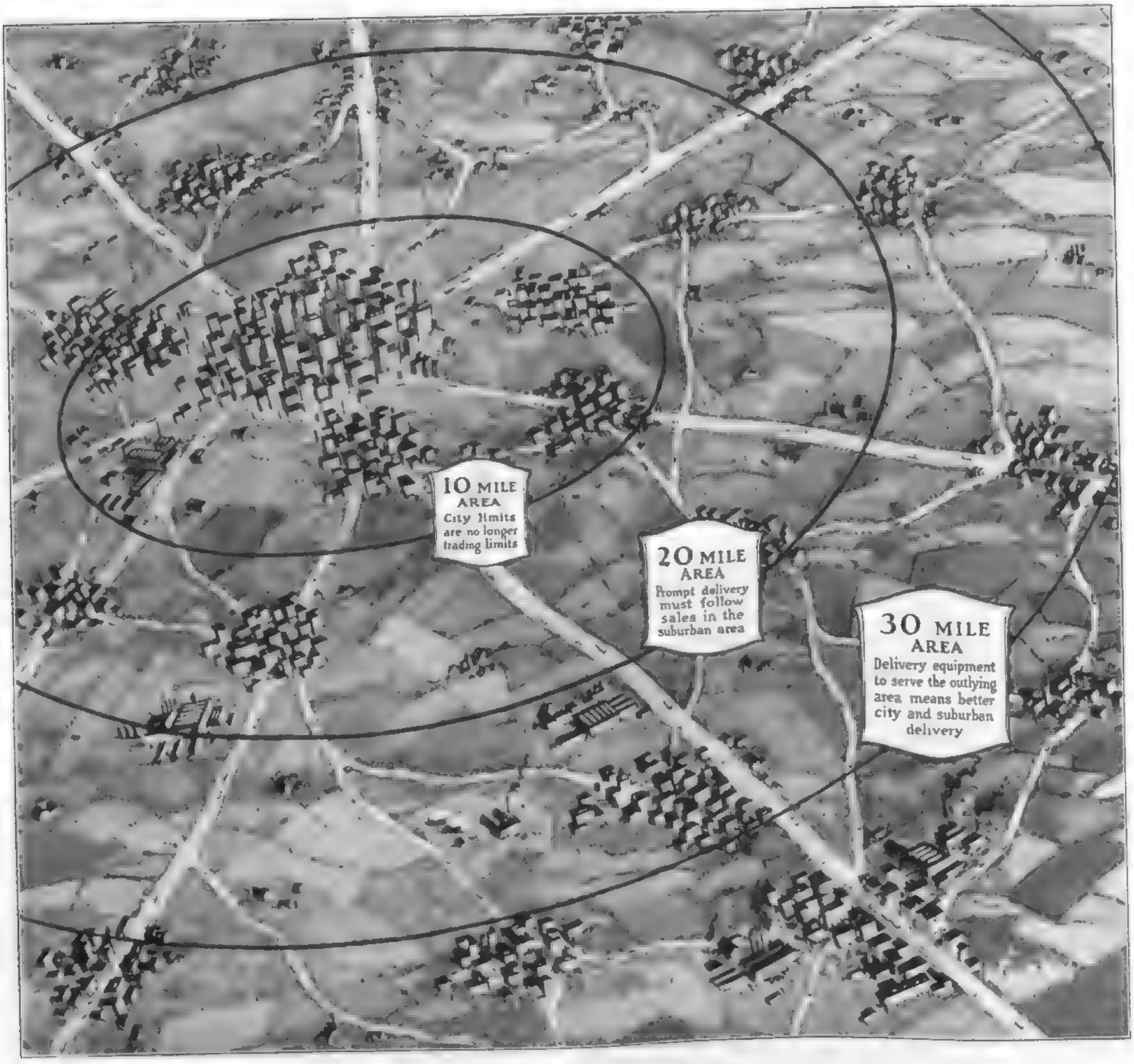
Completeness

The Ætna-izer in your community can provide you with an Ætna policy or bond protecting you against almost any insurable loss to which you or your business may be exposed.

The Ætna Life Insurance Company • The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company • The Automobile Insurance Company • The Standard Fire Insurance Company • of Hartford, Connecticut, write practically every form of Insurance and Bonding Protection.

ÆTNA-IZE

SEE THE ÆTNA-IZER IN YOUR COMMUNITY—HE IS A MAN WORTH KNOWING


10 MILE AREA
City limits are no longer trading limits
20 MILE AREA
Prompt delivery must follow sales in the suburban area
30 MILE AREA
Delivery equipment to serve the outlying area means better city and suburban delivery

WHITE *and* WHITE

All prices listed below are for

LIGHT DELIVERY

1 -Ton Chassis	$1545
1½-Ton Chassis (Special)	2725
1½-Ton Chassis	2125

FAST EXPRESS

2 -Ton Chassis	$3125
2½-Ton Chassis	3750

All in an 8 hour day. Add 10, 20 or even 30 miles to your trading area and still serve your present territory better. ≈ ≈ With a White Truck you can make more deliveries and serve a bigger territory. ≈ ≈ ≈ ≈ Time is money and White Light Delivery and Fast Express models crowd the most money-earning miles into a working day.

TRUCKS

BUSSES

© THE WHITE CO., 1928

chassis only—f. o. b. Cleveland

HEAVY DUTY	
3 -Ton Chassis (High Speed)	$4400
3½-Ton Chassis	4650
Heavy-Duty Chassis	5100

BUSSES	
Model 53 —4-cylinder, 16-passenger	$4250
Model 50-B—4-cylinder, 25-passenger	5350
Model 54 —6-cylinder, 29-passenger	7500

(Continued from Page 125)

jocularity to veil the peremptory harshness of his voice. "I picked myself."

"That's right," Anderson chuckled. "That's the proper spirit, Hogan. You've got Shumberg's job—come right along and take mine away from me next."

"That's why I can't afford to give you any split in the credit for picking the right sales manager," said Hogan Flint, still with hardly enough jocularity of manner and look to condone the earnestness of his tone. He saw, as Anderson moved away, that the president had felt that earnestness and liked it. Again he faced the vindication of his philosophy. You got nothing out of the unequal fight against the world unless you could fight harder than the other fellow; you could not keep what you got unless you continued to fight.

His thought, leaping past the event of his evening interview with Marian Drew, contemplated soberly the problem of holding fast to what that interview must win. He felt his teeth shut tightly. Try to take Marian away from him, would they? Let them try! They hadn't seen any real fighting yet!

As if by way of preparation for the evening, he dealt happily with the salesmen who came in after four to make out their reports. His voice snapped commandingly, especially with big Jeff Wonner, who endeavored to maintain, in explaining why he had failed to sell Silberstein, the genially familiar manner of their previous relations.

"Never mind trying to amuse me, Wonner. I can't see anything funny about an unsigned order. We'll get on better if you'll bear in mind that while I'm running this department all wise cracks will be checked at the door. See Silberstein again tomorrow morning and bring back something better than excuses. That'll be all."

He saw Wonner move rebelliously to his desk under the menace of an eye utterly managerial. The other men, instead of exchanging anecdotes and cigarettes as they'd done in Shumberg's time, were silent and busy over their report sheets. Hogan Flint's spirit swelled in him. He'd made them all understand who was boss; he'd see to it that they continued to understand. Again, confidently, his thought moved forward to evening.

"I want you to promise me something." Marian's voice was strangely small and timid. Something in it roused in Hogan Flint a sudden wakeful vigilance that dissipated instantly the pink mists surrounding him. When Marian used that voice, he discovered, strength and purpose went out of Hogan Flint; he became a person as malleable as Jeff Wonner. He must be on his guard; no flabby spirit could have worked this miracle of conquest; only steel could hold what steel had won. On guard!

"What is it?" The voice was velvet over mail, gentle but unyielding, a ruler's voice.

"I—you frighten me sometimes." The words fell on Hogan Flint's hearing with the significance of a coronation ritual. Even Marian, sure of his love and admitting its return, stood in fear of him! "Sometimes you're—you're like ice, Hogan—even with me. As if—as if you were like a cruel king in some old story."

Hogan Flint caught in a breath of pure ecstasy. A king—a cruel king! There was truth, after all, in the notion that women were intuitive!

"I suppose I'm pretty hard," he said. "I've had to be. Ever since I can remember I've been up against a one-sided fight. When you've got to lick somebody twice your size you have to be hard. I'd have had a sweet chance of getting you, wouldn't I, if I hadn't been harder than Wally Brent?"

"As if I'd ever have—have cared about anybody but you!" Marian's voice warmed suddenly, cooled and sank again. "That's—that's just what I mean. Maybe it's true that you have to be hard with other people, but you don't have to be like that with me. That's what I want you to promise—not to let me be afraid of you—ever!"

On the brink of acquiescence, Hogan Flint drew back. She didn't know that the only reason she loved him was this very quality she sought now to destroy. She probably didn't realize that she was trying to take away his strength. It was second nature for all women to rob men of their power, and having made them helpless, to despise them for it. Samson, shorn and futile, hadn't kept Delilah very long.

"I know what you mean," he said slowly. "I don't want you to be afraid of me. But I've got you because I've learned to fight for what I want, and I'm going to keep you because I know how to fight for what I've got. I"—he hesitated, even with Marian, to put into words a confession of his stature—"I'm not a big, imposing animal like Jerry Linton. I've got to make up for it by ——"

"Don't be silly! You don't have to make up for anything—with me." Her tone, warmly, thrillingly loyal, brought back the pink mists about Hogan Flint. He heard himself promising that she should never be afraid of anything or anybody. But he knew, even then, that he must not keep the promise.

II

"IT'S settled. We're not going to argue about it any more."

The speech had a grateful ring of finality; it served to quicken in its author the consciousness of power and authority which, in the niggardly, reluctant dawn of January, sometimes needed stimulation. Hogan Flint, at the head of his table, could not afford to begin his day by parleying with insubordination. He frowned a little. The point at issue was in itself a trivial affair; it really didn't matter much whether they divided their money between two cheap little cars or put it all into the formidable one which Hogan Flint preferred. What really counted was his position in his own household; giving way in this debate would be a sign of weakness, an admission of defeat.

There were, to be sure, lesser considerations on Hogan Flint's side. Behind the wheel of a heavy car, master of leashed eager energy, he acquired some spiritual reflection of its power, the afterglow of which would remain with him when he reached his desk.

He scowled at an intruding thought which reminded him that he needed every ounce of power he could get to deal with the way things were going at the office. Marian, of course, couldn't be expected to understand that just such a trifling difference in a man's mental attitude might decide between success and failure. Even to explain it to her would weaken Hogan Flint's position. A man couldn't afford to let himself fall into the habit of discussing and defending his decisions.

There was, to be sure, another reason against having two cars. It would mean that instead of driving him to the Junction every morning and meeting him there at night, Marian would stay at home and Hogan Flint would make the two daily journeys alone. He was tempted, as he observed the tightening of Marian's lips, to advance this justification of his stand, but second thought enabled him to resist the impulse. A man couldn't be a master anywhere unless he was absolutely master in his home, and authority dwindled at every compromise.

He used his quarterback voice in telling Ada May that his eggs had been inadequately boiled. Again, as Ada May's departing manner testified to the whiplash quality of the rebuke, he saw Marian's lips contract.

"Only way to handle 'em," he informed her. "Never let 'em forget for a minute who's boss."

"You never let yourself forget it, do you?"

Marian's tone fell disagreeably on Flint's ear. Somehow, in the quality of her glance, he felt a detached, impersonal measurement; the eyes met his almost horizontally; it seemed to Hogan Flint that they were aware of this. Lately he had observed the same suggestion, rather often, in Marian's look and tone, as if she were just discovering that he was scarcely taller than she was.

"I can't afford to forget it," he said sharply. "We'd better start."

He felt that the debate about cars continued silently between them as he drove. Marian could argue, somehow, without speaking. He answered her by pressing down on the accelerator. She didn't care for speed, and forty miles an hour would remind her wordlessly that a man had to be the head of his family. Overtaking Gifford Buller's rattletrap flivver, he honked impatiently for passage room. The Bullers kept two cars and he knew that Marian inwardly was saying so. Shooting up to pass, he found a sour pleasure in swerving in sharply. There was a clanking noise as his rear bumper struck a fender, and glancing back, he enjoyed the startled anger in Buller's face.

"Thinks he owns the whole road," he said.

"And we aren't invited," said Marian irrelevantly, "to their party at the gun club."

She had developed a trick of saying such things, things that couldn't be construed and dealt with as reproaches without a certain tacit admission of their justice. This time, Hogan Flint knew, she had really said that Gifford Buller didn't like him and that the disesteem was due, perhaps, to such trivial causes as this latest encounter.

"Only one way to get on with big, overgrown brutes like Buller," he said. "Show 'em you aren't afraid of beef."

Marian said nothing, but in the mirror above the windshield he saw that her lips were tight. He resisted a craven impulse to yield after all in the matter of the car. He mustn't begin that.

"Won't make the 5:05 today," he said curtly, climbing out before the dreary station. "Meet the 6:20. G'by."

By the time he emerged from the dripping tunnel below the tracks she was gone. Hogan Flint put down ruthlessly a rebellious stirring of unreasonable self-reproach. She'd married him because he was what he was; he mustn't change, mustn't soften, or she'd begin to lose respect for him—end, presently, by despising him.

He held aloof from the group on the platform. For some reason he was more than usually conscious this morning of Johnny Gilchrist's overtowering bulk and Bill Oliver's upstanding height. He saw Gifford Buller join them, and as their faces turned briefly toward him, guessed that Buller was telling them about that clash of fenders. Dislike stirred in him. He found a sour satisfaction in the trivial strategy by which, each morning, he made sure of his choice of seats. Those big, overgrown brutes had never taken the trouble to notice where the train stopped. Except by blind luck they had, at the last moment, to run back or forward and scramble aboard, jostling one another. Hogan Flint knew to a foot where the car would stop, but he did not place himself in this position in advance. That would bring the others to stand beside him. He waited instead until the train slid past the platform; then, without haste, he took four strides, arriving at the foot of the steps precisely as the wheels came to rest.

There was only one empty seat in the car. The circumstance ministered to his mood as he preëmpted it. Buller and Gilchrist liked to sit together, wasting their time on their pocket chessboard. They'd have to play, this morning, with the aisle between them; the knowledge added value to the seat in Flint's sight. He leaned back, opening his brief case and concentrating attention on a sheaf of sales reports.

He scowled over Wonner's record. This settled it, he told himself. Wonner had been sulking ever since Flint had beaten him to Shumberg's empty chair. Flint had been specially patient with him, had tried his best to make him realize where he stood, but it hadn't done any good. Wonner just wouldn't do; he not only fell down on his own work but infected the others with his sullen attitude toward authority. All the trouble in the department went straight back to him. Hogan Flint pressed his lips together. He'd have it out, today, with Jeff Wonner.

The purpose stiffened in him as he marched briskly past Wonner's empty chair. Late again, in the face of the printed notices that required salesmen to be punctual! That settled it. He went into Paul Anderson's office for the regular morning conference with his mind made up. When Wonner condescended to put in an appearance he'd be told that hereafter he needn't bother to appear at all.

"I've found out what's the matter," Flint told Anderson. "It's all due to Wonner. I hate to do it, but I've got to let him go. He won't put his back into his own work and he's making the younger men harder for me to handle every day he stays here."

Anderson meditated. "It's your department," he said slowly. "I don't want to interfere."

Hogan Flint bristled. "You mean that you don't approve?"

"Wonner's been with us a long time," said Anderson. "He used to be a first-rate salesman, and they're scarce."

The words were innocent enough, but the tone and look gave them somehow the quality of a reproach. Hogan Flint resented the injustice of it.

"I've done my best to make him toe the mark," he said curtly.

Anderson studied him. "I suppose you have," he admitted. Again the harmless words held some hint of a less innocuous significance. "Well, think it over and let me know before you say anything to Wonner."

Hogan Flint withdrew, oppressed by a sense of unfairness, prejudice. Wonner's chair was empty. Inquiry disclosed, however, that he had come in and gone out again while Flint had been in the private office. It was downright defiance, this time; he had been told definitely to report to Flint this morning.

"Tell him to see me without fail before he leaves tonight," Flint told the file clerk. He bit off the words. The girl's face was sullen; they'd all picked up something of Wonner's manner.

He resisted an impulse to discharge her. Once Wonner was dismissed, there'd be no trouble with the others, and there wasn't time to put a new girl on the files this morning. He was due at the Harding plant at eleven, and if he hurried would just about get there on time.

He drove over in one of the company's cars, a flivver which had been gayly decorated with painted advertisements. He hated it, hated its rattles and squeaks and the pace to which it constrained him. His difference with Marian rose in his thought. This was the sort of car she expected him to drive to and from the Junction! A fine way to begin and end the business day, running a car that would have to sidle meekly to the ditch to make way for any big overbearing car that zoomed up behind it!

As if to point the grievance, a horn snorted impatiently from the rear. He found a sullen pleasure in disregarding its peremptory hootings, keeping stubbornly to the crown of the road. Suddenly, however, there was a furious spurt beside him. He had a brief glimpse of an angry face at the wheel of a huge single-seater which shot ahead and cut in abruptly, so sharply that it seemed to jostle the flivver with contemptuous intention.

Rising from soft mud beside the road, Hogan Flint sped toward the offending car, slowing with a screaming plaint of brake and tire. His fists were closed; he saw through a red haze. Between his set teeth his old battle cry expelled itself: "The big stiff! The big ——"

He halted. Toward him, running as eagerly as he himself had run, came the driver of the other car. Something clicked

(Continued on Page 132)

ETRUSCAN

THE INFLUENCE OF THE CLASSIC

Grey, windswept seas breaking on the shore inspired an early artist. The beauty of his conception carried his design down through the ages. It was a favorite of the Etruscans. The brothers Adam revived it in England. Colonial silversmiths brought it to America.

Today, given a new interpretation by the Gorham Master Craftsmen this same motive is the theme of their Etruscan pattern. Because of the ageless beauty that is its underlying charm, passing fads will not affect your fondness for this exquisite pattern.

Etruscan will harmonize well with any home where simple beauty is the keynote. And, wrought of sterling silver by the Gorham Master Craftsmen, you know that even though it has the hardest use it will live almost forever.

Your jeweler will gladly show you the standard Etruscan pieces as well as many others which make especially delightful gifts (Etruscan Tea Spoons, small, $7.75 for 6, Dessert Knives, $21.00 for 6, Dessert Forks, trade, $20.00 for 6).

GORHAM

PROVIDENCE, R. I. NEW YORK, N. Y.

MEMBER OF THE STERLING SILVERSMITHS GUILD OF AMERICA

"Whatever your taste . . . whatever your favorite period . . . you will find among Gorham's 27 patterns in Sterling Silver service to harmonize"

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS

BURGESS

Chrome

The Watch Dog of Power

CHROME is a preservative that adds extra life and service to batteries. Burgess engineers discovered the long-sought secret of utilizing Chrome in battery construction. The rigid uniformity of Burgess Batteries is a tribute to the scientific precision with which they are made.

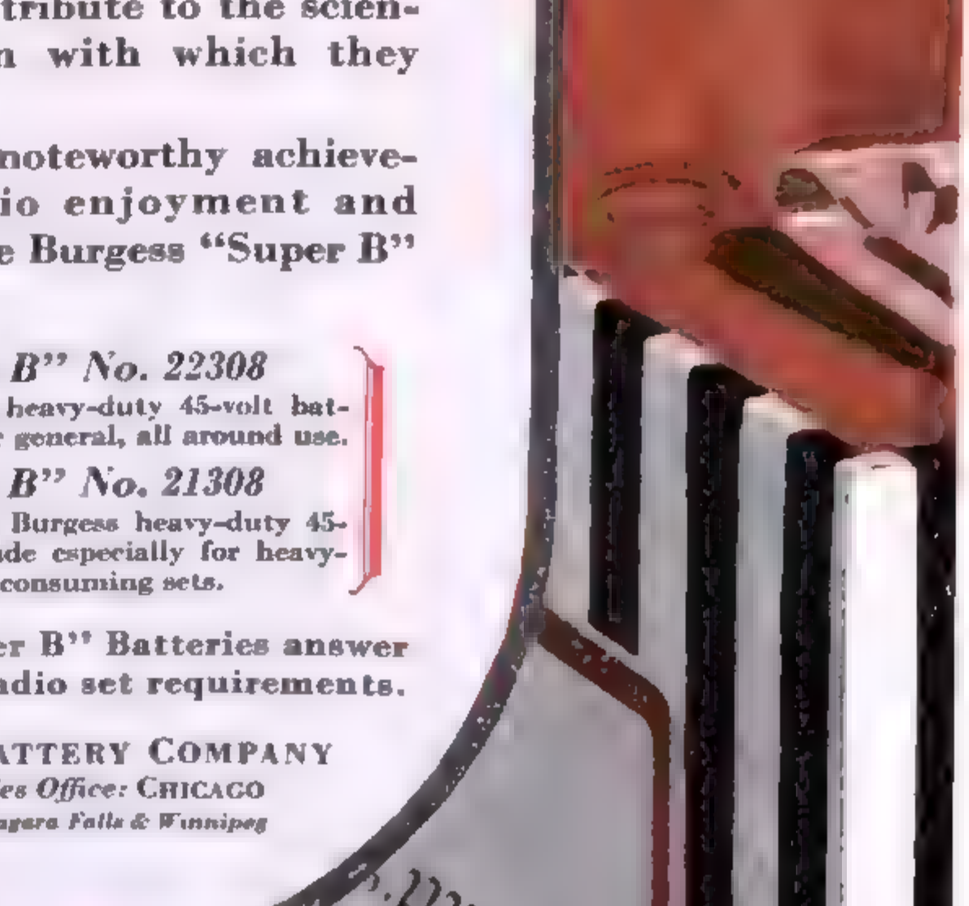
The year's noteworthy achievement in radio enjoyment and economy is the Burgess "Super B" Batteries:

"Super B" No. 22308
A medium size heavy-duty 45-volt battery designed for general, all around use.

"Super B" No. 21308
The largest size Burgess heavy-duty 45-volt battery—made especially for heavy-current consuming sets.

These two "Super B" Batteries answer practically all radio set requirements.

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
General Sales Office: CHICAGO
In Canada: Niagara Falls & Winnipeg

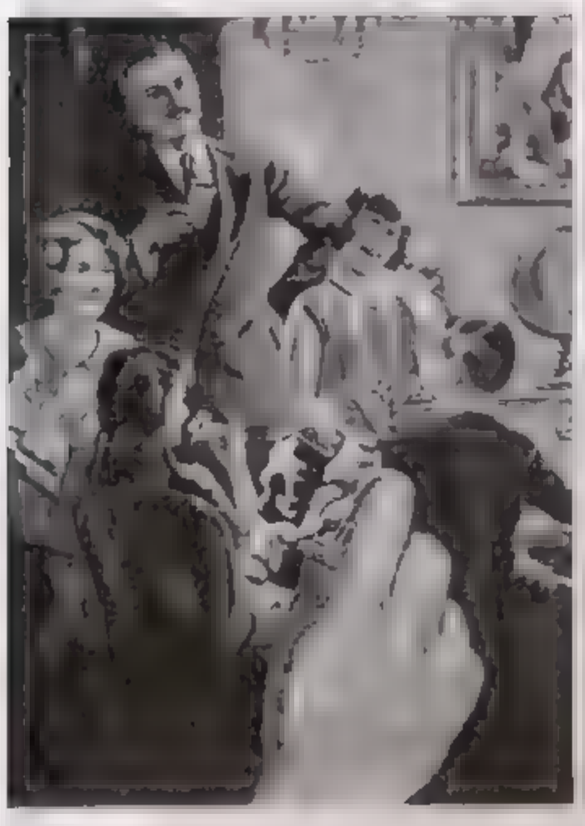


BATTERIES

Guards Power—

when your Burgess Battery is not in use

Big hit of the program— *it's* Eskimo Pie time!



SET the dial—let the program come in—and make the evening complete—with ESKIMO PIE!

Young and old alike—they all enjoy this magic mingled flavor of rich, delicious ice cream enrobed in crisp, pure chocolate. ESKIMO PIE gives new enjoyment to any happy occasion. And best of all, this tempting ice cream confection adds valuable energizing elements to the daily diet.

Why not start the popular "ESKIMO PIE every day" custom today! For yourself and for the children. Ask for ESKIMO PIE at your nearest ice cream dealer's. Packed in boxes of twelve if you like.

ESKIMO PIE CORPORATION
Louisville, Kentucky

ESKIMO PIE

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS! The name and fame of Eskimo Pie have encouraged many [illegible] you ask for look for the name Eskimo Pie on the silvery foil wrapper

(Continued from Page 128)

in Hogan Flint's brain. His wrath winked out like a blown candle as he stared at a man who was certainly four inches short of Hogan Flint's sixty-two, a man absurdly minute and comically enraged, who spoke gratingly between clenched teeth.

"Say, you big overgrown stiff, who do you think you are? When did you buy this road?"

Hogan Flint discovered that he was laughing. This bristling, snarling midget was altogether a figure of fun. He made Flint think of Minnie Oliver's Pekingese, unshakably persuaded that he was a formidable fighting fool.

"No great harm done," he said pacifically. "Back up and pull my car out of the mud and we'll forget it. Oo-oof!"

Even as he staggered backward, clawing uselessly at the air, the ejaculation had a dimly familiar sound. The concrete met him unyieldingly, just as he had almost managed to recapture the breath expelled by the little man's wildcat rush. He stopped laughing; clumsily, half-heartedly, he sought to defend himself against a human hornet that darted in and was away before Hogan Flint had fairly felt the pain of the shrewdly planted blow.

"I'll show you, you big ——"

Flint managed to clinch this time; he held on doggedly, still estopped, for some mysterious reason, from hitting back. The furious little man twisted in his grasp like a maddened cat; they fell, rolled over and over. A heavy hand fell on Flint's collar, lifting him to his feet. The other combatant, similarly restrained by the left hand of the state policeman, struggled to renew hostilities.

"That'll be all." The policeman spoke gently. "Leave him live, will you? I got special orders not to allow no murders on Tuesdays. Cut it out now!" His eye and voice hardened as they transferred themselves to Hogan Flint. "It'd serve you right if I let him at you. Picking on a little guy like him!"

"He"—Hogan Flint was still very short of breath—"he picked on me. Hopped me like a—like a hornet."

"It's lucky for you I come along in time to keep him from stinging you to death!" The trooper made no effort to conceal his disfavor. "What's it all about?"

Hogan Flint, preoccupied with wholly unfamiliar emotions, scarcely listened to a hotly *ex-parte* version of the late unpleasantness, heard, unprotesting, the verdict which declared that he had got less than his deserts. All this was unimportant; something had happened inside Hogan Flint, something that seemingly had altogether changed him.

He was a different person, a stranger to himself, as he teased the bogged flivver back to the concrete. Slowly, as he drove back to the factory, abandoning the Harding errand for the present, he remade his own acquaintance.

Big! Nobody had ever flung that hateful word at him before today; never, before today, had it been anything but hateful in Hogan Flint's thought. Now, suddenly, it was no epithet, to be spoken between set teeth, but a friendly warming sound. "Big!" He said it under his breath, finding the savor of it grateful on his tongue.

So that was how you felt, was it, when you were big? It wasn't at all like what Hogan Flint had always imagined; it was a good feeling. He could understand now why he hadn't torn into that pitiful sawed-off little man. It wasn't because he was stupid or slow or afraid; it was just—just because he'd been big!

A pause at a tailor shop repaired most of the damage to his clothes. The strange new sense of bigness went with him as he came into the office; it constrained him, as he met the file clerk's wary, sidelong glower, to weaken discipline by grinning at her. Somehow, as her sullenness relaxed under the friendly smile, Hogan Flint felt surer of his authority than before. It came home to him that he had always hated anybody who reminded him that he was—well, that he was no six-footer. Maybe that was how it felt when you were down near the bottom of the pay roll, to be snarled at by somebody who was near the top.

He found himself grinning, too, when Wonner slouched in sulkily at lunchtime. He had made up his mind exactly what to say to Wonner, but instead, unexpectedly, he heard himself inquiring, in the old familiar key, how Wonner felt about chasing over to Emil's to put on the nose bag.

He hadn't gone to Emil's once since his promotion; it had seemed important, for some now baffling reason, to avoid informal intimacy with the men who were under his authority. He had stalked off alone to solitary state at the Majestic, where they charged you twice as much for half as much.

"Come on, Jeff. I want to tell you something." He chuckled. It occurred to him that there was a comic side to this morning's adventure: you could tell it so that anybody would have to laugh. He hooked an arm through Wonner's. "Wait till you hear this, Jeff. It's good."

He made a merry story of it. Wonner, still warily distrustful at first, seemed to find it almost too funny. There was perhaps a lingering trace of malice in his laugh, but Hogan Flint didn't mind.

They came around presently to the slump in Wonner's sales, but they reached it as friendly equals, equally concerned, and not in the least as commander and commanded.

"I know I've been falling down," Wonner admitted. "I'm no good unless I feel right, and I got the notion some way that you had it in for me so hard it didn't matter what I might do. I'm that way—can't put any steam behind my punches if I'm worried, and I been worrying ever since you got Shumberg's job."

"No reason to, Jeff. I don't eat if you and the others don't bring in the bacon, do I? Let me tell you, I don't think much more of a good, dependable producer like you than I do of my good right eye! Say, look here. I missed my call over at Harding's on account of that mix-up this morning, and I'm sewed up tight this afternoon. Suppose you go get that business—I'll switch the account to your list. I've got to split up all my accounts between you boys anyway, and"—he dropped his voice to a confidential key—"and a nice fat order from Harding would make your report sheet look a whole lot better to the old man when he goes over it in the morning."

COPYRIGHT BY PAUL D. TOMKI

Along the Redwood Highway in California

He saw Wonner's shoulders straighten a little.

"That's white, Jumb—I mean ——"

"No," said Flint quickly. "You were right. Call me Jumbo. I like it."

It was incredible, but as he went back alone to the office he discovered that it was quite true. He did like to be called Jumbo. Somehow, now that he understood how it felt to be big, he didn't mind the hated nickname a bit.

Reporting, just at closing time, to Paul Anderson, he was emphatic about Jeff Wonner.

"I was absolutely wrong about him. He's the best man we've got if he's handled right, and I know how to handle him! We had lunch together and talked it all out. I'd almost bet that he'll show up tomorrow with a whacking big order."

Anderson eyed him gravely. "Turn over one of your pet accounts to him, did you?"

Hogan Flint jumped. Anderson had an uncanny way of reading your thoughts sometimes, but this was positive clairvoyance!

"How did you guess that?"

"Oh"—Anderson chuckled—"it wasn't so hard. There aren't so many right ways of handling salesmen, and I've had to learn most of them." He paused. "You must have done quite a bit of thinking since this morning, though."

"Well, in a way, I have." Flint hesitated. After all, it was a good story and Wonner had laughed his head off at it. He told it, rather more effectively, he thought, but Anderson didn't laugh very hard.

"I've been hoping you'd find it out," he said. "I was beginning to be afraid I'd made a mistake about you. You were such a staving success as an underdog that I took a chance on you, but you began to look like a pretty ghastly imitation when you got on top. I suppose it's natural enough to carry into a position of strength the—the psychology of weakness, but it's fatal, all the same. Staying on top is an absolutely different job from getting there. You can't get by with it unless you're ——"

"—— big," said Hogan Flint. "I can see that now."

He detected the flicker of a smile at the corners of Paul Anderson's mouth, but he didn't care. He whistled on his way to the train. In the smoking car he told the story of his morning adventure to Gifford Buller with so much success that he was obliged to repeat it twice, once for Johnny Gilchrist and again for the benefit of Bill Oliver. Somehow, this evening, they were more like the men he had expected them to be, he discovered that he liked them and—less certainly, but hopefully still—that they liked him.

Marian was waiting for him in the parked car. Something in her face, as he hurried toward her, brought an aching tightness into Hogan Flint's throat. She she was afraid of him! There wasn't any possible doubt about that faintly watchful narrowing of her eyes. Afraid of him!

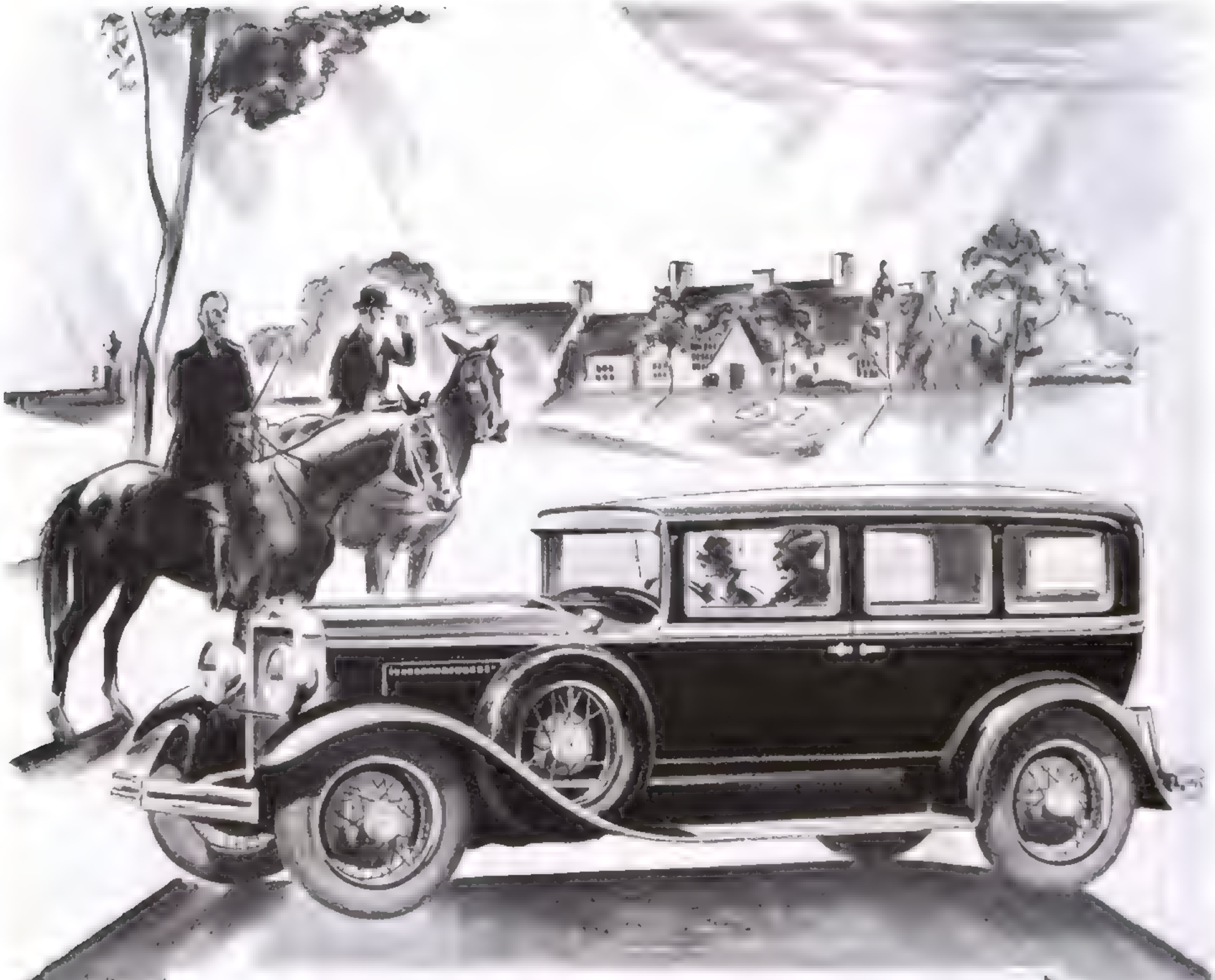
He climbed in beside her, groping for words in which to undo the mischief that he'd done, willfully and cleverly, before he'd found out how it felt to be anything except—he chose neatly the epithets that would hurt hardest—anything except a rotten little squirt, a runt. He knew that she was waiting for him to set about his regular task of self-assertion, that she was braced against it. Inspiration came to him.

"About that car business, Marnie"—he saw her start at the name. They'd called her that at home, but Hogan Flint had always set his face sternly against it—"we'll do whatever you say. I—I'd have given in right away only—only I was afraid that if we had two cars you'd never drive me over to the train any more. You will, sometimes, won't you?"

He heard her catch her breath and risked a swift side glance at the wondering loveliness in her face.

"Why, Hogan ——"

"Don't call me Hogan any more," he cut in with a touch of his discarded decision. "Call me Jumbo."



The Beautiful, new 1929

PEERLESS SIX . . 81

IT TOOK TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS to make this 1929 Peerless what it is . . . twenty-seven years of steadfast devotion to an ideal—of unflagging zeal to produce the best. And, in one short month, this beautiful new car has won unstinted praise and appreciation everywhere.

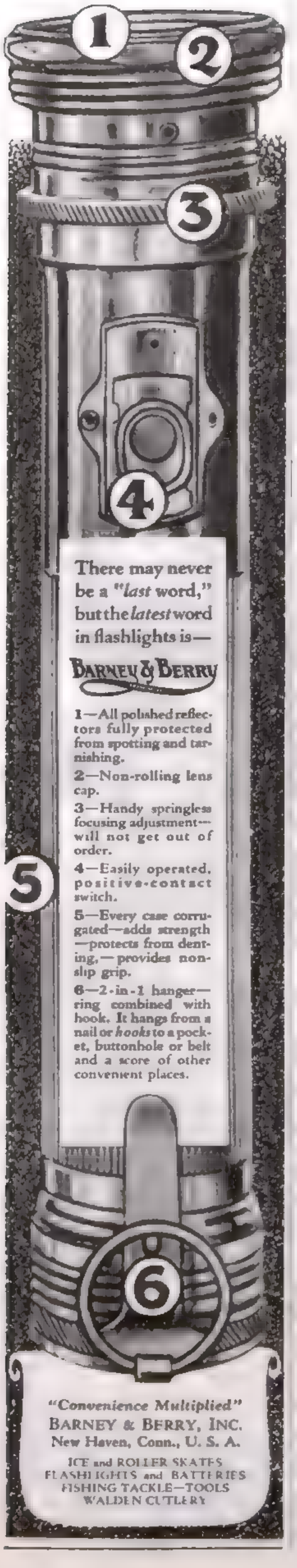
For the beauty of the Six-81 is the sort that stamps itself on your senses . . . It is beauty not only of things that meet the eye, but of everything that satisfies your wishes in a car.

You feel in it a definite superiority . . . You know you are master of every condition that can be encountered on the road.

And, to us who build this Six-81, such a success is an inspiring tribute to our eagerness to make this Peerless the best in value and true worth.

Closed models $1595 and up at factory

PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CORPORATION • CLEVELAND, OHIO


1
2
3
4
5
6
There may never be a "last word," but the latest word in flashlights is—
BARNEY & BERRY
1—All polished reflectors fully protected from spotting and tarnishing.
2—Non-rolling lens cap.
3—Handy springless focusing adjustment—will not get out of order.
4—Easily operated, positive-contact switch.
5—Every case corrugated—adds strength—protects from denting,—provides non-slip grip.
6—2-in-1 hanger—ring combined with hook. It hangs from a nail or hooks to a pocket, buttonhole or belt and a score of other convenient places.
"Convenience Multiplied"
BARNEY & BERRY, INC.
New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.
ICE and ROLLER SKATES
FLASHLIGHTS and BATTERIES
FISHING TACKLE—TOOLS
WALDEN CUTLERY

THE DUKE STEPS OUT

Continued from Page 38

night, as warm as midsummer, and the heavens are sprinkled thick with stars. And oh, folks, there comes a blood-red moon just showing over the last tier of seats to the east. It looks as if it were a big red disk with a light behind it hung there by the management for a decoration.

"As I look around me I see all sorts of famous people. There are five governors of states here and the mayor of New York, and most every well-known man in Illinois, and four out of five of them have brought their wives. The main bout is about to begin. Here comes Honeyboy Kerrigan down the aisle with a flock of seconds. He climbs into the ring and throws off a big white bath robe with a big harp of Erin embroidered on the back in green and sits down on the stool in his corner."

Vague sounds of cheering came from the air, followed by silence, and then another voice began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are broadcasting tonight over REAF by courtesy of the Blank newspapers and we hope ——"

"Aw, cut it out!" Boss Walker grumbled.

The original announcer's voice came back.

"Folks, this Kerrigan looks like a bulldog. He's short and broad-shouldered and thickset. They say he's tough and he looks it. Right now he's nervous—you can see that—as if he were rarin' to go. And here comes the champion—Duke Wellington. He climbs into the ring and throws off a plain dark-blue bath robe and shuffles his feet in the rosin. He's half a head taller than Kerrigan and he looks about half as strong. They say he's been going to the University of Minnewaska under another name for the last six months and nobody up there had a suspicion he was a fighter. I don't wonder. He hasn't got a mark on him and he looks like a nice clean college boy—a track athlete. You wouldn't think he'd have a chance with Honeyboy Kerrigan. But as a matter of fact, they're evenly matched. The Duke is one of the finest boxers the game has ever produced and he's got a knock-out in each hand. He hasn't been lightweight champion of the world for the last three years for nothing.

"And now they're putting on the gloves. You should see the way the seconds work those brand-new gloves to push the padding back off the knuckles. And now the referee is calling them to the center of the ring and giving them their instructions. They're shaking hands. And now they go back to their corners to wait for the bell."

Susie looked up. The room was full now. The whole party had crowded in to hear. She slipped back out of the crowd around the machine to the foot of the stairs. Pauline was so interested that she did not notice. Susie put her hand on the stair rail. She was trembling. She wanted to run up those stairs and into her own room where she couldn't hear the radio announcer. But she had to hear.

"Folks," the announcer said in an excited voice, "there's the bell! Kerrigan comes out of his corner like a charging bull, both hands going. He looks as if he were going to annihilate the champion. But the Duke sticks out his left. It looks as if he just flicked it out like he was trying to brush a fly off Kerrigan's nose. But Kerrigan's head goes back as if it was on a rubber band. Kerrigan shakes his head and rushes again. He puts over two lefts and a right, and another right. But they only hit the Duke's elbows.

"Now they're in a clinch. The referee breaks them, and as they break the champion flicks his left out again. It goes so quick you can hardly see it, but Kerrigan feels it. He rushes the champion and gets in a right and a left and another left. But he's still hitting the champion's elbows.

"They're fiddling again—just feeling each other out. Oh—oh, folks, that was a beauty! They both started right-hand punches and the champion's got there first. He hit Kerrigan a good healthy wallop that time on the jaw. Now they're fiddling again.

"And there goes the bell for the end of the first round. I'd call it Wellington's round, but no damage done on either side."

Susie listened with amazement to the excited buzz of conversation that took the place of the announcer's voice the moment it ceased. Everybody talked at once. Susie wanted to sit down. She felt dizzy. But she couldn't sit down. She could only stand there clinging to the stair rail, ready to run. Why didn't the next round begin? The rest between rounds must be over. She stood up on tiptoe and saw that Tommy Wells was twisting the dials. Something had gone wrong with the set. . . . No, it was all right. The announcer's voice came through again:

"Kerrigan stages one rush after another. When he rushes, the champion gives ground, but that left of his is going in and out like a piston rod, and every time it goes out it smacks the Honeyboy in the face. Kerrigan can't get by that left. He comes in swinging both hands, and the champion catches everything he throws on his elbows or his shoulders. . . . Zowie! Oh, folks, what a right the champion landed that time! The best blow of the fight. Kerrigan's mouth is bleeding. But he keeps on coming. Now they're in a clinch. Now they're fiddling again. Kerrigan misses a terrific right. He rushes the Duke into a corner. He's hailing punches. The champion's head bobs like a cork in a mill race as he ducks. Oh, folks, he's down! The champion's down! He started out of that corner and the Honeyboy caught him with a right hook on the chin. He's down and he doesn't move! It looks like a knock-out! The referee has waved Kerrigan to a corner. He's counting. One! Two! Three! and the champion lies there like a log. Four!"

Susie was at the top of the stairs. She seized her purse with one hand and a light coat and ran down the back stairs and out across the Buffums' lawn and down toward Green Street. She had to pause for breath. She stopped and gasped until she got her breath. She put the coat on over the filmy chiffon evening dress she was wearing and walked on rapidly. Fortunately the coat she had picked up was a long double-breasted one of chamois skin that covered her completely. People wouldn't know she was in evening dress unless they noticed her slippers.

At the corner she saw the red and green running lights of a taxi coming. She tried to whistle and couldn't make a sound. She ran out into the middle of the street in front of the cab. The driver swerved and stopped with a squeal of brakes.

"What ——" the driver began to splutter.

"North Western station," Susie said, and climbed in.

She sank back against the cushions and tried to relax.

"So that was his secret!" she said to herself. "It wasn't Norah McCune. Only why wouldn't he tell me he was a prize fighter? If he had really cared he would have told me. He has no excuse for not telling me."

She saw him lying on the floor as she had seen him when the announcer had said he was down. She had got the picture from a drawing by George Bellows, showing a fighter lying on his back on the floor of the ring, which she had seen reproduced in a magazine. It was called The Knock-out of the Champion, or something like that. The boy lay on his back with his mouth open. The referee stood over him, holding back the other fighter with his left arm. The referee was bringing his free arm down in a wide sweeping gesture. The boy on the floor looked as if he were dead, except that the drawing gave you the feeling that his chest was heaving in a tortured way.

Susie shut her eyes. What a cruel sport prize fighting was! And how beastly the people who wanted to see it! But people did want to see it—even women. And how could Jimmy Van Blarcom be a fighter and knock other men unconscious in front of a howling mob of savages for money? He had seemed so much nicer than most college boys. She had been partly kidding him about being too nice. But she really had thought he was too nice until she saw Norah McCune throw her arms around his neck in that special way.

He probably hadn't lied about Norah McCune. He had probably told the truth. Only it was hard to imagine a woman's putting her arms around a man's neck in just that way, in front of other people, unless she knew he belonged to her.

Susie saw a clock in a shop window. It was twenty minutes to eleven. She would catch the eleven o'clock express, with ten minutes to spare. She would have time to call up Pauline. But Pauline would try to make her wait. Susie did not want to argue. She was going to Chicago.

The taxi drew up at the station. Susie paid her fare and went in to the ticket window and bought a lower berth and went out on the platform and stood beside a pillar until the train came. She told the porter she wanted her berth made up. She sat across the aisle looking out of the window while she waited and tried not to think, tried to make her mind a perfect blank.

"Tell me," she said to the porter, "is there any stop between here and Chicago where you could get me all the Chicago evening papers?"

"Yes, ma'am," the porter said.

Susie gave him a dollar and slipped between the green curtains of the Pullman berth and threw herself down and buried her face in the pillow and cried. She stuffed the pillow in her mouth so no one would hear, and sobbed. After half an hour she felt better. When the porter brought the Chicago papers in she sat up and prepared to go through them methodically, in an effort to find all they had printed about Duke Wellington.

She was startled to find how much there was. Each paper had a column or more on the front page and many columns inside. They all printed his picture, showing him in ring costume, with a similar picture of the black-browed thug Kerrigan opposite; and below, their comparative measurements in parallel columns. She studied the list of measurements, interested in the slight significant differences between the two men. She couldn't believe that Jimmy Van Blarcom weighed only a hundred and thirty-five pounds. But all the papers agreed on that. Then she saw the story of the weighing in and realized that he had to weigh a hundred and thirty-five pounds or less. So that was why he was on a diet and didn't eat sweets.

She came to a long list of his more important fights, extending over a period of five years. There had been thirty-two in that time, and in twenty-six of these he had knocked out his opponent.

She found whole columns of opinions by sportsmen and actors and business men on the probable outcome of the fight. She skimmed through these, observing that the majority favored the champion, but that a considerable number hoped and believed that Kerrigan would win. Her eyes caught the name of Presbrey—one of her father's friends. He said:

"When the champion gets in there with Kerrigan you'll see what happens when a first-rate boxer meets a real fighter. Kerrigan isn't pretty to watch, but he's fast and strong and he never backs up. I predict that he'll catch Wellington early in the fight and when he does he'll knock him out."

Susie was furious that Presbrey should have made such a prophecy—even if he had been right.

She was somewhat mollified by a column signed Doc Blodgett. The newspaper informed its readers that Doc Blodgett was the world's most famous conditioner of

(Continued on Page 137)

Rocklath provides the ideal base for plaster

Red Top Plaster on Rocklath

Makes the finest wall and ceiling we know

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY

Red Top Plaster is strong and durable

THE walls and ceilings that you live with every day should hold the maximum of security, strength and decorative background for your home To make sure of these valuable qualities in any house construction, be guided by our experience

For more than 25 years, we have concentrated research and resources on the improvement of interior wall construction and the production of standard gypsum materials for walls and ceilings.

Out of this extensive experience we confidently recommend USG Red Top Plaster on Rocklath.

Rocklath provides the ideal base for the application of gypsum plaster. It is *fireproof* gypsum, cast in standard, flat, thick sheets encased in tough fibrous covering with protected nailing edges. It

comes to the building in bundles, in perfect, uniform condition, all ready for nailing to the studs and joists.

USG Red Top Plaster is the standard gypsum plaster everywhere. It is made from gypsum, the rock that *fights* fire. It is strong, it is durable and it assists good workmanship.

This wall and ceiling construction makes a uniform base for any decoration. No dust streaks or staining The upkeep cost of decorations is reduced to a minimum.

Plasterers like to work with USG Red Top Plaster over Rocklath and they do a better job with it, in less time.

Rocklath and USG Red Top Plaster are sold by your dealer in building supplies. Both are plainly marked for your protection. Insist on them for your lasting satisfaction.

United States Gypsum Company, *General Offices:* Dept. RTL, 300 West Adams St., Chicago, Illinois

Rocklath and Red Top Plaster reduce the upkeep cost of decorations

© 1928, U S Gypsum Co.

Ride a Bike . . .

It's your Best Pal

Free Booklet...

"Cycle-Logical Ways to Happier Days"

A Post Card Brings It to You

A handsomely illustrated booklet with pictures of America's greatest athletes and why they think there is nothing like cycling for combining the greatest fun ever with splendid exercise—both interesting and instructive.

Just write your name and address on a postal card and mail to

The Cycle Trades of America

Room A-205, Fisk Building, 250 West 57th St., New York City, and you will receive one of these booklets promptly.

"Joyous-Teens" know what they know;
It's "Make it snappy!" and "Come, let's go!"
Down to the sea for a merry splash,
Back for tennis and golf they dash.
And a peppy Bike for a "Joyous-Teen"
Makes a hop-off sure, and a landing clean.

(Continued from Page 134)

fighters. Doc Blodgett wound up his analysis of the two men by saying, "I expect a long hard fight, but I believe the champion will come into the ring in superb condition, as usual, and that he will win by a knockout, as usual."

Susie read nearly all the way to Chicago; read every line in all four papers down to a small note stating that the betting odds had suddenly gone from 10 to 7 in favor of the champion to even money—"probably owing to the news that the champion had been going to college."

She read with an increasing pride in Jimmy Van Blarcom. She didn't like his profession. Only—as long as it was his profession—she was glad he was at the top of it. But when she got off the train and entered the great hollow-sounding station, nearly empty at six o'clock in the morning, she felt so depressed that she stopped to inquire when the next train left for Grandison. There was a train in an hour.

She hated to go out to Lake Forest and face her father. She dreaded the struggle. Would it serve any purpose?

Jimmy Van Blarcom had said he would have a great many things to tell her when he got back from Chicago. She had thought he meant that he would be free to tell her he loved her—when he had said good-by to Norah McCune. In a sudden flare of jealousy she had told him she never wanted to see him again. But now she knew that he wasn't thinking about his obligation to Norah, but about the fight and the fact that he was a prize fighter. She had no reason to believe that he loved her. On the contrary, when she had driven home with him in his car from her party at Smitty's and had felt tremendously drawn to him and had gone as far as she could go to make him speak—further than she would ever go again—he hadn't even kissed her. Other men had proposed to her when she didn't even want them to.

Why stage a final struggle with her father over a man who didn't want her?

"Just the same," she said to herself, "I've started this and I'm going to see it through."

Susie walked over to the telegraph company's counter, wrote a telegram to Pauline telling her where she was and asking her to come at once, and turned resolutely to the Lake Forest train gate.

XXV

THE Duke was dimly aware that something flickered past his eyes. It happened twice in a singularly annoying way. Then he distinctly heard the referee say "Five!" There was no doubting the word. It was "Five!" He was down and he was being counted out. The referee yelled "Six!" The Duke gathered everything he had and rolled over and got one knee under him. "Seven!" That flicker was the referee's arm going between his eyes and the light in its long down sweep. "Eight!" The Duke poised himself to jump at "Nine!" He would jump up at "Nine!" He had one knee and both hands pressing hard against the floor. And then through the dim reverberating spaces in which he reeled he heard the sound of the bell. The Duke let himself slump on the floor.

Barney and Jake came tearing across the ring. They dragged him back to his corner and set him on the stool. The next instant the ammonia took his head off. For a moment he had no head. His head was floating off in space. He saw Barney measuring him for a slap. Barney's open hand made a loud smacking sound against his face. Ice water—whole rivers of ice water ran down his spine.

The Duke leaned back against the ring post, throwing his arms wide and resting them on the ropes. Barney flapped a towel madly in his face, driving air into his lungs. Jake bent down and slapped his legs. The Duke looked down at Jake slapping his legs. Tears were running down Jake's fat face into his wide trembling mouth. Jake was blubbering like a baby. And it didn't make a nickel's worth of difference to Jake whether he won or lost. Jake never bet. But Jake was crying tears!

"Go, kid," Barney was saying. "But stay away from him."

The Duke was on his feet now, and the bell had rung and the Honeyboy was charging across the ring at him in a frenzy to finish him.

"Stay away!" Barney bellowed from somewhere behind him.

Something made the Duke get on his toes. You couldn't stop a rush like that. You couldn't stop a railroad train. The Duke side-stepped in the last fraction of a moment, and as the Honeyboy went by he clipped him on the ear with a long right. Kerrigan staggered and whirled and charged again, hooking viciously with both hands. The crowd was up now, yelling to Kerrigan to kill the college kid. But the Duke was on his toes and the idea was coming back to him.

Perhaps his mind didn't know what he was doing. Perhaps he wouldn't have been very chatty about it if you had asked him. Perhaps he didn't know how good his legs were, after many a mile on many a morning. But his body knew. And so on dancing feet the Duke began to stay away as only he could stay away, while the crowd roared its anger at seeing the rushing, willing Kerrigan, tearing after a shadow, tearing great holes in the soft May night with blows that should have thudded home against the flesh and bone.

For seven rounds the master boxer of his time turned in the best performance of his career, and fifty thousand spectators, many of whom fancied themselves to be connoisseurs of the art of self-defense, hooted and jeered and whistled their derision and did not suspect that they had never seen before and would never see again anything so perfect of its kind. They did not see at all. They only felt. They felt the smashing power of the fighter they had chosen to feel with and they wanted him to smash something that would go down bleeding under the impact of his smashes and lie there quivering. They were balked, as Honeyboy Kerrigan was balked, and they had not paid their money to be balked.

After the ninth round, the Duke leaned back against the ropes and filled his lungs and said "I'm stronger than he is now." Barney shook his head. "Stay away a little longer, kid."

In a clinch in the tenth round Kerrigan deliberately butted the Duke and broke open the long scar across his forehead. Kerrigan saw the long thin sheet of blood start down over the Duke's face and charged furiously, thinking he was blinded. The crowd saw the blood a moment later and gave a sudden triumphant roar. But the Duke brushed the blood away from his eyes with a hasty glove and jabbed and jabbed and jabbed until the bell rang.

Barney washed his forehead with one swipe of the sponge, laid the collodion clear across with one sweep of the brush and slapped a wide band of surgeon's tape on top.

For two rounds Kerrigan threw long rights and left hooks at the Duke's forehead, trying to knock that strip of surgeon's tape off and let the blood flow down into the Duke's eyes. And every time he missed, the Duke hit him in the body until his body was pink all over and the red splotch under his heart grew ruddier and ruddier, and a wise old bird at a telegraph key beside the ring sang out "Oh, woodman, spare that tree!"

In the thirteenth round the Honeyboy went into his crouch again, covering his jaw with his left and leading with his right for the soft spot just over the Duke's left hip. The Duke jabbed and jabbed, and noticed that every time the Honeyboy led with his right he dropped the left that guarded his jaw; he led with his right and in the same motion he dropped his left just enough to let a fast one through.

Back in his corner, the Duke said to Barney "Let's go!"

And this time Barney nodded and said "All right, kid, take him!"

The Duke went out for the fourteenth round and he was on his toes. He was dancing still, but this time he wasn't dancing away. He turned Kerrigan a little with a straight left and gave him a clear opening to that soft spot above his left hip. The Honeyboy led with his right for the opening, lunged for the opening, and as he lunged the Duke was moving in and for a fraction of a second his feet were flat on the floor to get all the purchase there was as he shot his right across with everything he had—shot it past that dropped left hand to the jaw—shot it through with that last inturn of the wrist that keeps it straight, so that bone meets bone.

The Honeyboy whirled halfway round and fell on his face like a man with a bullet through his brain.

The Duke stepped back to a neutral corner. The timekeeper yelled "One!" as the referee continued to wave the Duke back, and "Two!" The referee yelled "One!" as he brought his arm down with the long sweep. The timekeeper yelled "Four!" as the rattled referee yelled "Two!"

They were all balled up. But the Duke looked down at Kerrigan and saw that it was a matter of no consequence whether they got together on the count or not. They could count for ten minutes instead of ten seconds if they wished.

The Duke leaned back against the ropes and looked down at the man he had beaten so completely, and he heard the surging roar of the crowd and couldn't help feeling triumphant. But he didn't like it much. He didn't like it enough to keep on doing it. He would never do it again.

The referee reached "Ten!" almost in unison with the timekeeper and dived across the ring and grabbed the Duke's arm and held it high above his head, while the announcer bawled into his megaphone "The winnah!" Then the ring was full of men and Barney and Jake and the Baby-Face and Mullin had to fight to get the Duke to his dressing room before the crowd tore his bath robe off him in their eagerness to touch the man who had won.

XXVI

BARNEY got the Duke under a hot shower, while the Baby-Face guarded the door and tried to let in only the men he thought the Duke or Barney or Jake or Mullin would want to see, with the result that the room was soon full, while outside, the crowd increased until the corridor was jammed from wall to wall.

"My ear stings like the devil, Barney," the Duke complained.

"Yeah," Barney said, sponging it with an antiseptic solution. "He opened that cut too. Don't you remember him tryin' to rub your ear off in the clinches? Near did too."

The Duke didn't remember that at all. He stretched himself wearily out on the rubbing table. He was going to be good and sore by morning.

"Barney," he said, "what did he get me with, and what round was it?"

"He got ya with a right hook in the second, kid. You was in his corner and ya slipped on a wet spot and he caught ya with a right hook to the jaw that started from above and behind your ear."

"I didn't see it coming. I never knew what hit me. There were three or four rounds in there that I can't remember."

"You was punch-drunk," Barney said. "But you went nice. Kerrigan was crowdin' ya, but he couldn't connect. It musta been a kinda new experience for him. I bet he ain't ready to ask yet what hit him in the fourteenth. Looked to me like he'd be out for an hour."

The Duke lay with his face in his arms, while Barney worked on his back and shoulders, and forgot about the fight fans who crowded around him and remembered that up in Grandison the Gamma Delts were giving their formal party. It was only a little after eleven now. Susie was probably dancing with Boss Walker—or would it be Tommy Wells?

(Continued on Page 140)

Your Clothes
To Last, the Fit Must Be Cut Into Them
Unless the fit is cut and sewed into clothes, it can never be pressed in to stay. Davis Custom Clothes are made to your measure. They are hand cut for you, not machine cut for the million. They are hand sewed with silk in every vital part. Therefore, they fit first, last and all the time.
This is why a Davis suit would give you a thrill of satisfaction. Yet if, for any reason, it failed to do so, you would not be out a penny. This is our guarantee. We want no man's money without his good will.
Service at home
Yet Davis clothes actually cost less than readymades. For at Tailorcrest—a thousand tailor-shops in one—many savings are effected through volume purchases and direct distribution. These are passed on to the wearer by our system.
Davis suits and overcoats are priced at $29.50, $34.75 and $42.50. Our representative measures you in the privacy of your home, office or shop and offers you a selection from 200 virgin wool fabrics. He brings Fifth Avenue tailoring service to your door, regardless of where you may live.
N. B. A little book called Your Clothes—How to Wear and Care for Them will enable you to dress more effectively. We shall be glad to send you a complimentary copy.
DAVIS CLOTHES
P H Davis Tailoring Co Cincinnati, O.
Send me the booklet Your Clothes—How to Wear and Care for Them.
Name
Address

"Forced Underfiring"

Easy to understand why IRON FIREMAN *"forced underfiring" cuts fuel costs 15% to 50%....saves labor.... eliminates smoke and automatically holds heat or boiler pressure at any predetermined point.*

WASTEFUL
Fuel fed from above. Notice smoky flame and wasted fuel.

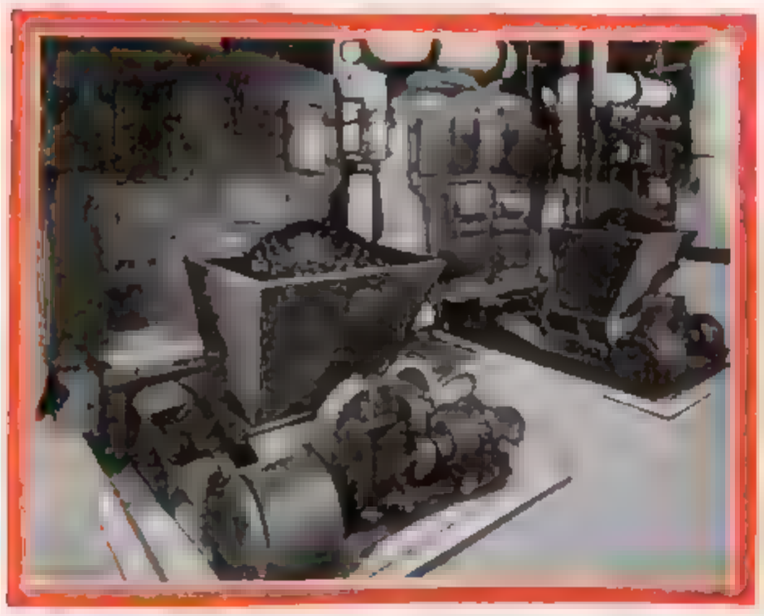
SCIENTIFIC
Fuel fed from below. Clear, bright flame. No smoke, no wasted fuel.

What happens when coal is hand fired? In the first place, *coal is thrown in on top of the fire.* Opening the fuel doors and covering the fire with cold, green coal, cools down the firebox and the temperature falls. Then, as the coal becomes warm, the more volatile gases, *which should be burned and give heat,* are immediately released and pass out of the stack in the form of thick black smoke. Soot gathers in the flues and stack, cutting down efficiency. Smoke ordinances are violated. Heat and power fluctuate. And, worse still, the amount of heat and power generated is exceedingly low in proportion to the amount of fuel paid for and used.

The Iron Fireman has changed all this by a practical application of the scientific principle of *feeding fuel from below,* combined with a forced draft, a principle which heating engineers have long recognized as the best way to burn coal.

This perfected system, which we have named *"forced underfiring,"* is easy to understand. The Iron Fireman feeds coal to the fire from below automatically. The fuel in its passage upward to the fire is gradually warmed, until it reaches the temperature of ignition. In this warming period the gases are gradually released, and mixed with the correct amount of air, under pressure, for complete combustion. All heat-giving gases are forced up through the flame and consumed. Consequently there is no smoke from the stack...no soot in the boiler tubes. Heat and power are steady and dependable, not varying constantly because of irregular firing and outside weather conditions. No valuable heat units are wasted! Such a result cannot be obtained when firing by hand.

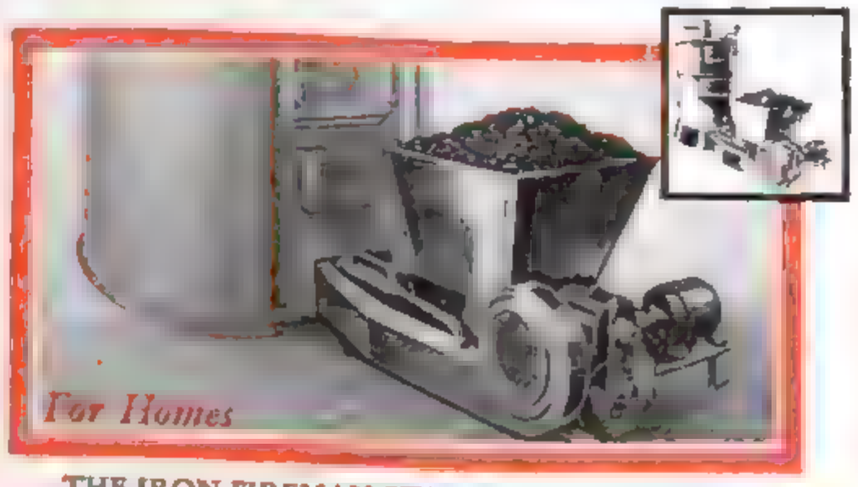
The Iron Fireman cuts fuel costs 15% to 50% and effects substantial savings in labor. Iron Fireman automatic controls are easily set to maintain any desired steam pressure, water temperature, or degree of heat in the building or residence. This means unvarying, dependable heat and steam pressure at all times, regardless of changes in the weather. Controls can be set to start and stop the fire at any hour, without attention. Fires need no banking. It means



COAL NOW AN AUTOMATIC FUEL

"The saving made by the Iron Fireman more than paid back the original investment during the first year of operation. We used stoker slack at $1.50 per ton less than we formerly paid and, as the stoker saved 25% in actual tonnage, we realized a total saving of $675 on fuel cost alone. Due to the simplicity of the stoker we were able to dispense with the services of a fireman. This results in an annual saving of $1200 in boiler room labor costs."

The Neustetter Company, *Denver, Colorado.*



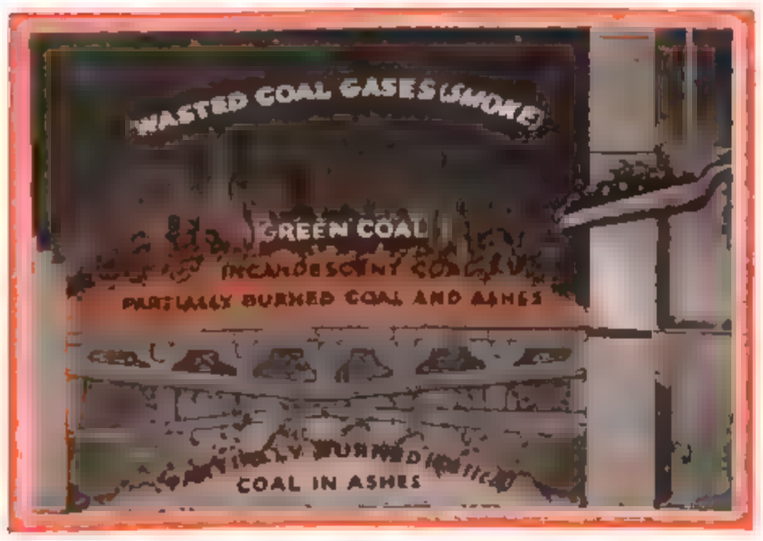
THE IRON FIREMAN STARTS AND STOPS ITSELF

"We are very well pleased with the Iron Fireman Jr. We have practically cut our fuel bill in two, to say nothing of the even temperature that we have now at all times. The Clock Thermostat starts the stoker at 6 o'clock every morning and maintains a temperature of from 68 to 70 degrees all day until 10 o'clock in the evening; then it is allowed to drop back to 50 degrees for the night. The machine is virtually noiseless and requires very little attention. Smoke completely eliminated. Would not care to go back to the old method of hand firing. Feel free to refer to our installation at any time."

George B. Boughton, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

FUEL SAVINGS INCREASED

brings results *never before thought possible*



YOU SEE HERE *why hand firing is so wasteful. Green coal is thrown on top of hot fuel bed. Valuable gases are released immediately and pass up the stack unburned. Air supply is deficient. Unburned coal drops through into ash pit.*

more efficient manufacturing . . . satisfied tenants . . . more comfortable homes!

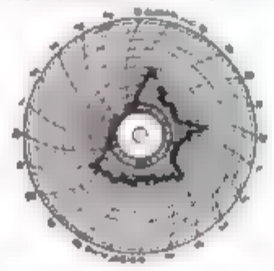
By automatic "forced underfiring" the Iron Fireman makes it possible to use the small sizes of coal, which cannot efficiently be fired by hand. Slack and screenings, or buckwheat, is the proper fuel for the Iron Fireman and gives excellent results. Coal costs less in these sizes, and you get more heat from it than from costly lump coal, hand fired. Iron Fireman *"forced underfiring"* gives firebox temperatures actually 500 to 1000 degrees hotter than are possible with hand firing.

This substantial saving in the cost of coal ...added to the saving effected by getting *so much more heat from every ton of coal...* added to the saving in labor costs, means that Iron Fireman *"forced underfiring"* produces far cheaper heat and power than does old-fashioned hand firing. The Iron Fireman quickly pays for itself out of what it saves, and thereafter pays you handsome dividends on the investment.

Thousands of Iron Fireman users throughout the United States and Canada report fuel savings ranging from 15% to 50%, with reduced labor costs and a complete elimination of the wasteful smoke nuisance. Let us put you in touch with users in your locality.

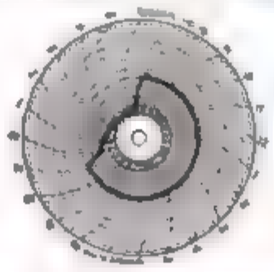
OBSERVE WHAT HAPPENS *in the process of "forced underfiring." The feed worm forces coal upward, under the fire. Coal is slowly preheated, gases passing upward through the fire where they are burned. Coked coal is burned when it reaches the top. No smoke. No fuel waste.*

No more "hot and cold" waves



Undependable—*Hand Firing*

A registering pressure gauge kept this record of the results of hand firing. A steam pressure of 100 lbs. was desired but could not be maintained. Notice the many fluctuations in pressure. *Costly—unnecessary!*



Steady—*"Forced Underfiring"*

The same instrument recorded results after an Iron Fireman was installed. See how the steam pressure quickly rose to the desired point and was automatically kept there by Iron Fireman controls.

Eliminates Smoke Nuisance

"THE Iron Fireman has given entire satisfaction through two heating seasons. It maintains an even heat—very desirable in office buildings. An economy in fuel and saving of labor. Previous to installing the Iron Fireman, the city smoke inspector, whose office was in sight of our smoke stack, made life miserable for us on his visits at least once a week. Since putting in your Iron Fireman, we have not had a single complaint from the smoke inspection department."

Kenyon Building, *Louisville, Kentucky.*

* * * * * *

"PREVIOUS TO THE INSTALLATION of your Iron Fireman, we were constantly annoyed by city smoke inspectors. No matter what kind of fuel we used, it caused considerable smoke and soot to settle over the neighboring community, which was considered a menace. However, since the installation of your coal burner we have not been bothered by reports from the community regarding the nuisance our smoke stack was causing, and have had the OK of the smoke inspectors on this installation."

The Yoder Company, *Cleveland, Ohio.*

—Smoking stacks, once the symbol of prosperity —now the evidence of waste! Is your plant up-to-date in this respect?

The Iron Fireman→ completely eliminates smoke, and, from the gases formerly wasted as smoke, makes heat.

The IRON FIREMAN *Automatic* COAL *Burner*

FOR ANY PLANT UP TO 200 BOILER H.P. AND FOR HOME FURNACES

THE IRON FIREMAN is easily installed in old or new boilers or furnaces, from home sizes up to 200 horsepower. Iron Fireman dealers are established in principal cities and towns throughout the United States and Canada. These dealers are equipped and ready to serve you. They are backed by the largest manufacturing organization in the field, and the pioneer in making automatic coal firing available for home furnaces and boilers up to 200 horsepower. A trained Iron Fireman engineer in your own community will gladly analyze your heat and power problems and render a report, without cost or obligation on your part.

If you are now firing boilers or furnaces by the old, wasteful hand method, by all means investigate *"forced underfiring,"* the economical, automatic, clean way to burn coal. Send coupon for the full story. Address: Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company, Portland, Oregon. Factory Branches, Cleveland and St. Louis.

IRON FIREMAN MANUFACTURING CO., *Portland, Oregon*

Send catalog about Iron Fireman automatic "forced underfiring" for the type of furnace or boiler checked below:

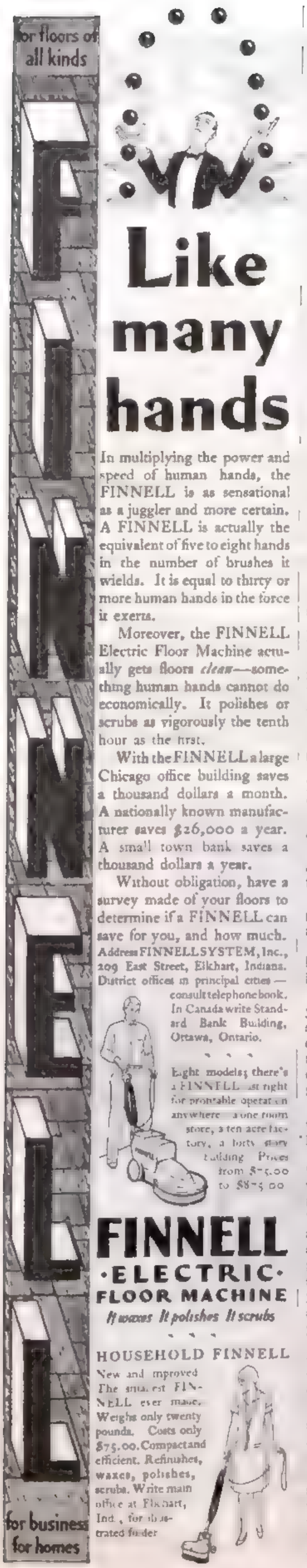
☐Industrial..... h. p. Type of building .....

☐Residential: Hot Water , Warm Air ....., Vapor System....., Other.

Name

Address

HEAT AUTOMATIC CONTROL



Like many hands

In multiplying the power and speed of human hands, the FINNELL is as sensational as a juggler and more certain. A FINNELL is actually the equivalent of five to eight hands in the number of brushes it wields. It is equal to thirty or more human hands in the force it exerts.

Moreover, the FINNELL Electric Floor Machine actually gets floors *clean*—something human hands cannot do economically. It polishes or scrubs as vigorously the tenth hour as the first.

With the FINNELL a large Chicago office building saves a thousand dollars a month. A nationally known manufacturer saves $26,000 a year. A small town bank saves a thousand dollars a year.

Without obligation, have a survey made of your floors to determine if a FINNELL can save for you, and how much. Address FINNELL SYSTEM, Inc., 209 East Street, Elkhart, Indiana. District offices in principal cities—consult telephone book. In Canada write Standard Bank Building, Ottawa, Ontario.

Eight models; there's a FINNELL just right for profitable operation anywhere—a one room store, a ten acre factory, a forty story building. Prices from $57.00 to $875.00

FINNELL
·ELECTRIC·
FLOOR MACHINE
It waxes It polishes It scrubs

HOUSEHOLD FINNELL

New and improved. The smallest FINNELL ever made. Weighs only twenty pounds. Costs only $75.00. Compact and efficient. Refinishes, waxes, polishes, scrubs. Write main office at Elkhart, Ind., for illustrated folder

(Continued from Page 137)

He was startled when, in response to a slap on the shoulder, he looked up and saw Jack Gardiner and Widdecomb standing over him. Jack Gardiner had lost his hat and most of his collar; Widdecomb had a magnificent black eye. They had got into a fight with two fellow spectators on their way out of the arena and they were bubbling over with satisfaction in consequence. They shook hands with the Duke and patted him on the back and told him he was a great man, and swore in the high-and-wide way that sometimes comes upon men of sedentary occupation in their larger moments, and felt more at home with him than they ever had with Jimmy Van Blarcom.

Eventually they remembered to tell the Duke how, on their arrival in Chicago at six o'clock, they had read the story of his double life in an evening paper, and how, doubting but curious, they had hunted up his hotel and met Barney and learned that the story was true and wired Pauline.

"So," the Duke thought, "Susie knows now."

After that he couldn't think about the fight he had just fought or worry his head over the probability that Jack Gardiner and Widdecomb would go out and get beaten up by way of celebrating their temporary emancipation from academic life. He could only ask himself how Susie Corbin would take knowing that he was a prize fighter.

He went to sleep trying to answer that question and he began to puzzle over it as soon as he woke up in the morning. It was in the back of his mind while he breakfasted in bed on strawberries and fresh *brioche* and sweet butter and deviled kidneys and coffee with cream and sugar. He revolved it continuously all afternoon while he pretended to listen to the endless discussion of the night before that went on in his room, and to read the stream of telegrams that came in.

He really put it out of his mind only when he braced himself to tell Jake that he was through with fighting.

Jake took out a large cigar, cut the end off, lit a match.

"I'm sorry to break up our partnership, Jake," the Duke said. "You've helped me to make a real stake. But ——"

"Boy," Jake said, "do you not know it goes double? I have made money too. I am now well off. I could even retire."

He thrust his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat and rocked back and forth on his heels.

"Also I am not surprised. I expected you would quit. And I am glad. You should quit. Most fighters do not quit soon enough. They can't quit. They can't do anything else. But you can do something else. You have brains. You should quit—right away quick."

"That's what I want to do, Jake. You can give the story out for the morning papers if you like."

"Good! I will. And when we get a little time, Mullin and I will go over everything and straighten it out." Jake reached for his wallet and fished out a check. "Here—here is a check for sixty-six thousand six hundred and sixty-six dollars and sixty-seven cents. It is your share of the guaranty. Sometime this week I will settle up with Fitzmorris and Gratz. Then you will have maybe sixty-five—maybe seventy thousand more. I do not know yet."

The Duke decided that the only thing to do was to get out the Benham and drive to Grandison. The only way to find out what Susie Corbin thought was to ask her. He went over to a mirror and studied himself. He had a bandage on his forehead and another on his ear. But otherwise he looked all right. The hook to the jaw that had put him down for a count of nine had scarcely left a mark. He would get Barney to put on fresh adhesive tape, taking pains to do an especially neat job, and he would look no worse than he had after the detective had knocked him out with a chair.

He turned around to look for Barney and heard Mullin call him to the telephone. Mullin stood with his hand over the mouthpiece.

"This is Ernest Corbin," Mullin said. "He seems very anxious to see you. What he really wants is to get you to go out to Lake Forest this evening."

"All right, put that over."

The Duke stood listening while Mullin arranged it. . . . No, it wouldn't be necessary to meet Mr. Wellington at the station. He would drive out.

"What does it mean, Mullin?" the Duke asked when Mullin had hung up.

Mullin shook his head. "It means that for some reason he wants to see you there rather than anywhere else."

"Didn't you get a hunch about what he wanted?"

"He wasn't giving me hunches," Mullin said.

The Duke spent a bad two hours waiting till it was time to start for Lake Forest.

XXVII

HE ARRIVED at Lake Forest fifteen minutes early and had to park the Benham beside a curb and smoke three cigarettes before he could drive up to the house. And the place seemed even more impressive than it had that first time he had seen it, when he had driven Susie Corbin down from Grandison.

The servant who opened the door startled him by addressing him as Mr. Wellington. But of course he had been told. The Duke remembered the servant's name well enough. Susie Corbin had called him Brink.

Brink showed the Duke into the library, where he had gone that other time. The room was empty. While Brink went off to tell Mr. Corbin that the Duke had arrived he had a moment to look around. It was a good room. It didn't look new. Indeed, the Duke guessed that most of the things in it were older than Lake Forest, or even the city of Chicago—eighteenth-century things. The paneling must have come from some English country house of the period.

Brink returned to say that Mr. Corbin would be down immediately. But he wasn't down immediately. The Duke had time to appreciate a handsome pair of terrestrial globes on brown mahogany tripods, to sit down and wish he felt free to light a cigarette, to get up and examine the globes all over again.

Then he realized that somebody was standing in the doorway watching him. It was Susie's father. The suspicion that this meeting was being carefully staged crossed the Duke's mind. Mr. Corbin was a lawyer well known for his ability to effect compromises between warring business factions.

He sat at the middle of the long table which he evidently used as a desk. The Duke sat at one corner. He felt that the light was arranged to fall on his face rather than on Mr. Corbin's. But perhaps that was an accident.

"I was surprised when your Mr. Mullin told me that you were up and about as usual, Mr. Wellington," Mr. Corbin said.

"I'm quite all right," the Duke said, "except for a couple of cuts and a few assorted sore spots around the body."

He reflected that he probably wouldn't be wearing any adhesive tape on his face if it hadn't been for the chair that Mr. Corbin's detective had dropped on him, but he refrained from saying so.

Mr. Corbin sat back easily. "I find it hard to begin," he confessed. "A generation or two ago it would have seemed natural to both of us if I, as Susan's father, asked you what your intentions were. But things aren't done that way now, are they?"

"Why not begin that way?" the Duke asked. "I'd be glad to answer such a question."

Mr. Corbin leaned forward. The Duke liked his eyes. They were like Susie's eyes—at least they were set the same way, in deep eye sockets.

"My intention," the Duke said gravely, "is to marry your daughter if she will have me. I love her."

"And the next step," Mr. Corbin said, "would be for me to state any objection I might have."

"It would," the Duke agreed.

"Very well," Mr. Corbin said, "I shall try to be as frank as you have been. I have a serious objection."

He opened a folder that lay on the table. The Duke saw that it contained newspaper clippings. Mr. Corbin selected two, which he held between his fingers as he continued.

"I want to read to you some paragraphs I have clipped from the front page of my morning paper," he said. "And while I read I am going to ask you to imagine that you had married Susan and that on picking up the morning paper she saw these paragraphs, and knew that all her friends would see them and read them."

Mr. Corbin proceeded to read aloud with a good deal of skill:

"His face a bloody smear and one ear hanging by a shred, Duke Wellington proved himself a real champion last night by knocking out Honeyboy Kerrigan in the first ten seconds of the fourteenth round. It was a corking fight. It was probably the best fight that lightweights have fought since Bat Nelson met the negro Gans at Goldfield. The lightweight champion saved his title after weathering the most serious assault that has been made on it in the three years he has held it.

"The crowd, by far the largest that has ever appeared to witness a lightweight championship fight, paid more than $400,000 to see blood, and they got their money's worth before the evening was over. The Duke was bloody enough and Kerrigan was cut to ribbons. His face looked as if it had been through a meat chopper. He was so badly punished that his fighting days are probably over."

Mr. Corbin paused and looked at the Duke. The Duke said nothing. "Here's the way another newspaper account of the evening starts off," Mr. Corbin said. "Listen to this:

"The Duke of Wellington won again last night, but it was no bloodless victory. The champion could not high-hat a contender as tough as Kerrigan out of his pretensions to the lightweight crown. The Honeyboy had the champion on the floor in the second round and his face was a ghastly sight as he tried to wriggle up. The bell saved him.

"The champion came out for the third round mounted on his bicycle ——"

Mr. Corbin paused in his reading and observed that was doubtless meant as a symbolic statement. The Duke agreed that it was. "Ring slang, I imagine," Mr. Corbin said, and began to read again:

"The champion came out for the third round mounted on his bicycle and the Honeyboy hardly landed a clean effective blow after that, except with his head. He butted the Duke with such success that His Royal Highness' face was a crimson blot. But the damage was more apparent than real. The champion proceeded to give Kerrigan a body lacing from which it is doubtful if he will ever recover. When he had thoroughly softened Kerrigan with drives to the mid section, the champion knocked him so completely out with a left to the button that his seconds had a hard time bringing him around. He was unconscious for fifty minutes from that left."

"It wasn't a left," the Duke murmured. "It was a right."

"That's not my point," Mr. Corbin explained. "I mean, I don't doubt that some details in these accounts are inaccurate. But the general truth is there. What I wish to know is this: How do you think a sensitive girl like Susan would feel if she picked up the morning paper and saw her husband's activities of the night before described in such terms?"

"I'm afraid she wouldn't like it much," the Duke said.

"If I know Susan," her father said, "and I believe I do, she would be bitterly ashamed. She couldn't stand it."

"It wouldn't do, Mr. Corbin," the Duke admitted.

"No," Mr. Corbin said, "it really wouldn't do."

"That," the Duke said, "is one reason why I have retired from the ring."

"What?" Mr. Corbin asked. "When did you retire?"

(Continued on Page 143)

GASOLINE + ETHYL = high compression performance

YOU are hearing much about "high compression" . . . "high compression engines" . . . "high compression fuels" . . . "high compression performance."

"What," a great many car owners are asking, "does 'high compression' mean to me?" Here is a simple explanation:

Each cylinder of your engine may be likened to a muzzle-loading gun. The cylinder is the gun; the piston is the bullet; and the mixture of gasoline and air is the powder charge.

The tighter you pack the powder charge in the gun before firing, the greater the force to the bullet. Similarly, the tighter you squeeze—or compress—gas vapor and air in the combustion chamber before ignition, the greater the force of the piston's stroke. In other words, the higher the compression the greater the power.

Higher compression in a gasoline engine is obtained by decreasing the size of the combustion chamber—either by mechanical design or by carbon formation.

* * * *

Up to the advent of Ethyl Gasoline, the compression of automobile engines was limited by the compression limits of gasoline. For gasoline is not a perfect fuel. It explodes too soon ("knocks") and loses power when squeezed beyond a certain point.

That is why General Motors Research Laboratories developed ETHYL fluid, a compound which controls the combustion rate of gasoline so that as engine compression is raised the "knock" is eliminated. And that is why oil companies are mixing ETHYL fluid with gasoline to form *Ethyl Gasoline*—the standard high compression fuel.

* * * *

Within the last year, car manufacturers have been able to produce new models of higher compression and greater power. *But the most immediate benefits of Ethyl Gasoline are found among the millions of owners of cars of ordinary compression, because with its use in such cars carbon becomes an asset.*

Ride with ETHYL. See what a great difference it makes on hills and in traffic. No "knocking." Less shifting. Faster pick-up. Stop at an ETHYL pump today—it bears the emblem shown at the left.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

25 Broadway, New York City 56 Church Street, Toronto, Ont., Can.

ETHYL BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION Knocks out that knock

ETHYL GASOLINE

To men

who pay ten cents for cigars

You pay thirty cents for three ten cent cigars. For twenty cents you can get three White Owls. You save a dime • • • White Owls are made of the finest selected tobacco — mild, foil-wrapped, fresh • • • White Owls have led the world in sales over a five-year period—only this huge volume makes possible White Owls' low price • • • Try three White Owls for twenty cents—today. Compare them with your ten cent cigar. You'll like their fine tobaccos, their fragrance, their freshness.

White Owl · 3 *for* 20c

(Continued from Page 140)

"This afternoon," the Duke replied. "It will be in the papers tomorrow morning."

Mr. Corbin frowned. "So you feel that Susan would not run the danger I have suggested?"

"It won't happen again," the Duke said. "The trouble is, Mr. Wellington, that you are so well known—so famous—that every time the newspapers have occasion to print your name in future they will make it a point to introduce references to your past triumphs. This would be especially true if you were to marry Susan. Think what the newspapers would do with the mere story of your engagement and of your marriage! Think how they would follow you up! Can't you imagine a Sunday paper devoting a page to an alleged description of the home life of the ex-lightweight champion prize fighter and the former Miss Susan Corbin?"

The Duke shook his head. He hadn't pictured the details in this way before.

"You can refuse to be interviewed," Mr. Corbin continued. "Susan could refuse to be interviewed. But there is no way of preventing the newspapers from interviewing everybody else in the world. They are perfectly capable of keeping a story like this alive for years, with symposiums of views on the subject and perhaps a few lively controversies. Can you imagine how unpleasant all this will be for Susan?"

"I can imagine that it might be most unpleasant," the Duke said.

"Unfortunately," Mr. Corbin continued, "the newspapers aren't the whole story. They can be extremely annoying. But one might put up with the newspapers if it were not for the fact that by and large their view is the public view. The newspapers would regard a marriage between a prize fighter and my daughter, or the daughter of any man in my position, as humorous and absurd and mad and impossible. And so would everybody else—all your friends, all Susan's friends. Isn't that true?"

The Duke was reduced to silence. He saw more clearly than before how much courage Susie would need to marry him. And even then she might bitterly regret it. But he was puzzled. What was behind all this? There was something behind it that he didn't know.

"Mr. Wellington," Susie's father said, "don't you see that in as much as such a marriage is impossible, the only right thing for you to do is to withdraw—and never see Susan again?"

The Duke shook his head. "I can't promise you that," he said.

"And I am not asking you to promise that," he replied adroitly. "I am not asking you to promise anything. I am simply putting the situation before you as frankly as I know how in the hope that you will understand the pain and frustration that you would cause Susan if she fell in love with you and married you."

"I understand," the Duke said. "You have made it very clear."

Mr. Corbin pressed a push button and Brink appeared almost instantly. "Brink," Mr. Corbin said, "will you ask Miss Corbin to come in?"

So Susie was here. She must have come down this morning from Grandison. The Gamma Delta party had been only the night before.

The Duke heard Susie's heels clicking as she came down the hall, and he got up and turned and looked at her.

She was wearing a demure little frock. She was pale and there were faint shadows under her eyes and she looked more subdued than the Duke had ever seen her look before.

She gave a little matter-of-fact nod to him and sat down at the other end of the long table. The Duke stole glances at her. But he could see only her profile. She did not look at him. He thought he had never seen her look so young or so sweet or so demure.

"Susan," her father said, "I have been very frank with Mr. Wellington about his position in the world. I think he agrees with me that the best thing that could happen would be for him to step out of the picture, and I believe he is about to do so."

Susie did not change expression. The Duke was watching her and he could not see that she betrayed the slightest interest one way or the other.

"Isn't that the case, Mr. Wellington?" her father asked.

The Duke saw that he was beaten. She didn't care. The correct thing was to step out gracefully.

There was no reason why he should make a scene. It wouldn't do him any good. The trouble was that he did not feel like being graceful. He was beginning to get mad.

"Am I not right, Mr. Wellington?" her father persisted.

"No," the Duke said in a louder voice than he meant to use. He got out of the low chair in which Mr. Corbin had originally placed him. "I can think better on my feet," he said, feeling that his ears were pinker than they had ever been before. "Prize fighters are like that." He paused and stole a glance at Susie, but he couldn't see that she showed the slightest interest.

"It's like this," the Duke said to her father: "I feel the force of what you say. It all comes down to saying that I am not a gentleman, but a prize fighter, and that the newspapers would never let us hear the last of it, and that Susie's friends would be unwilling to know me. Let's say that it's all true. But I can't judge how much its being true would mean to Susie. I don't know. And so I've got to fall back on what I do know. I know that I love her. I love her so much that I've got past the point of asking myself what is done and what is not done. My feeling is too strong. So I am not stepping out of the picture. If there is a way to win her I am going to take it."

He glanced at Susie. She looked up at him and their eyes met.

"Oh," she said, "why didn't you say that in the first place?"

Mr. Corbin may have known that he was beaten, but he was not ready to give up. "There is one matter I have refrained from mentioning so far," he said. He turned and addressed the Duke. "Susan has been gently bred and gently brought up, and she is getting a sound education and she is used to living the life of this house and knowing nice people. If I may use two words that are much abused, Susan is accustomed to know ladies and gentlemen. How can a prize fighter hope to make her happy?"

"Father," Susie said, "don't you see it isn't any use? You don't even know the facts. I know that Jimmy is nice. I'm only afraid that he is too nice. He was too nice to tell me he was a prize fighter when he'd promised he wouldn't, and too nice to make love to me when I didn't know he was a prize fighter."

"Susan," her father said, "you don't know what being a prize fighter means. You can't imagine how cruel and brutal prize fighting is."

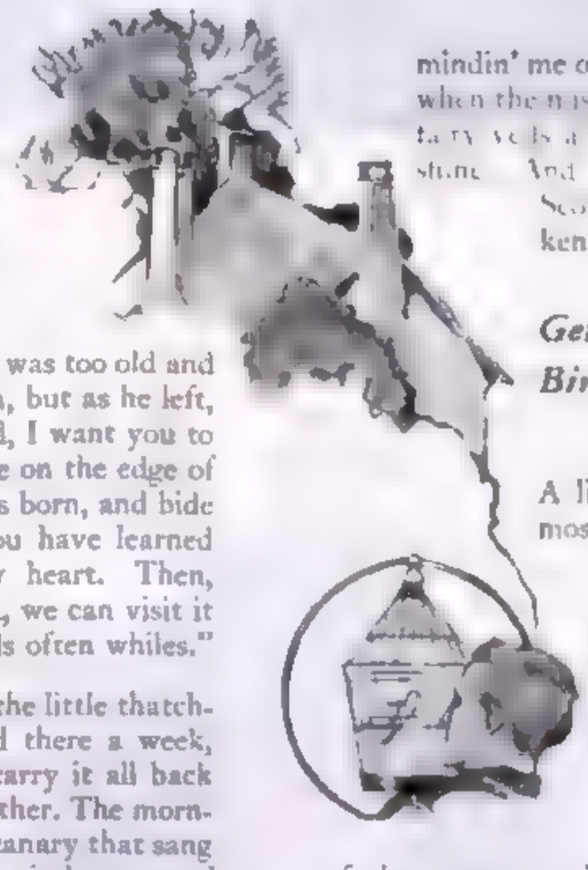
"I don't like the idea either," Susie said. "I hope he'll quit being a prize fighter."

Her father waved his clippings from the morning papers. "Susan," he said, "you can't have read what the papers say about the fight last night!"

"But I have, father. I read the papers before you came down to breakfast this morning. I thought the details were horrible. I cried. But I didn't cry because it was so awful. I cried because I was so proud of him." Her father's face went white. Susie jumped up and put her hand on his shoulder. "I'm terribly sorry, father," she said. "I hate hurting you. But this had to happen and it has happened, and there isn't anything to do about it. And I would like to bet you that when the time comes our friends will be far more anxious to meet Jimmy than they will be to snub him. They may even like him when they get used to his speaking the language better than they do, and acting a little snooty about heavy drinking and being a gentleman instead of only talking about it."

(Continued on Page 145)

A Bonnie Wee Birdie Brought the Scotch Moors to America



DAVID had become famous as an architect before he went to Scotland to study the plans of an old Scottish castle for a wealthy client.

His Scotch mother was too old and feeble to go with him, but as he left, she said, "David, lad, I want you to go to the wee cottage on the edge of the moor where I was born, and bide there a space till you have learned thon wee hoosie by heart. Then, when you come back, we can visit it together in our minds often whiles."

So David went to the little thatched cottage and lived there a week, faithfully trying to carry it all back in memory to his mother. The morning he left, the little canary that sang in the sunny kitchen window seemed to be trying to tell him something. "Take me with you, please-e-e," he seemed to say. "An excellent idea," said David, and arranged to take the little fellow with him back to America. When he presented his feathered traveling companion to his mother, she was overjoyed. "He's the born image of the bonnie wee rascal we had when I was a bairn," she said.

The next day David found them together, the little bird singing in an ecstasy of joy, his mother sitting listening with uplifted, shining face.

"Hist, lad," she said, "don't disturb him. He's mindin' me of how the moor looks when the mist goes up from it like fairy veils and a sparkle with sunshine. And he's sayin' it all in Scotch, laddie. Do you ken that?"

One of the Hendryx "Nine Points of Perfection"

On all Hendryx brass cages the brass wire screen seed guard is cut out and fitted closely around seed and water cups (both sides, top, and bottom) to prevent scattering of seeds, etc.

Get a Little Golden Bird in a Hendryx Bird-Home

A little bird makes the most cheerful of companions for young or old. Just be sure that you provide your bird with a Hendryx home, thus insuring his health and comfort. You will find a variety of charming new designs at pet shops, hardware, house furnishing or department stores, florists and seed stores. Prices range from $2.00 to $150.00; stands from $2.50 to $25.00.

In the Bird Store

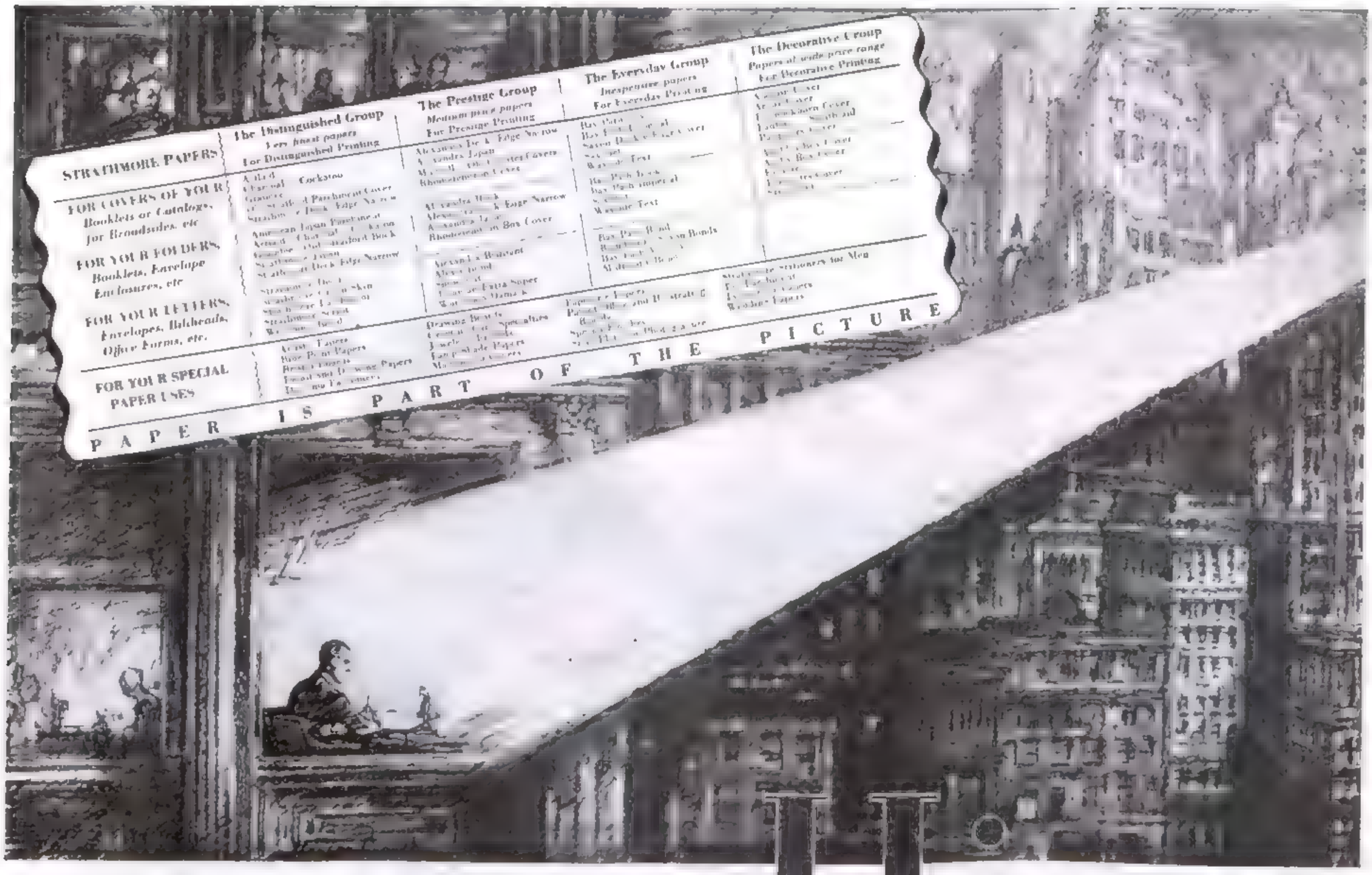
"Dear, dear, so very, very dear!" sang the Littlest Bird.

"Whom are you courting this morning?" asked the Wise Old Bird.

"That sweet little lady with the snowy white hair. She's picking out a Hendryx bird-home for me so that I can swing and sing beside her while she rocks and sews. Won't that be fun?"

HENDRYX BIRD CAGES
Since 1909

Fuzz—"The Feathered Philosopher" tells you what a little canary taught a group of people about "life, cheerfulness, happiness and love." Illustrated in colors, it makes a charming gift for your bird-loving friends. Send names and addresses of anyone desiring a copy of The Andrew B. Hendryx Company, 82 Audubon Street, New Haven, Conn.


STRATHMORE PAPERS
FOR COVERS OF YOUR Booklets or Catalogs, for Broadsides, etc
FOR YOUR FOLDERS, Booklets, Enclosures, etc
FOR YOUR LETTERS, Envelopes, Bulkheads, Office Forms, etc.
FOR YOUR SPECIAL PAPER USES
The Distinguished Group
Very finest papers For Distinguished Printing
The Prestige Group
Medium price papers For Prestige Printing
The Everyday Group
Inexpensive papers For Everyday Printing
The Decorative Group
Papers of wide price range For Decorative Printing
PAPER IS PART OF THE PICTURE

Sell Him
He's your prospect!

PLAN your direct-advertising to influence and "sell" the *one* person who gets the *one* folder, or booklet, or sales letter.

For if any one piece of direct-advertising that you send to your customers and prospects lacks the power to impress the *individual* reader—it will naturally lack the power to impress and "sell" *numbers* of readers. Therefore, rather than increase the *size* of your mailing list, increase the *quality* of your mailings.

Expressive Strathmore Papers will help you do that very thing. Whether you "know paper" or not you cannot leaf through the pages of a Strathmore Handbook and fail to be impressed, *attracted*, by the delightful textures, interesting colors and "novel" patterns of Strathmore Papers. And these same qualities will attract the attention of your customers and prospects.

Strathmore Papers are made expressly for direct-advertising. They will help your folders, booklets, sales letters, and other mailings to attract the attention of *the one person who gets the one copy.*

Ask your printer to show you the Strathmore Handbook. Let him make up "dummies" of Strathmore Papers for your next mailing piece. *See* the difference for yourself.

And if you would like suggestions in the matter of planning your direct-advertising write for your free copy of "Sell More with Strathmore".... Strathmore Paper Co., 20 Bridge Street, Mittineague, Mass.

© 1928

Expressive Strathmore Papers

(Continued from Page 143)

She turned to the Duke. "I know father would rather be left alone," she said. "And I can't help wondering if perhaps you haven't something you want to talk to me about"

"Yes, of course," the Duke said.

They walked down the hall and through the drawing-room and out on a terrace and into the summer night. For a moment they stood looking at each other in the half dark. The Duke took her in his arms and kissed her and told her how long and how hopelessly he had loved her.

Susie buried her face in his shoulder and cried a little and lifted her face to be kissed. All the defiance had gone out of her. She had given up. She was the essence of sweetness

"It's been a tough day," she said. She told him about hearing the first two rounds of the fight over the radio and thinking he was knocked out and catching the train for Chicago and sitting up all night to read the papers. She had got home before breakfast and spent the day fighting with her father over her determination to call up the Duke and tell him she was sorry she had called him a hypocrite.

"Of course," she concluded, "I should have had more pride, especially after the way I've pursued you."

"Pursued me!" the Duke exclaimed.

"Why, yes," Susie Corbin said. "That theme that Jack Gardiner read in class was almost a love letter to you, and I got you to my party at Smitty's by making you think I was going to get drunk and then on the way home I told you I had decided to ask you to our formal instead of Tommy or Boss Walker. And think how I used to argue with you about kissing!"

"I took you seriously about that," the Duke said.

"I was partly serious," Susie said. "I meant most of the things I said. Only I did know, even then, that playing kissing games wasn't anything like being in love."

She threw her arms around his neck. "There's one thing I do wish," she said: "I wish you'd quit fighting."

"I have quit, Susie," he said. "It's all done."

"I'm so glad," she said. She stroked his face. "Are you badly bruised?" she asked.

"No," he said, "not a bit."

"Isn't your chin sore?"

"I can feel the place where he landed," the Duke admitted.

"Your forehead is swollen, too," she said, exploring it with gentle fingers. "I hate your being battered up."

"That isn't the hard part of fighting," the Duke explained. "Everybody thinks it is, but it isn't. The hard part is training and never eating the things you want to eat and always being hungry."

"Are you hungry now?" she cried.

"Of course I am," the Duke said. "I had a grand breakfast toward noon, but I haven't eaten since."

She took his arms in hers. "Oh," she said, "how nice! I'm hungry too. I didn't come down to dinner. The servants have gone to bed and we can have the kitchen to ourselves and I'll cook for you."

They went back into the kitchen, sentimentally determined to cook a steak with onions, because they had eaten a steak with onions the first time they dined together. Susie couldn't find a steak in the ice box. But she did find a fillet of beef. She cut rounds from that and broiled them and poured browned onions over them and they sat down side by side at an enormous kitchen table and ate together and were happy.

(THE END

THE FUTURE CITY

(Continued from Page 11)

of transportation. Steam railroads, street railways, rapid transit or subway lines, busses, taxicabs and private automobiles each of these six methods of getting about has developed too independently and separately. Such was the idea put forward by numerous speakers at a recent detailed symposium on planning for city traffic before the American Academy of Political and Social Science. But it does not require a specialist to realize the truth of this idea.

Despite the argument that subways are traffic breeders, they seem to be essential in the congested areas of the larger cities. The fact is that subways become practically unavoidable when population reaches the million mark.

"Los Angeles and Detroit are both hesitant, but history is an implacable despot," says J. Rowland Bibbins, consulting engineer.

New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia all adopted subways when populations were around the million figure. Cleveland is planning for one now, and several smaller cities are considering the same device.

The point is that in the great cities all means of movement must be utilized. It is foolish to talk of supplanting street cars by busses, taxicabs and private automobiles, or vice versa.

"The broad view of coördination," says Mr. Bibbins, "is the right vehicle in the right place. But the partisan view usually means displacing the other fellow."

It is not so many years ago that every town and village in the country adopted the electric street car with the same excessive enthusiasm as now characterizes the use of automobiles. History has merely repeated itself, because the electric street car was then regarded as the final and only word in transportation, just as the automobile is so regarded now.

The automobile has worked miracles in transportation and has a permanent place in the urban as well as rural scheme—more, however, in some cities than in others. Its use of necessity is larger in Los Angeles than in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago.

In these last four cities the steam railroads play an important part, and one which is by no means sufficiently recognized. As time goes on they may be expected to distribute commuters throughout the cities instead of dumping them as at present in a few great terminal gateways.

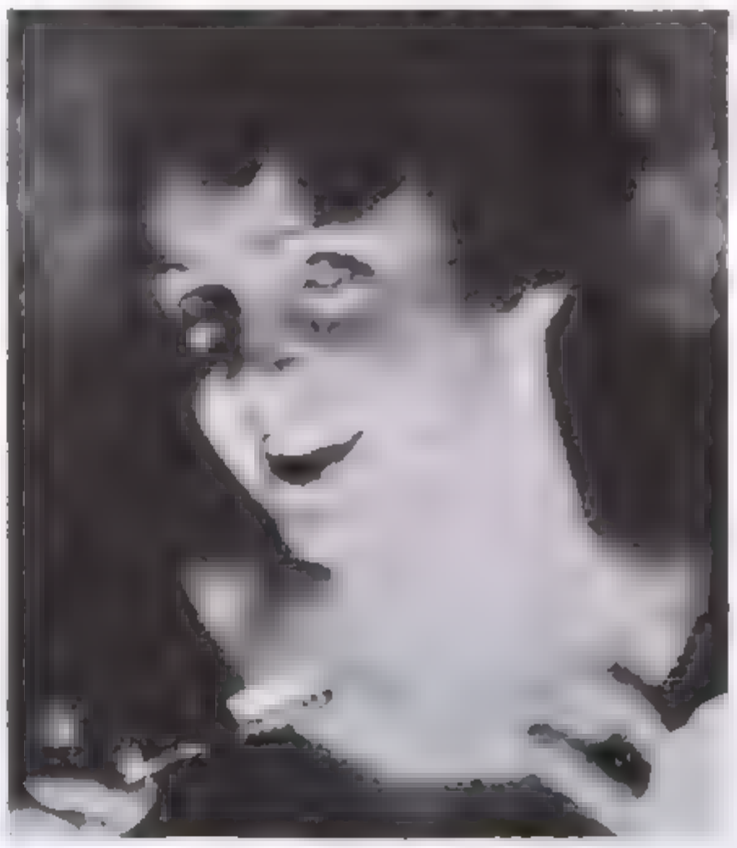
Detroit is distinctly an automobile city; yet in 1925 the automobiles leaving in the afternoon rush hour, though constituting 92 per cent of all vehicles, carried only one-third the total number of passengers, with the remaining 7.8 per cent of vehicles, such as street cars, taking care of two-thirds the total number of passengers. The automobile is too wasteful of space to supplant electric street cars or subways in congested areas.

We see signs of coördination in the common ownership of electric street railways, busses and taxicabs by the same company, as well as in the ownership of busses and trucks by steam railroads. In November, 1927, despite the increase of private automobiles, taxicabs and busses, there were 2658 more electric street cars in use than eight years before.

The efficiency of rail transportation is greatly lowered by the presence on the same street of large numbers of busses, taxicabs and private automobiles, and in turn the electric street car reduces the efficiency of motor vehicles. Yet both are absolutely necessary. The sooner we begin to separate them, at the same time making them supplementary instead of obstructive, as at present, the sooner we shall show glimmerings of common sense.

Unfortunately even the most perfectly coördinated system of transportation will fail to relieve congestion unless cities insist upon a lower ratio between the cubage of buildings and surrounding open areas. This is merely a long-winded way of saying that

ANY TOOTHBRUSH IS BETTER THAN NONE, *BUT . . . .*



NEW · *in 4 ways that mean* WHITER TEETH

FOUR vital benefits, for care of your teeth, are provided by this *new* DR. WEST'S toothbrush. You will *see* the results.

Its original correct size and shape have never been improved upon—although often imitated. Now it's made doubly effective by:

1st) Costly bristles, unobtainable since the war, used in this new brush only. They cleanse and polish amazingly.

2nd) Super-accurate trimming and spacing of bristles—give more thorough penetration and cleansing of crevices.

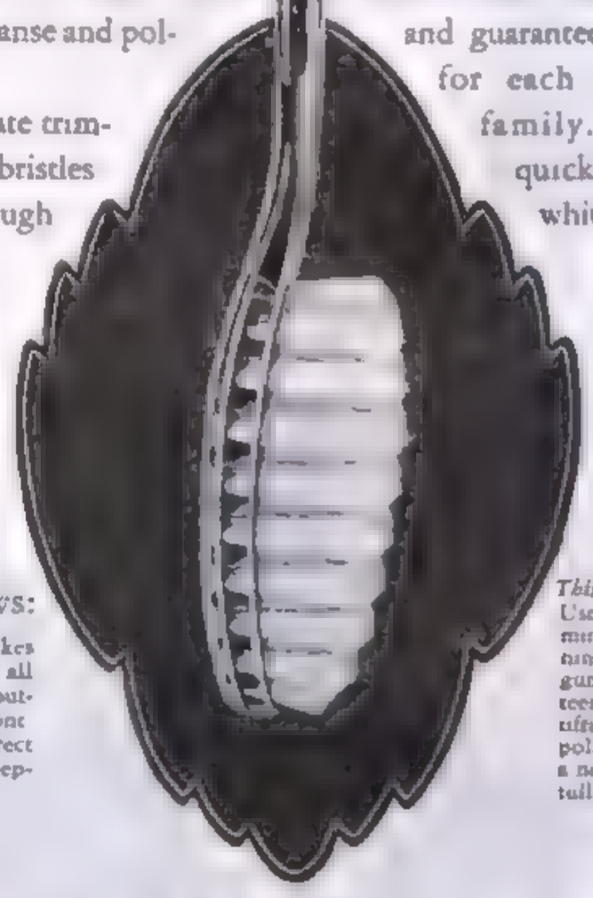
3rd) Rigid handles, unbreakable, are easier to hold and use.

4th) Whiter, cleaner teeth for you—by these *combined* improvements.

All druggists have new DR. WEST'S: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; soft, medium, or hard. Each brush sterilized, sealed, and guaranteed. Today get one for each member of your family. Then see how quickly teeth brighten, whiten.

THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS:

How the new DR WEST'S makes it easy to reach and clean all teeth—inside as well as outside, far back as well as in front See how bristles remain erect—penetrating crevices, sweeping them clean.



THE RIGHT WAY *to brush your teeth*

This is the way dentists advise: Use your new DR. WEST'S two minutes each morning and evening. Brush always away from gums, toward cutting edges of teeth. Employ any good dentifrice; bristle tips cleanse and polish. Each 60 or 90 days get a new brush—making sure of full benefits.

© 1928 W B M Co.

Dr. West's *new* Tooth Brush

Outstanding
For 34 years, 3-in-One has been the outstanding oil for general use because it is so different from all other oils—and so very much better.
Many oils look like 3-in-One. Some smell like it. Even the 3-in-One bottles and Handy Cans are imitated. But most are "just oil", usually mineral oil.
3-in-One is an oil compound—a scientific blend of several high grade oils having peculiar qualities that no ordinary single oil can possibly have.
3-in-One
Prevents Rust-OILS-Cleans & Polishes
Oils perfectly all light mechanisms in home, office, factory. Penetrates quickly. Stays put. Doesn't gum or dry out. Use frequently and liberally.
Prevents rust and tarnish on all unlacquered metal surfaces. Penetrates the pores of the metal, forming a moisture-proof film that doesn't rub off easily.
Cleans and polishes fine furniture, woodwork, floors, linoleum, oilcloth. Preserves them, too.
Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, notion and general stores everywhere. 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans, 1-oz. "Oilrights" Handy Cans and three size bottles. Look for the Big Red "One" on the label. It's your protection.
FREE: Neat sample and illustrated Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal.
Manufactured since 1894
THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William St. New York, N. Y.
THREE IN ONE OIL
3 IN ONE
L926

the skyscraper lies at the heart of the problem.

Most discussion concerning the merits and demerits of high buildings is futile. The skyscraper is by no means the sole cause of traffic congestion, and it has many advantages of its own. It facilitates the transaction of business, up to a certain point, and it lends itself to magnificent architectural treatment. Also it has a way of expressing the American spirit.

But there is danger of forgetting in the insistent demand for traffic relief that streets have other purposes than to serve as traffic arteries. By means of streets access is afforded to and from buildings; they are used for fire and police protection and they assure, or should assure, light and air. But as high buildings are erected a greater and greater strain is put upon all these utilities. The strain or tension upon light, air, pedestrians, private automobiles, taxis, busses, street cars, subways, cartage, garaging, electricity, heat, gas, sewage and water—all mounts up.

The fundamental difficulty is not with height at all; it is a lack of relationship between density, or cubage, and open space around. Isolated skyscrapers are superb in every way, especially if fronting on parks. The trouble comes when many tall buildings occupy a limited area. They defeat themselves; they kill off one another's advantages as to light and air, and even in respect to appearance.

Four years ago Daniel L. Turner, consulting engineer of the Transit Commission of New York, in discussing the district below Fulton Street, pointed out that on the 118 acres of building area only four acres, or about 3 per cent of the total, is covered with buildings exceeding twenty-four stories in height. The average building height over the whole area is only 7.8 stories. Yet to serve this tiny district there are twenty rapid-transit stations. Building restrictions permit a potential development of two and a half times existing heights. Says Mr. Turner:

"How can two and a half times existing street space be provided to serve this area? How can thirty more rapid-transit stations be added to the twenty already furnished? Yet if every landowner undertakes and is permitted to exercise his existing rights, this is what the problem means. Why permit a few to reap all the benefits and delude the others into thinking that similar benefits are held in reserve for them, when, as a matter of fact, the deluded ones can never realize any such benefits, because the burden that would be imposed on them and on the community would be prohibitive?"

Where the Taxes Go

Mr. Turner points out that if all the occupants of even the existing buildings in this area brought downtown their quota of automobiles and left them standing, these cars would occupy three times the existing street space. Paris has no skyscrapers, but the average height of all buildings in New York is about the same as the practically uniform height in Paris.

Paris has an extremely serious traffic problem now, although its street plan is better than New York's. Does any sane person believe it possible to superimpose on the existing Paris two or three other cities as high, which is exactly what is under way in New York and perhaps in other American cities? Wait until every landowner in New York has put up a skyscraper!

It is said that high buildings create values which make improvements like subways possible. But anyone can see the vicious circle involved in such reasoning. In any case skyscrapers destroy many values. They take away light from the lower floors of their neighbors and blight whole surrounding areas. It is common to find builders and owners opposing height and cubage restriction until after they have got their own big buildings up—and then yelling the loudest for such regulations! It is all right for me to take the other fellow's light, but not so nice for him to take mine.

Then, too, many skyscrapers are not erected for strictly investment purposes, but for sake of prestige. These are advertisements and monuments. Rich men and corporations want higher buildings than those of their rivals, and they do not always stop to think what values they are destroying by their action. But all this has to be paid for by the taxpayers and by the community—paid for in triple-decked streets and more and more subways.

Many structural changes, which the more-than-one-level street symbolizes, are sure to come in our cities, even with the existing number of skyscrapers. But the race between skyscraper and subway, in New York at least, seems to be carrying the city toward financial disaster, or at least into intolerable burdens. New York spends all it has on transportation, on traffic relief, relatively speaking. It has a meager sum left for playgrounds, parks, improved sewerage systems, and the like.

Spokes Without a Rim

But more important, it seems to me, than any question of local finances are the simple physical facts of the situation. Let me restate them in plain terms. There is no earthly reason why the height of buildings should be restricted, provided the building is surrounded, preferably on all four sides, by proportionate open space. Setbacks are a great help, but actual open ground space is also imperative.

But it may be objected that such a rigid control of buildings would force great cities to spread out. My reply is that no other ultimate solution of the city is conceivable. It may take a long time to come, but signs of its beginnings are not lacking even now. Significant, indeed, is the rather sudden recognition everywhere that what our larger cities need is a circumferential system of transportation in addition to the radial system which almost universally exists. This applies to automobile highways as well as to steam railroads.

At the present time there is no balance between these two principles of movement; circumferential systems are unequal to the radial, and some sort of reasonable proportion must be established. To give a simple illustration, it may be pointed out that New York, taken merely as an extreme but by no means sole case, has a system of transportation like a wheel without a rim. Every large city has spokes innumerable, but few have any rims. The example of the spider should be followed; its cobweb is the pattern needed.

Before developing the general idea any further, let us look at several examples. Abstract reasoning on the subject or the wisest of engineering treatises will have no effect. What is beginning to work, however, is the irritation of the motorist who wants to go from New York to Washington without having to breast all Philadelphia's midcenter traffic.

There are times when 58 per cent of all traffic through the center of Trenton, New Jersey, with its narrow, congested streets built in Colonial times, is not local at all. Even in the Golden Triangle of Pittsburgh, way out on the tiny tongue of a peninsula between two great rivers with high bluffs on either side, 18 per cent of the traffic is through, and should, of course, never have been allowed anywhere near the Triangle.

Or take another case. No other city has been so nobly planned as Washington. Its system of boulevards is admirable. There are many superb vistas, and the breadth of these avenues makes a city planner or traffic engineer shout for joy. But the absence of through routes to the great industrial areas north and south is truly unfortunate. The heart of Washington, a city of 500,000, is only forty miles from the heart of Baltimore, a city of nearly 1,000,000, yet the highway that connects them is inadequate and it jogs about like a country

(Continued on Page 149)

ATWATER KENT RADIO

1929 ELECTRIC SET GIVES YOU THE THRILL OF RADIO AT ITS BEST

$77 [without tubes]

MODEL 40 A. C. set. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Requires six A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube, $77.

Also Model 42 A. C. set, $86, and Model 44 A. C. set, $106 (without tubes).

Battery sets, $49 and $68 (less tubes and batteries).

SWING WIDE THE DOOR

WHAT a world—this new, ever-changing world of radio entertainment. And how easily the door swings back and lets you in. Snap a tiny switch, touch the FULL-VISION Dial—there you are!

A tender song of evenings long ago—flashing scimitars of the Turkish March—the stabbing pathos of Juliet on the balcony—music that makes you say "I could dance all night"—the latest news of the world—the Presidential campaign—baseball—football—everything to hold your interest.

No batteries to think about when your radio is the Atwater Kent all-electric set. No wondering whether your radio is going to work tonight—it always works. No mistaking the voice of a famous singer—the tone is pure. No need of counting the cost of listening—it's only a fraction of a cent an hour for electric current. Nothing but pleasure, relaxation—the true enjoyment of modern radio.

Simple, compact, sturdy, beautiful—the highest development of all-electric radio that you can find today—the Atwater Kent all-electric set is so much better in every way that it leads by a wide margin.

So much better—and yet inexpensive, appealing to thrift as well as the senses of sight and hearing. More than you expect of radio—at less than you expect to pay.

Consult an Atwater Kent dealer about a home demonstration. The satisfaction of more than 1,700,000 Atwater Kent owners must impress you. A trial in your own home, with all the family gathered around to share the fun, will prove conclusively that here is *the* 1929 all-electric set.

On the air—every Sunday night—
Atwater Kent hour—listen in!

"Radio's truest voice." Atwater Kent Radio Speakers: Models E, E-2, E-3, same quality, different in size, each $20.

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4703 Wissahickon Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies

..246 papers ...in a bank where 18 could do all the work

MOST successful business executives take a just pride in their ability to apply *man-power* effectively and economically. Yet often these same men will keep an army of papers on the pay-roll, doing the work that one-tenth of the number—chosen with a genuine understanding of requirements and standards—would accomplish with greater efficiency.

A few months ago, the Paper Users' Standardization Bureau was asked to study the papers used by one of the greatest banks in the Middle West. The letterheads, business forms and records of this company were then on 246 different bonds, ledgers and index bristols, some suitable and some entirely unsuitable for their purpose.

As in many other offices, this multiplicity of papers was due, not to any intention on the part of those responsible, but to lack of system in paper buying.

When a new form was ordered, the choice of the paper to be used was made more or less at random, governed by no definite specifications. As a result the bank was purchasing a variety of papers in insignificant quantities and paying a premium for every pound bought.

Analyzing the uses and purposes of all the business forms employed by this bank, the Paper Users' Standardization Bureau set correct paper standards for every one. And the total number of different papers required—including all the needed bonds, ledgers and index bristols—was *eighteen.*

This tremendous reduction in brands and grades has now made it possible to buy these papers in case lots instead of reams and broken reams, and thereby save anywhere from 1¼ to 5¼ cents per pound. And most important of all, every paper is absolutely right for the work it has to perform.

Several hundred firms, including some of the largest corporations in America, have gained in efficiency through having their business forms surveyed by the Paper Users' Standardization Bureau.

★ *This confidential service is yours on request*

The service of the Bureau is to make a thorough quality and utility analysis of the paper used for every form you employ. This work is done in one of the most complete paper laboratories in the world. When it is finished you have a comprehensive report which establishes quality standards, fixes price limitations, suggests economies and simplifies buying procedure. Because of the scope of this service, it can be rendered only to a limited number of corporations this year.

It is made without charge or obligation of any sort.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY, INC.
Holyoke, Massachusetts

EAGLE A PAPERS

This book, "Making Paper Pay Its Way," describes paper standardization as it applies to an individual business, and records the results achieved in a number of large American companies. Upon request we shall be glad to send a copy to any interested business executive.

THE *RIGHT* PAPER FOR THE PURPOSE

Eagle-A Bond Papers

Coupon. Agawam. Persian. Contract. Airpost. Chevron. Acceptance. Norman. Telephone.

Eagle-A Ledger Papers

Brunswick Linen Ledger. Account Linen Ledger. Extension Ledger. Massasoit Ledger.

Other Eagle-A Business Papers

include Covers, Books, Offsets, Bristols, Mimeograph and Manifold Papers.

LOOK FOR THE EAGLE-A MARK IN THE PAPER YOU USE

(Continued from Page 146)

lane at each terminus, slowing up movement to a lamentable extent.

The most pressing single need of many large cities is a type of transportation which is partly described by each of the terms through routes, by-passes, belt lines, marginal railways, circumferential thoroughfares. To make the point clear, consider Trenton again. The main highway between New York and Philadelphia follows rather closely a route which existed in Colonial days. It is direct enough, but is based on the principle that travelers must stop for food and lodging every thirty miles or so. At the present time a day's automobile trip is two or three hundred miles, sometimes more. The man who is hurrying from New England or New York to the resorts of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida may have no occasion to stop in Trenton, or even in Philadelphia and Baltimore

As motive power improves, as the average distance traveled increases and the total volume of travel mounts up, it is obvious that more provision must be made for not stopping at any given point. This is almost self-evident; it is sheer physical certainty; and yet we still hear feeble and lingering expressions that it is good for merchants to force a mass of through travelers, who do not need to stop and in fact do not stop, into an already overcrowded center.

"In the first molding of the region, when all land travel was by horse or oxen, slow, and never to be indulged in unnecessarily, all trails did in fact lead to Philadelphia, where produce might be exchanged or sold and friends might meet," says a report of the Regional Planning Federation of the Philadelphia Tri-State District. "These early travelers from home to market largely determined the present highway system. All travel being to and from the central city, highways were built from all points of the compass toward the center. Not until much later, and after the country was further developed, did intercourse between the outlying towns justify the building of cross connections. These later roads, built around the center a link at a time, are irregular, disconnected and tortuous."

The Freight Problem

We find an even more extreme case in the New York region, where large New Jersey communities, close together as the crow flies, are remote from one another in point of time, although very close to New York, from which they are much farther removed in distance.

It is said that no truck can by-pass Philadelphia without burning out its brakes and bearings. Be this as it may, there is no question that transportation systems in and around the cities, including terminal facilities, have been devoted to convergence to such a degree that the cities are now threatened with strangulation. There can be none of the sane and wholesome decentralizing of manufacturing, which every city planner desires, until railroads, highways, streets, terminals, trolley lines and bus lines are rearranged to take into account the by-pass or circumferential as well as the radial principle.

Nor is this theory; it is bitter necessity. A hundred years ago the implications of such a word as "circumferential" might have been theoretical, but not now. Not merely do millions of passengers in automobiles cry for shunting, or by-passing, but even more millions of freight tons. No less than 25,000,000 alien tons of freight pass each year through New York Harbor, and to some extent through the city itself, on their way from continental United States to Long Island and New England. It is absurd that a great metropolis like New York should not have a tunnel under the Narrows, connecting Staten Island and Brooklyn, and a real outer belt-line railroad.

The recent report of the City Committee on Plan and Survey, appointed by Mayor Walker, recommends a circumferential route from the mammoth Hudson River Bridge, under construction at One Hundred and Seventy-eighth Street, Manhattan, through the Bronx, Queens, Brooklyn and Richmond—Staten Island—to the bridges recently built by the Port of New York Authority over the Arthur Kill between Staten Island and New Jersey, and on by a corresponding route through New Jersey.

One official of the Borough of Manhattan has insisted for several years that elevated marginal express highways along the two main water fronts should come first in any plan for traffic relief. Proceedings have started or are starting for a great marginal thoroughfare in St. Paul serving all streets in the business district and forming a circuit around that district.

Col. William J. Wilgus, former chief engineer of the New York Central Railroad, has long maintained that New York must have a series of small-bore underground tunnels for the shipment of containers of the type which can be carried on either a railroad or motortruck, and can be loaded from one to the other by mechanical means. Such bores are far cheaper to construct than the ordinary railroad or vehicular tunnel, and could be made to connect all the railroad terminals. It is one of the most ingenious suggestions for simplifying the present costly and cumbersome freight movement in and around New York.

Uneven Distribution

There is always objection to such measures on the ground that centralization leads to increased values at the center. "Decentralization" is a somewhat unfortunate word. Centralization is desirable up to a certain point and in certain directions. Accurately stated, the soundest development would take the form of a more even distribution of industry and population. What most thinking people believe in is balanced growth. Surely it would not mean lower values, because so many stretches of country, even close to a metropolis, have no value at all now on account of the uneven growth.

The so-called New York region is at no point more than fifty miles from City Hall, yet it could accommodate 20,000,000 people as easily as it holds the present population if they were spread out with any degree of evenness. Assuming 30,000,000 people in the year 2000, the average to the acre, if evenly spread, would be very low indeed not more than thirty or forty. But there are places on Manhattan now where 600 people live on one acre. In the same way, within a radius of twenty-five miles of Washington, 4,500,000 people could live as easily as 500,000 live now.

New York City consists of five boroughs, one of which—Richmond, or Staten Island—has one-fourteenth the population of Manhattan Island and two and a half times the area. If it were as densely populated as Brooklyn, it would have 1,677,000 people instead of 150,000, as at present. If as densely populated as Manhattan, Staten Island would have nearly 5,000,000 inhabitants. Here is room for an enormous growth, for the island is quite near Wall Street and contains superb sites for residential and building purposes.

This is perhaps the most striking single example of uneven growth to be found anywhere, although the new bridges just finished which connect Staten Island with New Jersey form the beginnings of a great circumferential system of travel which may alter the whole development of the region.

The Hackensack Meadows present another curious example of uneven development. Here, within five or ten miles of downtown Manhattan, is room for 750,000 people, where only 10,000 now live. There seems to be no engineering reason why dry land cannot be made out of what is now swamp as far as the eye can reach, all at the very doors of the country's largest city.

No one can say to what extent the automobile may spread population out. It is more flexible than the railroad and covers a wider network of lines. No doubt it is one of the reasons for the recent enormous

AND among the St. Louisans with a flair for fine footwear—you will find Bostonians. Their crisp, correct style skillfully adds to the smartness of a man's appearance. Their sturdy quality is not measured in terms of price. *For most Bostonians cost but $7 to $10.*

BOSTONIANS
Shoes for Men
In St. Louis, Bostonians are sold in the Men's Shoe Department of Boyd-Richardson, Sixth and Olive Streets
Our Style Booklet, P-1, is a correct guide to the smart colors for Fall, and the new Bostonians. Shall we send you a copy?

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY
WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

© 1928 C. S. & L. Co.

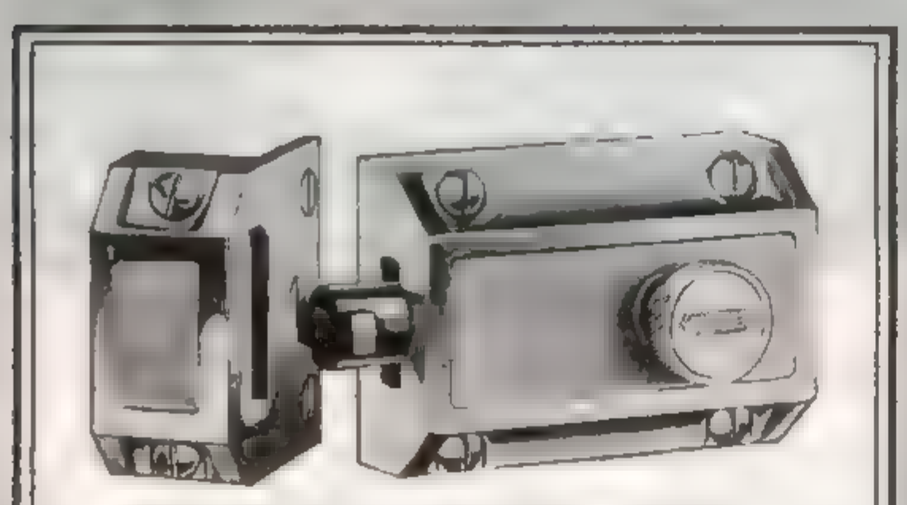
TRADE YALE MARK

When you say . . . .

"I Want a Yale Lock"

Look for this symbol

. . . and you get YALE supreme protection



Yale No. 192 Rotary Bolt Deadlock

There is only one maker of Yale Locks and Keys.
The mark Yale means the name of the maker.

The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co., Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ontario

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

growth of suburbs and satellite cities. Aviation should have an even more marked effect in this way, because airports cannot be placed near the centers of large cities. There will be hundreds, if not thousands, of airports before long, and each must occupy a large open space.

Then, too, electric power is more flexible than steam power. It does not pay to haul coal up a steep grade to a hill-town factory, but grades mean nothing to the power line. Mr. Ford has the theory, I believe, that with the increasing use of electric power small plants will spring up in rural districts, utilizing the spare time of agricultural folks.

Then, too, it must be kept in mind that in the past industry colonized in the great cities partly because of a policy of unrestricted immigration. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore are still pools or sedimentary deposits, in varying degree, of recently arrived immigrants. New York City's clothing industry is the result of first-generation Jews and Italians. Twenty-five years from now, with the influx stopped for a whole generation or more, the picture will be quite different.

As time goes on the location of industry is subjected to closer analysis. Few of the largest corporations now attempt to do all their manufacturing at one place or to conduct all their distributing from one or two centers. Not so long ago the largest mail-order houses tried to cover the whole country from their Chicago headquarters. Now they are dotting the country with retail stores and distributing centers. Likewise the leading automobile manufacturers have adopted the policy of locating assembly plants in many different sections.

Industry is learning to subdivide or separate its functions in a territorial sense. New York is filled with administrative, sales and financial offices, but increasingly the actual fabricating plant will be found elsewhere.

"Fourth Avenue is full of establishments bearing the names of manufacturing plants," says Professor Haig, "but no fabrication is in evidence. Though it is the center of the silk industry, not a loom is to be found there. Every business is a packet of functions, and within limits these functions can be separated and located at different places."

A Product of the Motor Car

The spread of the chain store and the branch bank seems to me significant of a new urban pattern. Department stores and theaters have on the whole resisted the tendency. But now we see the first beginnings of chain department stores of many lines, added to the one-line or specialty chains. As for entertainment, the motion-picture house, which is ready to go almost anywhere, is doing what it can to usurp the field.

The Los Angeles County area in California is an example of a metropolitan district which has developed entirely since the automobile came in. In consequence there are numerous more or less self-sufficient centers. These have a community of interest, but the daily tidal movement in and out of one center is reduced. Hollywood is the most striking and picturesque example of this development. It is actually part of the city of Los Angeles, but it has an intense community spirit and individuality of its own.

People actually inquire how they can get into Hollywood, as though it were a walled city. It is more than a neighborhood; it is a city within a city. If it had not been for an intense civic spirit, the name would have disappeared long ago and the world would have spoken of the picture industry as being located in Los Angeles, which it really is, instead of in Hollywood. But if representatives of Hollywood go before the Los Angeles City Council, their recommendations have more weight than if a mere section of Los Angeles were urging the same thing.

This is a wholesome situation, and there are other somewhat similar communities in the Los Angeles area. But unfortunately Los Angeles lacks one of the chief elements for maintaining this desirable separateness in the many communities which make it up—namely, park or other permanently assured open strips of land between the different communities.

The Garden City

Only by belts or rings of park or permanent agricultural lands can local individuality be maintained. The English garden city of Letchworth, with its thirty-odd manufacturing plants, is a garden city because the company owning the experiment has for every single acre in town two acres of agricultural land surrounding the town permanently set aside from speculative building. Letchworth has been assailed as socialistic, but it surely is less socialistic in its results than the slums of Glasgow and London.

Jacob L. Crane, Jr., Chicago engineer, says that the decentralizing tendency in industry, trade and residence thus far has been forced, and that the newly developed areas are destined to become part of the centralized city or part of uncontrolled secondary centralizations.

In other words, he sees few signs as yet of organized allocation or arrangement of land areas.

This may be so, yet it seems to me that people appreciate increasingly the need of a controlled development of moderate-size communities, each with some degree of independence and separateness. The spreading effect of the automobile and airplane, the rebuilding of transportation facilities to meet modern needs, a better understanding of the economics of industrial location, the effect of electricity and the stoppage of immigration—these are potent factors which it is hoped may make for a better type of city.

But in the long run there is another factor sure to count, and that is the state of public opinion. If people are sufficiently interested and determined as a whole to plan and regulate city growth according to a decent order and pattern, there will in all probability be available the technical means to do so.

Chicago Attempts to Solve the Traffic Problem by Intersectional Bridges

THE NEW FRIGIDAIRE

GREATER ECONOMY · · GREATER CONVENIENCE

QUIET FOR A LIFETIME

THE NEW FRIGIDAIRE is designed and built to provide absolutely dependable refrigeration . . . conveniently. Its ice freezing power, its many mechanical advantages, its strict economy of operation, its extraordinary quietness, these were developed by the country's foremost engineers.

But the New Frigidaire's conveniences were designed by domestic science experts . . . for women.

Only a woman who has kept house can know the difficulty of keeping an ice-box sweet and clean. The New Frigidaire can be kept clean as easily as a china plate, inside and out. The shelves are all removable. They are at a convenient height which eliminates all stooping. There is nothing whatsoever on the outside of the cabinet to catch kitchen dust or dirt . . . nothing to mar its beauty.

Nearly a million dollars was spent in developing the beautiful New Frigidaire cabinets alone. They represent the best efforts of master cabinet makers and authorities on domestic science and interior decoration. The New Frigidaire is in every way an automatic refrigerator for the modern kitchen. Beautiful, convenient, it not only safeguards health and provides a plentiful supply of full-size ice cubes, but it saves time, work and money.

Let Frigidaire pay for itself as you pay for it. Find out about the surprisingly low prices of the New Frigidaire.

If you buy the New Frigidaire on a deferred payment plan, as most people do, the first payment can be so small and General Motors terms so liberal, that the New Frigidaire will actually pay for itself as you pay for it. Not only in summer and winter ice savings, but in the prevention of food spoilage and waste and the chance to buy food in larger quantities. The New Frigidaire's savings are more than its cost and the cost of operation.

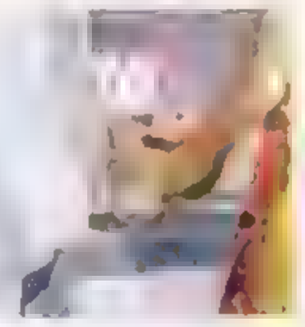
The New Frigidaire is now on display in your distributor's show rooms. See it today. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

The New Frigidaire, incomparably quiet and powerful, has a wide variety of new models of every size, capacity, and price. This beautiful model D-9, like every other New Frigidaire, is built for convenience. Note that the top of the cabinet can be used for shelf space. There is nothing to mar its practical beauty, to take up valuable kitchen space, or to catch dust and dirt.

Note that the shelves of this New Frigidaire cabinet are spaced to provide room for tall receptacles. There is an abundance of storage space in every New Frigidaire.

Every New Frigidaire is absolutely simple to operate. The New Frigidaire operates fully as automatic refrigerator. The new models can be plugged into any electrical outlet

The patented self sealing ice trays of the New Frigidaire freeze ice cubes quickly but when you put delicate green vegetables in a New Frigidaire, there's no danger of their being frost bitten. Frigidaire *freezes* ice *quickly* and *protects* food *always*.



Note that the shelves of this New Frigidaire cabinet are all at convenient height. No stooping is necessary. This is because domestic science experts demanded convenient shelves, and the ingenuity of Frigidaire engineers made it possible to conceal the compressor completely . . . *in a separate compartment at the bottom of the cabinet . . . or even in the basement if desired.*

KENWOOD
WOOL PRODUCTS
THE MARK OF SUPERIOR QUALITY
WOOL FABRICS WOOL BLANKETS
PAPERMAKERS WOOL
FELTS

This advertisement is addressed particularly

To Sales Managers and Salesmen

Have you never envied that other traveller his business suit that keeps its freshly-groomed look for every interview, even after a long day in the car or a night in an upper?

That ability, plus desirable styling, and the subtle something best described as character, are appreciated by those who place a just valuation on appearance.

KENWOOD ALL WOOL FABRICS

are designed and woven to emphasize those qualities which create an impression of good taste in dress.

The lustre and richness, so noticeable in Kenwood Fabrics, are not superficial, but are inherent throughout the life of the cloth.

In addition, are qualities of comfort and serviceability which, we believe, will be appreciated.

NOTE

Other Business and Professional Men find Kenwood Fabrics equally desirable and are also invited to accept this—

OFFER

We will, without obligation, send samples of Kenwood Suitings and a Booklet descriptive of them. We promise not to annoy you with follow-up letters. Just write your name and address below and mail to

**KENWOOD MILLS
ALBANY
N. Y.**

SLEEPY-EYE

Continued from Page 21

women, anyway, except when they thought and acted like men, as Jo used to do. He wondered why all people didn't act like horses. They would be easy to understand then.

He jammed on the brakes and skidded around a curve. He hadn't even noticed the curve coming. He'd have to stop trying to think things out. He couldn't think and drive at the same time, and he was a lot better at driving.

He saw Jo lying in the hammock when he stopped in front of the little old house set far back from what is just about the only street in Middleburg. He saw there was something unfamiliar about her, then he realized that it was her dress. He had been used to thinking of her in riding togs, and since he hadn't seen her for a couple of weeks, he had forgotten she ever wore dresses. She was revealed in outline by the mesh of the swing, with the pointed end of her nose just protruding above its edge. She had on a thin white dress and the shoes on the feet that crossed each other down at the other end of the hammock were very small.

With a crooked stick held in her right hand she propelled the hammock back and forth by digging the stick into the ground on every tenth swing. The house was black and sharp cornered against the sky; its shadow purple and soft on the lawn. At the edge of the shadow was Jo.

He pushed open the wooden gate and left it swinging wide behind him, and dragged his feet through the damp, tallish grass. He stopped a few feet from the hammock.

"Hi, Jo," he said.

"Hello, Sleepy-eye," Jo said, without moving her head.

"How you getting on?"

"Right well."

He looked around for something to do, and finally sat down at the foot of the hammock and leaned back against the tree. "Sorry I'm late," he said.

"Are you late?"

"I don't know."

"I went to sleep," Jo said. "The moon woke me up."

"Swell moon," Hack said.

Jo didn't say anything. He wondered if she was sore. She didn't seem to be sore—just not interested. He looked at her through the hammock. She had changed lately, or maybe he had just begun to notice it lately. Anyway, she had changed. He didn't know just how she had changed, but he knew that he was observing for the first time how good-looking she was. He hadn't known that her lashes curled that way or that her feet were so small. It all made him a little afraid of her.

He would have to say something. He remembered that he had something to ask her. He said, "How about riding a couple of Walter's hunters at Berryville?"

"Can't," said Jo.

"Why can't you?"

"Promised to ride a couple of horses for Pete Somers."

"Who's Pete Somers?"

"Chap from Washington. I introduced you at Winchester."

"Oh," said Hack, "that nub."

"You'd better apologize," Jo said. "I'm thinking about marrying him."

"You must be thinking about it pretty seriously if you're going to ride his horses for him," Hack said.

"I've ridden horses you asked me to ride, haven't I?"

"Well ——"

"Well?"

Hack pulled up a handful of grass and rubbed stains on the knee of his yellowish white flannels. "I sort of thought you were thinking about marrying me," Hack said.

"Don't worry," Jo said.

"Well, what do you want to marry that bird for?"

"Oh, he's a nice boy and he's got plenty of money—and I need a new pair of riding breeches."

"Why don't you ask your old man?"

"He hasn't got any money. He's getting broker every day."

"Well, I'll steal a pair of Alice's for you."

"What difference does it make to you who I marry?" Jo said.

"If you marry somebody else, who's going to marry me?" Hack said. He felt rather foolish after saying it, and worked hard on his other knee. When he looked at Jo she hadn't moved an inch. He moved his shoulders up and down against the tree. It felt good, so he kept it up. After a while his back got sore and he said, "I sort of thought that was all fixed long ago."

"Did you?" she said. "Well, that's the trouble with you. Nobody wants to be made love to that way."

"I never thought of that." He had an inspiration. "What do you think I've been getting tight so much lately for?"

"I don't know. I thought you liked it."

"It gets gummy after a while. I was worked up because I had an idea you were off me—that's why I got tight."

"Good Lord!" Jo said. Her voice sounded different. "You didn't expect me to spend the rest of my life waiting for you to make up your mind, did you?"

"I don't know," Hack said. "I'm kind of dumb, I s'pose."

"You're not so dumb," Jo said. "You've just never taken the trouble to think. It's easy to get along without thinking if you try. Did you ever think about how you could get married if you wanted to?"

"I don't know. I don't s'pose I ever did."

"How much money does Walter pay you?"

"Hundred a month."

"Well, you can't get married on that."

"Can't you?" He thought hard. "I'm going to make some money at Berryville," he said.

"How?"

"You know that big gray of mine?"

"The one that nearly got burned up?"

"That's the one. . . . Well, he's going to win the Royal Oaks."

"You're crazy," Jo said.

"He's a good horse. Had to be trained—that was all. He'd have won last year if I could have got him on the track. He's better this year, and there won't be any smoking around his stall. Walter offered me five thousand for him tonight."

"Good Lord!" Jo said. "Why didn't you take it?"

"He'll be worth more than that after the race."

"He will if he wins."

"He'll win, all right. Don't worry about that."

"What does Walter think?"

"Walter knows I know what I'm talking about. That's why he wanted to buy him."

"Walter wants to win pretty bad, doesn't he?"

"Looks like it. I don't know why. He's won twice running."

"That's easy," Jo said. "Mr. Harvey's sick and they'll pick a new man for Congress this summer. Walter wants the job. Nobody in this part of Virginia thinks about anything but horses in the summer, so the more publicity he gets, the better chance he has. Winning the Royal Oaks three years straight would give him more publicity than anything else. Can't you see that?"

"Sure," Hack said. "It's easy when somebody explains it."

"You'd better sell him then."

"What for?"

"Because if Walter wants to win bad enough, he'll win."

"How's he going to do that?"

"He's cagy," Jo said. "I don't mean he'd dope a horse or fix a jockey or anything like that, but he's tricky, and if he can figure out any way to make you lose, he'll try it."

"He can't," Hack said. "The only thing would be a lot of fire or smoke, and I'm going to see that nobody pulls anything around the stables. That's the only thing he's scared of—and Walter don't know it."

"You'd better be careful," Jo said.

Hack was thinking. "I'd hate to spoil his chances of going to Congress," he said, "but I don't like the way he tried to buy me off."

"What's he ever done for you?"

"Well, he gave me a job."

"You could make twice as much money anywhere else," Jo said. "You'd have found that out if anybody knew how much he pays you. He told Rufus Jones once that he gave you three hundred dollars a month."

"The hell he did!"

"The trouble with you," Jo said, "is that you're too lazy to think. You could use your head if you tried. But as long as you're well fed and have plenty of horses around, you don't care."

"Why don't you marry me and take care of me then?"

"I might if you win that race and make some money," Jo said.

"You're awful cold-blooded about it."

"I'm not going to get all excited till I know there's some chance," she said.

"Wonder if you'd like me to sell that horse to Walter and make sure."

"I'll take a chance if you will."

"There wouldn't be much use in getting married unless we had a couple of horses," Hack said. "What'd we do all day?"

"I don't know," Jo said. "You might go to school."

Hack opened the throttle and let his car go for all it was worth. The road was deserted—everybody was at the horse show—and so there wasn't any chance of hitting anything. He had only about an hour to get to Berryville and back before the Royal Oaks, but he had to have that drink. It might help him to think.

He had been out there since daybreak, exercising the horses, looking after the saddles and bridles and getting riders for all Walter's entries. He didn't do any loafing at a horse show, that was certain. There hadn't been a minute for rest until the races began a little while ago.

The farmers had been a nuisance as usual. They always came early in the morning, with the back seats of their flivvers full of children, and after taking in all the concessions from the merry-go-round to the horoscope reader, moved down on the stables. They looked all the horses over, bothered the boys so they couldn't work, and then went off to make bets with one another on all the events. The people from town were almost as bad. They opened their stores for an hour or two in the morning and then followed the farmers out. There wasn't a minute when somebody wasn't hanging around the stalls asking foolish questions. The only people who didn't make themselves a nuisance were the officials, and they made up for it by being an hour late in getting the show under way. They always did that; he couldn't remember a horse show that had begun on time.

Walter's horses had run away with all the big prizes as usual. After the last bunch of hunters had come back with the blue and the red ribbons, Hack could look out for his own interests. He went into May Shy's stall and looked him over from head to foot. There didn't seem to be a thing wrong. He couldn't help winning.

Benny was on guard against smokers just outside. Hack went up to him. "Are we going to win, Benny?" he said.

"Yas-suh," Benny said, showing teeth.

"Sure?" Hack said.

"We got the best hoss, ain't we?"

(Continued on Page 154)

Super Suds... gives new whiteness to clothes

Beads of soap save one rinsing -- get clothes whiter

A bead soap wash leaves ginghams, house dresses and shirts fresh, clean, sharp colored. White things, too, are soft and sweet as clover.

HERE'S a speedy new soap that dissolves instantly and completely — Super Suds. It's a new-form soap—tiny thin-walled beads that make a perfect soapy solution the instant hot water hits them.

First there was only old slow bar soap. Then came chips and flakes. And now—Super Suds. As superior to chips as chips were to cake soap.

Pour Super Suds into your tub or washing machine. Turn on hot water. (If the pressure is weak, stir beads briskly.) New bead soap all goes into solution. Disappears! Vanishes!

Start the machine or stir the water. Instantly—beautiful suds all ready for work! No cutting up bar soap into small pieces. No teasing flakes and chips to dissolve. No fear of soap particles sticking in clothes, later to make horrid stains and yellow spots. No waste of time or soap.

Use between one and three teacups of Super Suds, usually. Use enough—but not too much; just pour in the beads of soap until you get a good, full, lasting suds. Then go ahead.

Do try Super Suds for your next wash. See for yourself how much easier Super Suds makes rinsing. See how white and soft and sweet your white things are, and how fresh and clean and sharp colored are ginghams, percale house dresses, father's shirts, the children's rompers.

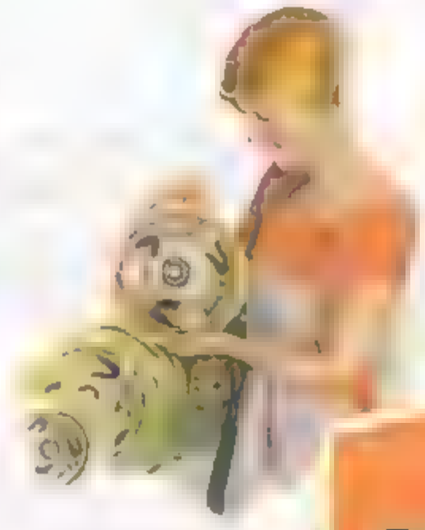
And when you drain off your wash water, notice that there isn't a bit of undissolved soap left, no undissolved chips or bar soap that might injure fabrics or cause yellow spots when clothes are ironed.

Bead Soap replaces chips in thousands of homes

All over the country women are turning to the new bead soap, because every woman knows how important it is to have a soap that dissolves instantly and completely.

Super Suds is not like chips, flakes, powders. It is four times as thin as chips, thinner than any soap ever made before. No other soap can possibly do your work so fast. Super Suds is as fine in the dishpan as in the washing machine. Try it for dishes too. Full directions on every package. Get a box from your grocer today!

BIGGEST box of soap for 10¢



DISHES BRIGHTER

Quick suds . . . Greater washing power . . . Perfect rinsing . . . Better in hard water . . . Safe for pretty hands . . . No dish wiping—just drain

DENNEY ADVERTAG

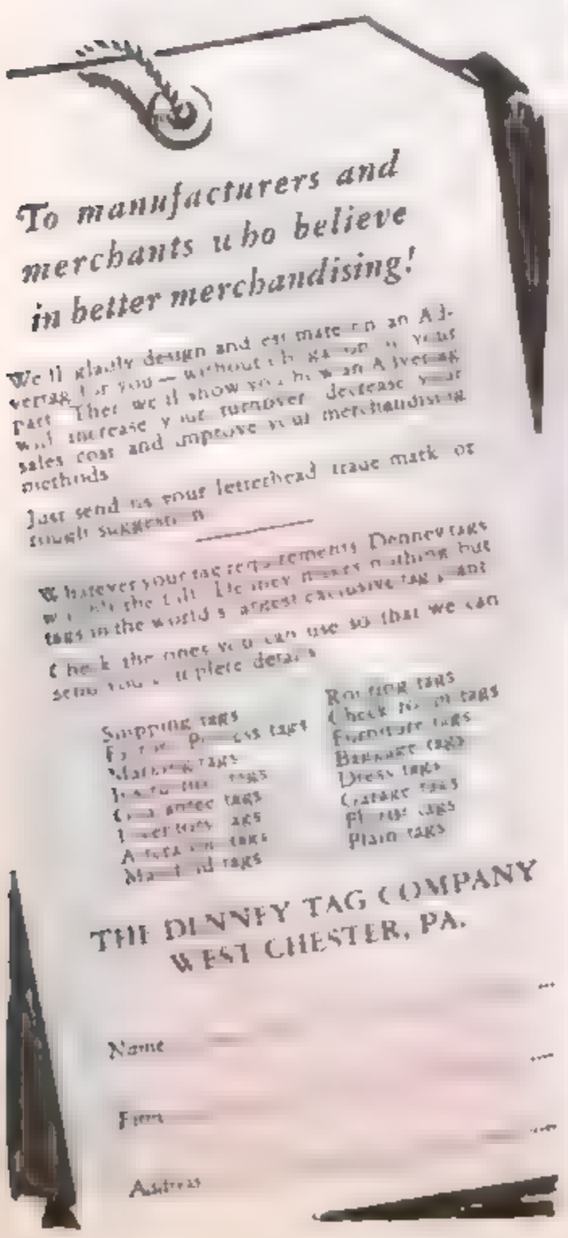
You will find "six honest serving men" on every Advertag

THOSE famous "serving men" of Kipling's poem—"what and why and when and how and where and who"—are important parts of Advertags. For Advertags give you full particulars of the article to aid you in making your purchase.

Advertags are never too busy somewhere else—never too busy with other customers. They are always there to serve you. You're sure of what you're getting *before* you make the purchase.

Only quality products can stand such a thorough probing. So that an Advertag on an article is as good as a guarantee.

THE DENNEY TAG COMPANY
WEST CHESTER, PA.
Offices in all principal cities


To manufacturers and merchants who believe in better merchandising!
We'll gladly design and estimate on an Advertag for you—without charge or obligation. Just send us your letterhead trade mark or rough suggestion
Whatever your tag requirements Denney tags will fill the bill. Use only finest quality tags in the world's largest exclusive tag plant
Check the ones you can use so that we can send you complete details
Shipping tags
Prices tags
Marking tags
Inserting tags
Guarantee tags
Identification tags
Advertising tags
Mailing tags
Routing tags
Check room tags
Furniture tags
Baggage tags
Dress tags
Garment tags
Florist tags
Plain tags
THE DENNEY TAG COMPANY
WEST CHESTER, PA.
Name
Firm
Address

(Continued from Page 152)

"What do the other boys think about it?"

Benny lowered his voice to a confidential tone. "Raff knows we're gonna win," he said.

"Oh, he does? Raff's riding May Fly, ain't he?"

"Yas-suh."

"What does he think about it?"

"Don't seem to worry him none," Benny said.

"Raff don't usually like to lose, does he?"

"No, suh," Benny said, "he sure don't." He scratched his head. "Don't seem like he gonna try today, though. He been drunk all day."

Hack felt vaguely worried. "Where's Raff?" he said.

Benny pointed to a crowd of boys up at the other end of the stables. Hack walked up to them and called Raff aside. He didn't like Raff; he looked too wise for a nigger. He was the best jockey Walter had, though, so he had to let him ride his best horse.

"Are you going to win the Royal Oaks?" he said.

"Dunno, Mr. Hack," Raff said.

"You don't care much, do you?"

"Sure I do!"

Hack saw he wasn't going to get anything out of him. He said, "Well, if you don't ride that horse for all you're both worth, I'm coming down here as soon as the race is over and break your neck."

"Yas-suh," Raff said.

He walked up toward the inclosure, trying to think. He walked with his head down, and he didn't notice Walter coming toward him until Walter stopped and spoke.

"Oh, hello," Hack said. "I wondered where you were."

"I was looking for you."

"Say, look here," Hack said, "what about this race?"

"What about it?"

"Are you going to try to win it?"

"Sure," Walter said carelessly. "Why not?"

"Raff doesn't seem to be worrying about it. He's half tight now."

"Raff'll be all right."

"I'd like to put somebody else on May Fly. What about it?"

"What's the matter? Getting scared?"

"You make me sore," Hack said. "I was thinking about you."

"Don't worry about me," Walter said. "I'll get along all right." Hack started off. "Wait a minute," Walter said. "How about going in town for me?"

"What for?"

"I need a couple of drinks. I sent two Washington newspapermen in two hours ago and they're not back yet. They've got my car too."

Hack looked at his watch. It was four o'clock. He had an hour before the race. He felt like a drink too.

"All right," he said.

"The whisky's in my desk," Walter said. "Help yourself and bring me a pint. And find out what those guys have done with my car."

"All right," Hack said. "What about the keys?"

"The office is open and you can use a poker on the desk if they're not there."

He was still trying to think when he got to Berryville. He didn't see how Walter could be so indifferent about the race if it was so important to him. In Berryville he had to stop thinking to turn a couple of corners. The town was deserted. He stirred the settled red dust on Main Street and rattled past the town's only traffic signal, turned crosswise. He stopped in front of Walter's law office, got out and walked in.

Two men were sitting at the table in the far corner. A pint bottle, half full, was on the table between them and another, empty, lay at the edge of the table. They looked up.

"Hi, gentlemen," Hack said. "Got the key to Mr. Pitt's desk?"

"Sure," said one of them, tossing Hack the key. "Did he send you after us?"

"He wondered where you were," Hack said. He opened the desk and took out two pint bottles, which he put in his hip pockets.

"His car's got a flat tire, there's no spare and the garage man's gone to the horse show."

"Want a lift back?"

"Thanks. Have a drink?"

"Much obliged," Hack said.

"You people down here take your horse shows seriously, don't you?" the other man said.

"How come?"

"There ain't a store open in town. Can't even get a tire fixed. Can you beat that?"

"There's plenty of liquor," the first man said. "It nearly ruined me last night, and I phoned my story in an hour late today. I'll probably get fired."

"What paper you with?" Hack said.

"Washington Courier. He's the Gazette. . . . Have another?"

"Much obliged."

"What time's the big race?" the Courier man said.

"Which one? The Royal Oaks?"

"That's it."

"It ought to be pretty soon now. Ready to go?"

The Courier man got into the front seat with Hack and the other sat in back.

About halfway out the Courier man said, "Got anything on the race?"

"I've got a little on May Shy."

"I guess you know the low-down then."

"What low-down?" Hack asked.

"He's going to win by a mile. Everybody knows that. They're sore around here too."

"What about?" Hack said.

"This guy Pitt's been telling everybody around here that his horse had the race sewed up and a lot of people bet on him weeks ago. Now they've found out that Pitt's kid brother has been raising a dark horse that'll win by a mile."

Hack avoided a road scraper and slowed down. "Maybe Pitt didn't know that," he said.

"You must be dumb," the Courier man said. "It's all fixed."

"Who fixed it?"

"Pitt fixed it."

"How would he fix it if he was going to lose?"

"Come to life. This guy Pitt's won this cup for two years running and it's got to be such a sure thing that he'll win again that he couldn't make any money. What does he do? He tells everybody around here to bet on his horse, then he lays all his own dough on his kid brother's horse that nobody ever heard of, and he sees to it that this dark horse wins. That's easy to figure out."

"You say everybody around here knows about it?"

"A lot of 'em do. It got out someway. Now people are betting on young Pitt's horse to cover up and things are in a fine mess."

Hack produced an idea and nearly ran into a ditch in doing it. "What makes you think Walter Pitt's betting on his brother's horse?"

"He told me so," the Courier man said—"that's what. I asked him what the dope on the race was, and he said it looked like this May Shy was going to win. Then he gave me a hundred to put up for him on the q. t."

"You're pretty wise, ain't you?" Hack said.

"I'm nobody's dumb-bell."

Hack stopped the car at the edge of the horse-show grounds. "Well, here we are," he said. "Maybe I'll see you later."

The newspapermen went off toward the stand and Hack hurried toward the track. He pushed a stable boy aside and climbed up on the fence. Horses were moving toward the barrier. He recognized May Shy and May Fly and two or three others. It was too late to stop it now.

His head was in a storm. Why hadn't Walter told him that people were going to put this interpretation on it if he won? He would have withdrawn his horse rather than let people think he and Walter had framed the race to make a lot of money. He wondered what had got into Walter not to have told him. Then he remembered that he hadn't been very decent with Walter when they had talked about it. He had thought Walter wanted to do something shady, and now, because he was dumb, people would think they were both crooked. It would be his own fault. Then he remembered the Courier man had told him that Walter was betting on May Shy and that Raff and Walter hadn't been very concerned about winning. That explained it. Walter was betting all he could on May Shy to cover what he would lose on his own horse. Maybe he had more than covered it and Raff was going to see that nothing went wrong with the new arrangement.

The sun had gone behind a pile of clouds down on the horizon and a stiff wind was blowing from behind him. It would start to rain in a few minutes. The track now was dry and hard—just the kind of track May Shy liked. He looked toward the barrier. His big gray was nervous, but Benny had him in hand. He wished he could have got to talk to Benny. The barrier went up.

Somebody waved him down from the fence as he watched them round the turn. May Shy was a length in front of May Fly already. The rest were stringing out. They disappeared at the far end of the track and nervously he knocked the ashes out of his pipe to the ground.

It was a rotten situation. The best horse would win and it would be straight, but nobody could be expected to believe that. He blamed himself for being dumb, but more than that, he blamed Walter for not telling him all about it. Walter had kept quiet because he saw a chance to make a little money at the greater odds May Shy would pay. He saw them coming toward him. His horse was two lengths in front now. The great rolling stride ate up the track. He looked back at May Fly to see if Raff was holding him back. Raff was getting everything out of him he had, but it wasn't enough. The race would be won cleanly, anyway, no matter what people said. The other horses were out of it already.

They thundered past him, past the stands and out of sight again. May Shy was three lengths ahead when he saw them again. He tried to signal to Benny, but Benny, sitting up on top of the big gray like a little black god, saw nothing but the track ahead. They crossed the line for the last lap.

Something stung his ankles and he looked down and saw a tiny flame at his feet. He must have done that with his pipe. He raised his foot to step on it, then hesitated. He stepped back and stared, fascinated, at the flame growing rapidly in the dry grass. There was a pile of brush on the other side of the fence, less than two feet from the blaze, and the wind was blowing in that direction. If it reached that——

The big gray came into sight and a second later the bay appeared. Raff was using his whip, now that he was sure it would do no good. Hack looked down at the fire. It was six inches from the pile of brush. He grinned.

There was a gust of wind and the flame leaped into the brush and blazed up. Somebody pushed him aside and tried to kick the fire out. He only made it smoke, and the wind carried the smoke across the track.

The gray rushed toward him and he could see Benny's grin as he sighted the finish. Then the grin faded and Benny was hanging on with his arms around the horse's neck and the horse was rearing on its hind legs. The field pounded past, and then, a length behind the last horse, Benny whipped and kicked the big gray through the smoke toward the finish. Men threw buckets of water on the fire and Hack turned and walked away.

The phrenologist put his dollar in her stocking and said, "You are very generous."

"Did you learn that from my bumps?" Hack said.

(Continued on Page 159)

Another Weyerhaeuser achievement - *Wasteless Lumber!*

trimmed square at both ends · · packaged · · · · ready to use · · · ·

These items can now be purchased under the 4-Square label. Each carefully manufactured for the particular purpose for which it is intended.

FINISHING LUMBER
BEVEL SIDING
COLONIAL SIDING · DROP SIDING
SOFTWOOD FLOORING
CEILING AND PARTITION
SHELVING · STEPPING
CASING · BASE · MOULDINGS

Out of the package on to the job

HERE is a new kind of lumber—4-Square Lumber—developed to promote better buildings at less cost.

It is trimmed square at both ends and is packaged with the species and grade plainly printed on the label.

The square ends save the time carpenters spend squaring up each piece of ordinary lumber before it can be used.

The package protects the faces and ends in delivery and makes it easy to handle and identify 4-Square Lumber.

The species and grade shown on the label are guaranteed by Weyerhaeuser—insuring the use of the exact quality you specify.

In all respects 4-Square Lumber is finer lumber—all thoroughly seasoned and manufactured to reduce waste and insure better construction. Ask your local lumber dealer about 4-Square Lumber. He has it or can get it for you.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS · SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

General Sales Offices: WEYERHAEUSER SALES COMPANY, Spokane, Washington

District Sales Offices:

MINNEAPOLIS · KANSAS CITY · CHICAGO · TOLEDO · PITTSBURGH · PHILADELPHIA · NEW YORK

Hold a Council of ~ against the Common Cold

The Discoveries of Modern Science Make Overheating of the Home a Matter that Seriously Concerns Every Member of Your Family.

Decide now to prevent overheating in your home this winter . . . . . .

How far into the winter will your family retain the benefits of the summer vacation season? Not any longer than you can prevent severe colds in your home!

People used to think that colds were a necessary part of winter living. Today scientists know this to be a fallacy. Through careful tests they have determined the chief cause of colds and can tell you how to defeat this arch enemy of health and happiness.

Years ago, shrewd old Benjamin Franklin noticed that the prevalence of colds seemed to begin with the heating season. He thought colds must have something to do with heating. *Modern scientific men have proved that this is a fact.* Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow, professor of public health, of Yale School of Medicine, discovered the exact connection in his tests for the New York City school system. Overheating by only two degrees made 70% more school children ill with colds!

Overheating is thus revealed as the chief source of danger. Both American and European authorities give this reason: That overheating weakens the tissues of the nose and throat, and makes them unable to stand the shock of going outdoors.

Automatic Heat Control Prevents Overheating

There is only one practical way to prevent overheating: Install an automatic temperature regulator on your home heating plant. In the schools, even with a man always on hand to watch the heating plant, automatic control is almost universal. How can you hope to do better at home with old-fashioned hand regulation, when you are always busy with other things about the house?

A Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator is the first consideration now, as the heating season approaches. You can start immediately to enjoy its benefits, and pay through the winter on our Budget Plan. It works with any type of heating plant, burning any fuel, and saves you money the season through. Less fire-tending to do—morning and evening firing is ample except in the most severe weather.

Automatic heat control will give you an entirely new conception of heating comfort. No more ups and downs—instead, a steady, even flow of heat without anyone ever touching dampers or drafts. Clock control rouses the fire automatically every morning while you are still asleep and you get up in a warm house. Over 3,000,000 people are enjoying these benefits. Your family deserves them.

Write at once for our free booklet, "The High Cost of Overheating."

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR CO.

Executive Offices: Minneapolis

[Also Manufacturers of Jewell Temperature Regulators

Factories: Minneapolis, Minn. and Wabash, Ind. *Branch and Distributing Offices:* New York, Chicago, Philadelphia Boston, Detroit, Cleveland, Providence, Newark, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Washington, D. C Buffalo, Syracuse, St. Paul, Denver, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, Hartford, New Haven, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Halifax, St John, Montreal, Toronto, Windsor, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver

Agencies in almost every city

War..

MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR HONEYWELL

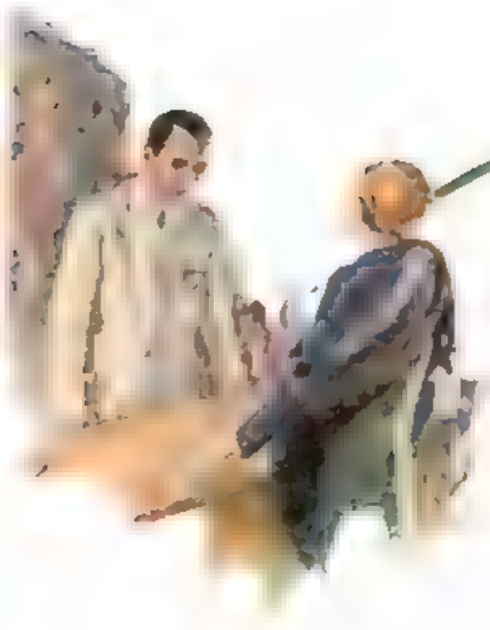
MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR CO.
2803 4th Avenue, So., Minneapolis, Minn.

Send your free booklet, "The High Cost of Overheating."

Name

Address

City State



YOUR WIFE...

maybe she's denying herself too.....

HERE is a story from every day life. Four months ago "they" married. Like many women she worried about keeping a home. Problems loomed before her. Would she master them? She wondered.

To her nothing was more perplexing than the buying of food. For her butter and eggs she visited a nearby dairy store . . . for fruits and vegetables she shopped at a produce market . . . she walked several blocks out of her way for coffee . . . while to other stores she went for other foods.

But she doesn't shop that way now . . .

• • •

Her first visit to the A&P store convinced her she had been denying herself. Nowhere had she seen such a choice variety of fruits, vegetables, butter, eggs, cheese, coffees and fine teas. All the familiar nationally known brands greeted her eyes. She realized now she had wasted her time shopping from store to store . . . denying herself many hours for other things.

Nowhere were values so plainly in evidence. Prices on almost everything were lower. How many little personal things she could have bought with the savings of those four months of shopping here and there . . . she had denied herself, unknowingly, but it would not happen again.

• • •

Maybe your wife is denying herself! Maybe your wife has been too busy to observe that today's trend is definitely toward the A&P stores. Tonight, talk this over and tomorrow when your wife visits the A&P store she will know how much she has been denying herself.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY

At the A&P you are sure to find the popular, nationally advertised brands of groceries.

(Continued from Page 154)

She grinned toothlessly. "You have a good head," she said. "You are very wise. You are hard to fool. You ——"

"Oh, shut up," Hack said, and walked out of the tent.

The rain had stopped and the moon was trying to come out. He looked at his watch. It was eight o'clock. He supposed they would all be gone from the stables now. He wondered if they got away all right without him. He didn't care much. He couldn't have gone down there.

He was a little tight. He walked over to the merry-go-round. It was deserted. "How about a ride?" he said to the man.

"All over. We're packing up."

"I've got to have a ride."

"Can't do it."

Hack gave him a dollar. He turned on the engine and Hack got on and rode for five minutes. He wondered if he was going completely loony. He got off and counted his money. There was a dollar left. That was all the money he had—and he had expected to win a thousand.

He ate two hot dogs, and went down and got into his car. He had to find Walter. He supposed Walter would be at Jordan Springs. There was a dance out there.

He drove the twelve miles without trying to think. He was through with thinking. Besides, he had all he could do to drive, after all that liquor. He parked his car and walked up to the old hotel, where the dance was. There was a gambling wheel going in the lobby. He played the eighty cents he had left and lost it in three turns. Now he was stone broke. He walked through the door of the ballroom.

"Ticket?"

"I'm looking for somebody," he said. "I'm not going to dance."

"Sorry, you'll have to pay."

He turned on the boy. "Look here ——" he said.

He saw Walter over the boy's shoulder. Walter grinned. The grin made Hack mad. "Need some money?" Walter said.

"Not as bad as you do."

"I've been looking for you," Walter said.

"Me too," Hack said. "Let's go outside."

They walked down the steps and across the lawn. The moon was out now. They stopped and Walter said, "Lose much?"

"Not as much as you did, I don't s'pose."

Walter laughed. "How do you figure I lost?"

"You bet on my horse, didn't you?"

Walter laughed again. He seemed to be having a fine time. "Lord, no!" he said. "Why should I bet on your horse?"

"Those newspapermen said you did."

"I thought they would," Walter said. "That's why I sent you in where they were. Then I was afraid you hadn't got back in time."

"Well, what ——" Hack stopped. He was beginning to see.

"It was a dirty trick to play on you," Walter said, "but I had to win, and you wouldn't help me out. It was better this way, anyway. I not only won more money but I impressed everybody around here with my unshakable integrity." He stopped talking, to smile with intense self-satisfaction. "But I'm not going to see you lose. I'll give you what you would have won, and if you want to sell him I'll buy your horse from you for five thousand dollars."

"Will you?" said Hack. "You're awful generous, ain't you?"

"I can afford to be," Walter said. "I've just heard unofficially that I'm going to be the next congressman." He looked sober for a minute. "I wish you wouldn't drink so much till it's settled."

Hack measured carefully and hit him. Walter got up. He hit him again. This time he didn't get up. He left him sprawling on the grass and walked back toward the hotel.

He met the two newspapermen at the foot of the steps. "Still think you're pretty wise?" he said.

"Oh, pipe down," said the Courier man. "You're not so bright yourself."

"I'm the dumbest guy in seven counties," Hack said.

He looked around the porch and found Jo sitting with the man from Washington. He held out his hand to him. "Congratulations," he said.

"On what?" Somers said.

"Your engagement. I'm presenting you with a bride."

"Don't be a fool," Jo said.

"She just turned me down flat," Somers said.

"Maybe she didn't know I've just refused about six thousand dollars and quit my job," Hack said. "Maybe she didn't know I haven't got any place to sleep tonight and wouldn't be able to buy enough gas to get there if I had. Maybe she didn't know I've just knocked hell out of the next congressman from this district."

"I didn't," Jo said, "but I sort of guessed 'em all."

"Did you?" Hack said. He turned to Somers. "Suppose you run along then."

Somers ran along. Hack sat down in his chair. "What's this all about?" he said. "How'd you guess all that?"

"I saw you standing down there with your shoes burning up and I figured the rest out."

"Gosh, you're bright!" Hack said. "You ought to marry somebody with some sense."

"I never had any idea of marrying anybody with sense," Jo said. "I've got to marry you to take care of you."

"I don't know what I'm going to do," Hack said. "I haven't got any job now."

"You can get one."

"I haven't got any money, either."

"You've got a good horse."

"I haven't even got a place to sleep."

"My folks'll put you up."

"There's not enough gas in the car to get to Middleburg."

"There's a gas station in Berryville and I'll lend you the money."

"Well," Hack said, "suppose I kissed you."

"It's about time."

"Then let's walk down there where it's dark."

"This is all right, right here," Jo said.

PLAIN PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 31)

Father's claim in Oklahoma is now the site of the capital at Oklahoma City and was the subject of lawsuits lasting many years. Once he wrote me he was not well and believed he would be benefited at Hot Springs, Arkansas; so I sent him there with my brother Charley to look after him. Later he wrote he was not improving and would like to come to Atchison. This I also arranged, believing my brother would come with him; but father came alone, and told me afterward how well the men along the way looked after him. He was almost helpless, but every hour of the journey had the attention of strange men who only knew he was old and ill. It was a credit to the men I have never forgotten.

On his arrival in Atchison I concluded he would be most comfortable in a small hospital operated by a trained nurse, an elderly woman of long experience. John J. Ingalls, then president pro tem. of the United States Senate, lived near the hospital, and knowing father was there, went in one morning to see him. Thereafter he went back several times to visit the weary old man who was dying. Mr. Ingalls frequently told me father was a very unusual man—hard, unforgiving, but very intelligent and interesting.

Soon after the sick man arrived in Atchison, I took a noted specialist to see him.

Father asked him abruptly, "Doctor, what is the matter with me?"

"Do you really want to know?" the doctor replied.

"Certainly," was the answer. "I was brutally treated at Hot Springs by incompetent men. I want to know the truth."

"Well, you have cirrhosis of the liver and are fatally ill," the doctor replied.

"How long can I live?"

"Not to exceed a month."

"Then I'd like to have it over with. God invented chloroform as a mercy in such cases as mine."

The request was refused, although the sick man pleaded for pity and mercy, saying he was constantly in great pain. For months he had been unable to lie down, and sat constantly in a chair.

One Sunday morning he seemed more at ease, and when I called on him, asked to be taken to my home, which I immediately arranged. He sat upright in a carriage, remarked the brightness of the day and seemed very much better, whereupon I expressed the hope he might get well.

But he replied in his hard way, "Oh, no; I'm near the end."

He had brought an old accordion with him from Oklahoma, and during the day used it to accompany some of his famous religious songs. I sang several duets with him I had not thought of in many years, which he had taught me when I was only seven or eight years old. Knowing he loved music, I sent for two clever sisters of my acquaintance to sing duets for which they were famous. But he did not care for them; he cared only for the songs of his youth.

During the afternoon he told me of an incident in his life that greatly interested me. He arranged to rent his land at Oklahoma City, when too old to look after it himself, and lived in the house with the renter and his family. At the time father was old and ill and almost unable to leave his room. Yet he told me the renter was jealous of him and had made a great row.

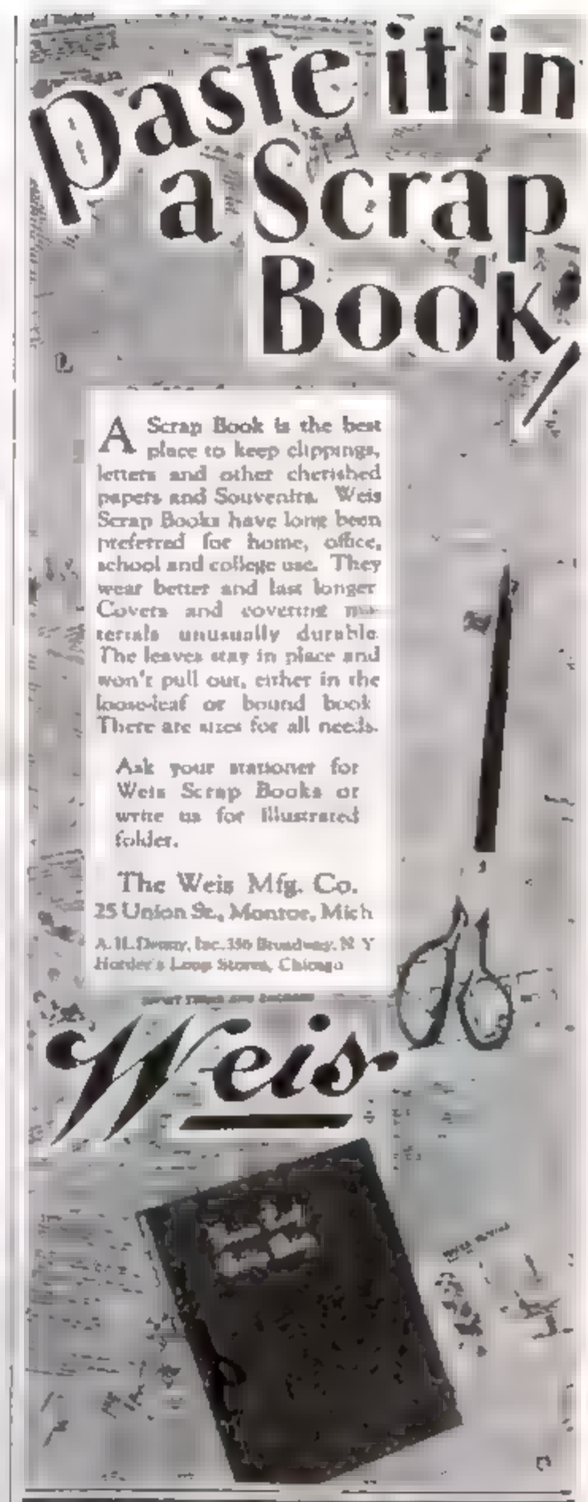
He also talked about religion a good deal that day, saying he was still firm in the faith, but made no suggestions to me concerning the subject. He said the world seemed to be abandoning religion, but that so far as he was personally concerned, doubt had never entered his mind. At five o'clock in the afternoon he was seized with great pain and I sent hurriedly for the specialist who had attended him.

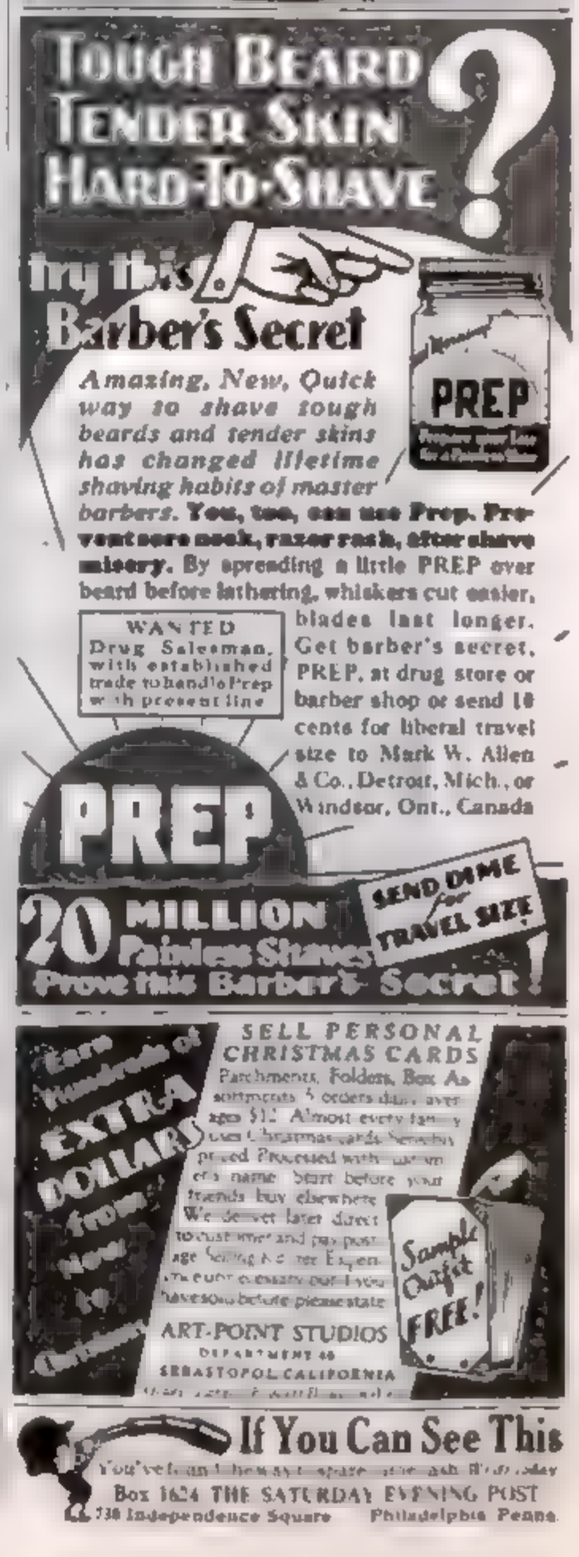
"It is death," the doctor said on arrival.

The doctor asked if I had any whisky in the house. Someone had given me a keg of brandy, made at a near-by distillery, and the doctor gave the patient almost a glassful, which he drank greedily, as though he knew its purpose. Then the doctor gave him a hypodermic injection in the arm, and while counting his pulse, the sufferer passed to the eternity which I sincerely hope is as pleasant as he thought.

Among his effects I found a statement about his Oklahoma land. He seemed to realize when it was written that death was not far away, and expressed a wish to tell the simple truth concerning the many lawsuits he had defended. The statement was so powerfully and simply written that I carried it to B. P. Waggener, a noted lawyer in our section, and it impressed him as much as it did me. On one of his trips he gave it to a United States circuit judge, who also found great interest in the writing. The result was that these two strong men took an interest in the humble man's case, he had been so wronged by legal machinery badly corrupted. George R. Peck, another noted lawyer, made an argument before the United States Supreme Court, purely because of interest in a very human story. The result of it all was that two Oklahoma lawyers were disbarred and the valuable land won. I never profited from it. I gave my interest to my brothers and sisters, some of whom I had never seen.

(Continued on Page 161)


Paste it in a Scrap Book
A Scrap Book is the best place to keep clippings, letters and other cherished papers and Souvenirs. Weis Scrap Books have long been preferred for home, office, school and college use. They wear better and last longer. Covers and covering materials unusually durable. The leaves stay in place and won't pull out, either in the looseleaf or bound book. There are sizes for all needs.
Ask your stationer for Weis Scrap Books or write us for illustrated folder.
The Weis Mfg. Co.
25 Union St., Monroe, Mich.
A. H. Dewey, Inc., 156 Broadway, N. Y.
Harder's Loop Stores, Chicago
Weis


TOUGH BEARD TENDER SKIN HARD-TO-SHAVE ?
try this Barber's Secret
Amazing, New, Quick way to shave tough beards and tender skins has changed lifetime shaving habits of master barbers. You, too, can use Prep. Prevent sore neck, razor rash, after shave misery. By spreading a little PREP over beard before lathering, whiskers cut easier, blades last longer. Get barber's secret, PREP, at drug store or barber shop or send 10 cents for liberal travel size to Mark W. Allen & Co., Detroit, Mich., or Windsor, Ont., Canada
PREP
WANTED Drug Salesman, with established trade to handle Prep with present line
20 MILLION Painless Shaves Prove this Barber's Secret
SEND DIME for TRAVEL SIZE
Earn Hundreds of EXTRA DOLLARS from Home
SELL PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS
Parchments, Folders, Box Assortments 5 orders daily average $12. Almost every family buys Christmas cards. Sensationally priced. Processed with name of customer. Start before your friends buy elsewhere. We deliver later direct to customer and pay postage. Selling Manual Experience unnecessary. Write today before please state
ART-POINT STUDIOS
DEPARTMENT 66
SEBASTOPOL, CALIFORNIA
Sample Outfit FREE!
If You Can See This
Box 1624 THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
738 Independence Square Philadelphia, Penna.

Harmony – INDUSTRY MUST HAVE IT TOO!

This fact is indisputable—*he who makes successful use of ANY power keeps it under expert control.* In famous bands the leader is always of outstanding renown. Through his skill the surging power of brass and drum is harmonized to achieve unusual results. Because of precise control each effort adds—none detracts—not one is wasted.

In Industry electric motors are a mighty power. How effectively they do their work is determined largely by the skill of their *leader*—Motor Control. Good Motor Control harmonizes the efforts of man and machine. It creates that rhythm of production so necessary for profitable operation.

Thus you will find industrial plants today most discriminating in their selection of Motor Control. Leading builders of motorized machinery, too, specify and feature Cutler-Hammer Motor Control for it is the world-famed *leader* that produces harmony between the efforts of man, motor and machine.

The CUTLER-HAMMER Mfg. Co.
Pioneer Manufacturers of Electrical Control Apparatus
1259 St. Paul Avenue Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Thirteen Times The Manpower of Industry Hidden Away In Electric Motors

Electric motors in America's industries today provide working capacity equal to 250 million workmen. That is more than 13 times the actual number of men employed. How effectively this army of "unseen" workers is used to bring down costs is determined by the care with which Motor Control is selected.

POWER WITHOUT *CONTROL* IS WORSE THAN WASTED

CUTLER HAMMER

The Control Equipment Good Electric Motors Deserve

(Continued from Page 159)

When father died, he was divorced from his last wife and had been divorced from two others.

XIX

I CANNOT recall that my father ever exhibited affection for me; I did not seem to suit him in any respect, except that when a boy I was able to assist in his singing. On the preaching trips we rode a horse called Mex, as it was said to be a Mexican mustang. Father had a saddle, but I rode behind on the animal's bare back. At the rough places, when I held onto father, he seemed to dislike the touch of my hands. The horse had a habit of jumping from under us when frightened, and then we could not catch him; whereupon we walked to the appointment and Mex returned home. Father became furiously angry on such occasions, calling the horse an abominable rogue or devil. "Abominable" was a favorite word with him, and he frequently applied it to me. Long after I was a man grown I read a confession by Samuel Butler that he never loved his father; before that I had supposed I was the only such wretch that ever lived.

My closest neighbor for more than twenty years has been a brother whom I know to be a good man, and who was known as a good boy. He lived at home much longer than I did, and I long dreaded to talk to him of his recollections as a child, fearing his reply would convict me of having been specially troublesome. But only recently we were working together, and during a pause to rest, I asked him if father had ever shown him affection. His reply was a sorrowful negative, and he spoke of many whippings he had received.

Of many such encounters of my own, I cannot recall one for which a child would be whipped now. The whipping I remember most vividly is for taking a visiting boy to a plum patch on Sunday. Father soon appeared, and not only punished Jim and me but the visitor, and sent him home. The boy had left his coat at the house and went home without it. For weeks it remained there, impressive evidence of his resentment. When mother heard of the incident, she cried because our guest had been treated so cruelly.

I told my brother that day of an incident in family history he had not heard before. At Council Bluffs I was spending the day at home on one occasion and had gone with father to look at something on the place, when he told me he was writing his autobiography. When I left for town in the evening, he gave me a roll of manuscript, and after reaching my room, I spent a large part of the night in considering one of the strangest pieces of writing I have ever read. Could I reproduce it here, I am sure it would interest the reader more than anything I have written, for he wrote as candidly as one thinks, which I have not been able to do.

There were relations of many human attributes new to me. Some of them I had heard of faintly, but thought no one of whatever age ever talked about them, much less wrote about them. I have seen no forbidden book since displaying a greater knowledge of the suppressed human emotions. Many years later, on reading Russian and French masterpieces, they somehow recalled this midnight experience of my youth. Human passion is the same with king or subject, and this common man seemed to have experienced all its phases.

There were moving touches in the story—situations as tragic to this countryman as the retreat from Moscow was to an emperor. How he had enjoyed, despaired, planned, hoped, suffered! And how regularly his plans went wrong! It moved me more to pity than to indignation. Since beginning this writing I have read of a famous man who stumbled into the difficulty father encountered at Fairview, and although noted and living in one of the capitals of civilization, could think of no other relief than the countryman did. The remedy failed both men, as it has failed so many others, humble and great.

His analysis of marriage seems wonderful to me now, although mistaken. He referred to the ownership of husbands by wives as the most objectionable thing a man encounters in life. I have found it a mutual burden, little heavier on one side than on the other. I have heard and read many plans of relief, but all were futile. We must bend our backs to it and be patient.

I lately read two unusual books by an Englishman. I have never before seen in print an equally frank discussion of sex, and when I seemed familiar with the arguments advanced, it occurred to me I had read them all in father's manuscript, almost sixty years before. The Englishman says men are slowly degenerating because of the increasing domination of women. This was the argument, almost word for word, advanced in father's manuscript, in declaring he had been ruined because of unnatural regulations brought about by women and degenerate males.

Here was a man who had found the grand passion and grand punishment; his writing was resentment, defense. He told bitterly of his wanderings, of new enemies and humiliations; plunging into the whirlpool against which he had warned others so long. Here were his explanations and declarations that he still wished to be an honorable man. Once a great landowner and leader in his community, he had been reduced to a twenty acre patch on which he raised vegetables like a peasant.

There was much in the autobiography of the nobleness of his resolves. With the nobleness and courage I have noted in all writing, he resolved to return to duty, but with the weakness which distinguishes real human nature, he gradually went deeper into difficulty. A long time ago a writer declared this is the best of all possible worlds. I am disposed to believe it is, and our punishments as mild as we can safely make them.

When I was a little boy, mother was always kind and patient; I do not recall that she ever spoke a cross word to me, but somehow I felt she shared the opinion that I was abominable. When Jim and I slept in the office she would come occasionally to clean our disordered room. Once she found a package of the Beadle dime novels we early began to read and knew they were forbidden from hearing father order us to quit them. We got on our knees, with mock seriousness, to beg her not to tell father, all the time knowing she would not. After that, if she wanted us to carry in wood at home and we were slow about it, she threatened exposure. Again we knew she did not mean it, but we carried in wood with so much enthusiasm she was compelled to tell us to carry some of it out. But I am able to recall but one instance where she displayed real affection for me, and this is the dearest memory of my youth. When her brother Joe married, he came to our house on his wedding journey, driving a pair of little mules to a farm wagon, and it was arranged that I should accompany him home and visit my grandmother, who lived five miles from his house, in the Grand River hills.

Uncle Joe's bride didn't like me very well, and I didn't stay long at their house. Uncle Joe soon took me over to my grandmother's, who had a son only a little older than I was—a noted hunter, for he had killed wild turkeys.

Nate never did much but hunt, but I was kept pretty busy at home and greatly enjoyed the vacation. We went hunting every day, but Nate said I had brought him bad luck, for we didn't find any turkeys; nor much else, except a few squirrels. We were the idlest pair of vagabonds in that entire section, and a certain boy living in the same neighborhood caused us a good deal of annoyance. He was a famous good boy, a distant relation of ours; but we didn't like him, he was so industrious and well-behaved. We were always being told how industrious and worthy he was, and wherever we went, we met him on the road driving a wagon loaded with wood, and usually he had a turkey or wild goose on the wagon. He had run into the game accidentally while at work. We couldn't do it, hunt as hard as we would.

But one day we sneaked up to a little lake in the Grand River bottom, and there sat a wild goose with its head under water, poking round for wild celery. I was so anxious to get a goose that I let Nate shoot, though it was my turn. He had an old shotgun and was a noted shot with it, and while he was taking aim I thought as rapidly as they say a drowning man does; I made up my mind to tell the other boys, when I returned home, that there were two geese and that I got them both.

Just then there was a muffled report, and Nate fell over on the ground with his fingers in his mouth; the gun had burst and the goose flew away.

Nate wasn't much hurt, and we started home, carrying the heavy gun, though there weren't enough gunsmiths in the world to do anything with it; it had burst at the breech. We had put in a goose-and-turkey load, and put in too much.

Of course on the way home we met the good boy with a load of wood. He had a wild turkey, which he had run into accidentally and shot without any delay; otherwise he wouldn't have stopped. He was such a good boy that he always returned home when expected—or earlier—ready to work at something else and shame Nate and me.

Having no gun, time didn't pass very rapidly, and Nate and I became quarrelsome; indeed, we came near having a fight one day. So grandmother said it was time for me to go home.

It was forty miles to where I lived, through an almost unbroken country, but I was mad at Nate, so struck out to walk home without bidding him good-by. Grandmother said it was a shame the way we acted, but Nate started it—I remember that.

I left in the afternoon, intending to spend the night at Uncle Joe's, who lived five miles on the way. Aunt Mary wasn't very glad to see me, though she was a bride, but I told her she needn't worry—that I intended leaving at daylight next morning. Uncle Joe talked of taking me part of the way in the wagon, saying that it was a shame for me to walk home after coming so far to see them, but Aunt Mary soon put a stop to that talk; she seemed to run things around that house.

I liked the way she talked so little that I got up at daylight and started without eating any breakfast. Uncle Joe was a good deal exercised about my starting out on foot; he always was the best one in the family. But he couldn't help himself; he was afraid of Aunt Mary, who didn't like me.

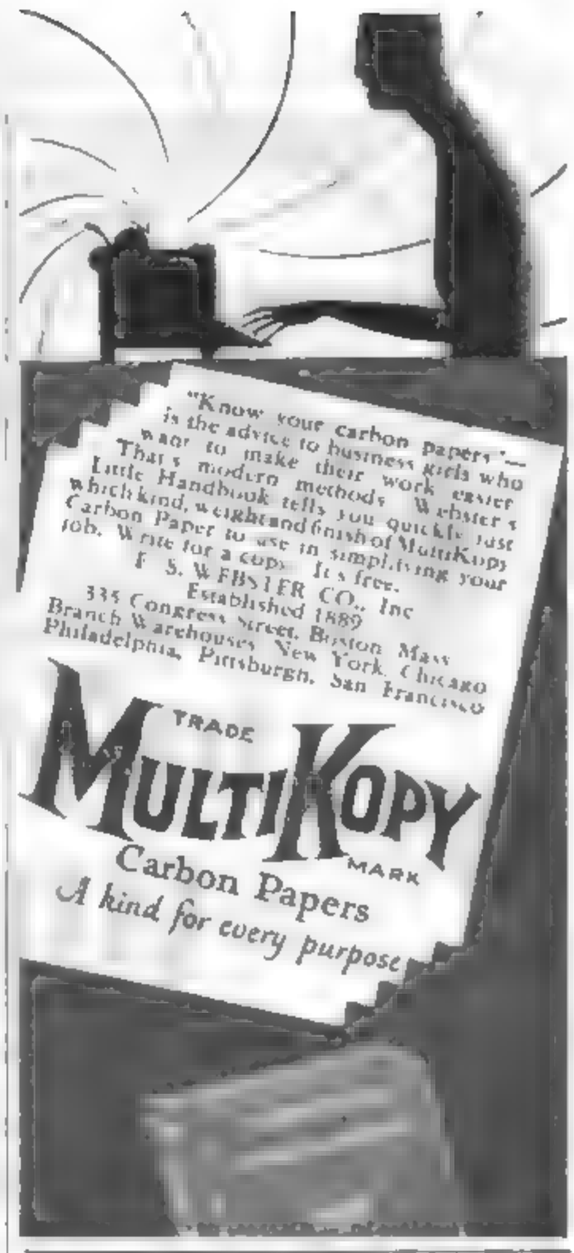
I intended stopping that night at George Meek's—a neighbor of ours before we moved to town. That left thirty miles for me to walk from daylight to dark; but I didn't think much of it before I started and when I was mad at Nate. There were only a few houses on the way and the road ran mostly through prairie.

About noon I reached a house and went in, asking for a drink of water, but really hoping they would give me something to eat. They were just sitting down to the table and the man asked me to eat with them. I thought I must be polite awhile, and said, "No, thank you."

Unfortunately the man took me at my word and said, "Well, of course, if you don't want anything, all right, but you're welcome to it."

I sat and watched them eat awhile, and then went out to the gate and cried because I was such a fool. But I had to make it to George Meek's before dark, as there were panthers in the woods around his place, the big boys said. So I started on my weary way again.

In the middle of the afternoon I passed through the little town called Bancroft, a collection of a dozen houses and a store. When I went into the store the proprietor was eating candied cherries out of a jar. I was hungry, but had no money, and would


"Know your carbon papers"—
is the advice to business girls who
want to make their work easier
That's modern methods Webster's
Little Handbook tells you quickly just
which kind, weight and finish of MultiKopy
Carbon Paper to use in simplifying your
job. Write for a copy. It's free.
F. S. WEBSTER CO., Inc
Established 1889
335 Congress Street, Boston, Mass
Branch Warehouses New York, Chicago
Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco
TRADE
MULTIKOPY
MARK
Carbon Papers
A kind for every purpose

"ALADDIN" DESK-FLEX

this handy good-looking desk light ~sold everywhere!

IDEAL for home or office. There is no better lamp for student use. The flexible feature brings the light where you want it. The bronze shade will not peel or burn off. Three distinctive finishes. Quality built throughout and priced surprisingly low. Go to your Aladdin dealer for everything in lamps. If you do not know who he is, write us.

"ALADDIN" Electric Portable LAMPS

ALADDIN MFG. CO. Muncie, Ind.

A NEW CAR in every can of KOTAL!

The Beauty and Brilliance of an Expert Paint Job for Less than the Price of a Wash and Polish. Big Earnings

KoTal

Not No Not Now Flow

Guaranteed

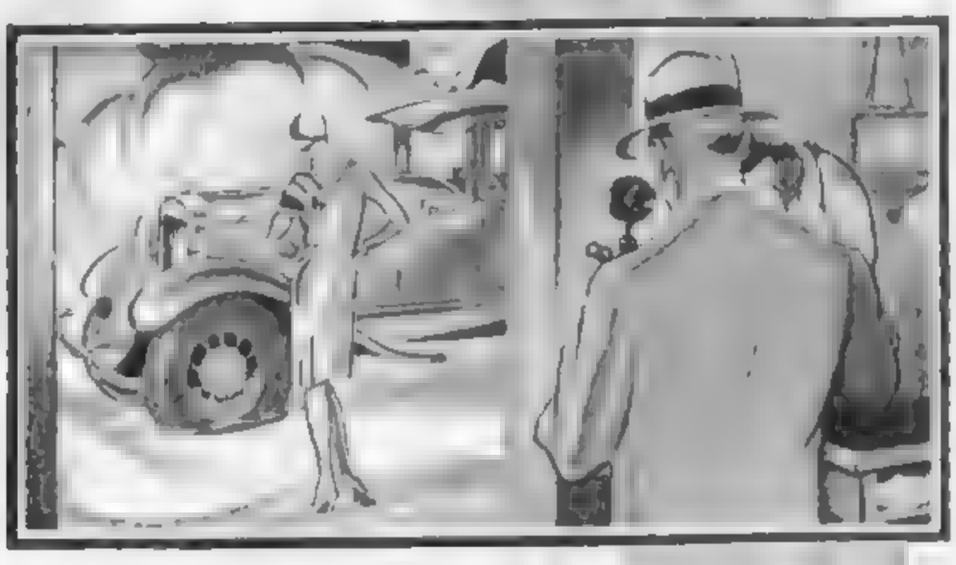
$5 PER HOUR in Spare Time—up to $250 A WEEK Full Time

Make Big Quick Profits

$1000 could not buy the start we give you Free Free Trial Offer How to do it

RICHWINE CO., 17 W. Jackson Blvd. Dept. 107 CHICAGO

INKOGRAPH
10 DAY FREE TRIAL
THE PENCIL POINTED PEN
$1.50
SAME SIZE AS $7 and $8.75 FOUNTAIN PENS
Makes 3 carbon copies at one time
SEND NO MONEY Pay postman $1.50 plus postage. Send payment if cash is sent with order. Money back if not satisfied, within 10 days. Inkograph Company Inc. 190-575 Centre St. New York
AGENTS



"Here In 5 Minutes? Fine!"

(Service *that* Wins Trade)

TIRE FLAT—temper hot—'phone call to Tire Station—and, bless them, they promise to have a man on the job in five minutes!

He'll come with a swift, ever-ready Harley-Davidson Package Truck—and *that's* the kind of *service that wins trade!*

In your line—and scores of other businesses—there's a real need for the Package Truck. No other delivery unit approaches it in quickness through traffic, easy parking, advertising value, and low cost (one-third the cost-per-mile of any car or truck).

Call your Harley-Davidson Dealer for a demonstration. Mail coupon for full data.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR COMPANY

Department S. P. Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Growing demand for the Package Truck has created great opportunities for Harley-Davidson dealers. Inquiries invited. Address Desk A1.

One of a full line of stock and special bodies.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

¼ Ton Capacity Package Truck

Coupon

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO., Dept. S. P., Milwaukee, Wis.
We are interested in the Harley-Davidson Package Truck.
Send us literature Our line of business is:

(Write name and address plainly in margin below, tear out ad and mail.)

not beg. The man dropped one of the cherries and I was just about to dart after it, when he mashed it with his foot. He was the burliest ruffian I ever saw.

The walk nearly killed me, and I dragged myself into George Meek's house about dark. They knew me well and were surprised when I told them how far I had walked. They offered me food, but I couldn't eat much and went to bed sick.

The next day I had a high fever and father was sent for. He came the second day with a horse and buggy to take me home. I lay down in the bottom of the buggy on a quilt and father was disposed to grumble because I had made myself sick. When we reached home mother was waiting at the front gate.

"Where's Ed?" she asked anxiously.

For some reason father replied, "He was too sick to bring home."

Mother turned toward the house hurriedly to get her bonnet and shawl, and said, "You needn't put up the horse; I am going back after him."

There had been so little affection in our family that her saying that made me cry. She heard me sobbing and came back and took me into the house, where I told her exactly how Nate and Aunt Mary and grandmother had treated me.

xx

I HAVE lived in Atchison from my twenty-fourth to my seventy-fifth year, and it seems to me I have known there every experience men may hear of anywhere. Had I spent a year in fifty different widely separated towns or countries from 1877 to 1928, I do not believe I would have had better opportunities to study life or human nature. It seems to me the brightest man I have ever known, and one of the best, lived in Atchison when I went there in 1877; and I have known no other to sink to the depths of degradation he did. He was one of the best husbands, and became the worst. I do not attempt to explain him, but can give his explanation. When he was at his worst I was so sincerely fond of the man that I went frequently to see him at the wretched place he had chosen to advertise his disgrace, and found him as fair, genial and witty as he ever was. I was the only citizen of Atchison he would admit to his presence, and was frequently sent by his wife to attempt to straighten out certain of his affairs.

One day when I had expressed my great regret at his terrible situation, he said, "It is inevitable. It is in my blood. I could not have been a decent man."

Never before had I heard a man say so dreadful a thing, and the statement wasn't true, but he pretended to believe it when so near his grave he could almost see men digging it. I have never believed in men fooling themselves, and have long marveled that so many do it. He died soon after, and when he was buried, I was the only one who stood beside his grave, outside of the undertaker and his assistant. And he had once been the most popular citizen of his town.

If I dared I could tell of three or four happenings in Atchison, without varying a hairbreadth from the truth, that most readers would characterize as the most surprising they ever heard of. Once I was spending an idle afternoon with a noted dramatic manager who had spent thirty years in looking for unusual situations. I told him one of the incidents I refer to, in exchange for some intimate thing he told me. My story, true in every detail within my personal knowledge, startled him; he said he had never heard of anything equally strange.

I am somewhat familiar with the oldest and newest books written by men looking for unusual situations, and have read of nothing so strange as some of the local history I refer to; I have heard nothing like it in the frank conversations of men. I have observed of my sex that there is a candor in their private conversations with one another that women know nothing about. In such contacts they admit their faults with proper shame, confess they should do better, and frequently do. I have learned much from such intimacies—more than from any other source. Men of real worth rarely boast; they are more disposed to apologize.

I believe that if a French novelist should hear or think of the Atchison incidents I specially refer to, he would reproduce them in a book. In my judgment the startling incidents in Sapho actually happened to Alphonse Daudet, the author, or to his intimate friends. The great scenes in books happen; they are not invented.

One of the most gripping books ever written is the Kreutzer Sonata, and nothing will ever convince me Tolstoy made it up; he lived many of the incidents and knew others to be true. There is one specially big situation in the book I have known in Atchison. When I read Kreutzer Sonata, I lost another of my illusions. I believed I was the only one in the world who knew a certain thing, and here was a man who had told about it in a book almost before I was born.

The human story is much alike in every clime and every age. In my home town I have known people as good, or better, and as bad, or worse than I have heard of elsewhere.

The largest private library I have ever been familiar with was owned by a man who knew almost nothing of the contents of the books on his shelves, yet his fame had spread over many states and he was exceedingly popular and effective as a citizen. I never knew a more interesting man to spend an evening with. Of ancient men he knew nothing, but of modern men, everything.

"What is literature?" he once asked me. "I have been too busy to find out."

I was a poor teacher, but so far as I knew it, told him the history of the world, and he seemed never before to have seriously thought of the subject.

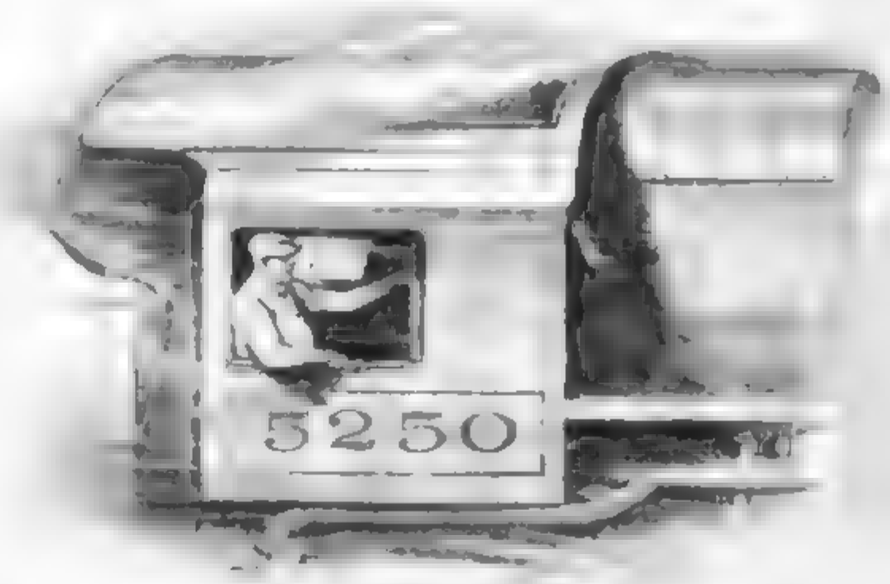
He kept asking for more until a late hour, when I said, "Except the quarreling, there isn't any more."

I was astounded myself to realize that one may briefly summarize all there is to know in an hour or two. I picked out half a dozen books from his shelves and said they covered the entire subject. Later I asked if he had read them and he replied he had been too busy, but he long marveled that I had been able to pick up so much. I marveled that he had picked up so little, since I frequently recommended to him a single book giving a suggestion of everything that has happened in the past, and it is so well and simply written that I found it more interesting than a novel. With such a base, one may daily enlarge and correct the story of mankind from conversation and reading newspapers and magazines; I have always believed an education of a sort is as naturally and pleasantly acquired as dyspepsia. But I suppose no one realizes the great number of strong men who get along well without knowing much about literature. In the same town there was a teacher of the subject who was quite poor and almost unknown.

I knew an excellent woman who had this history: As a girl, she long went with a young man and claimed to be engaged to him, but he kept putting off marriage. Finally she induced him to agree on a date, or set one herself, and extensive arrangements were made by her family. When the evening arrived, the proposed bridegroom did not appear, and never since has been seen by his former acquaintances. After a proper period of indignation and humiliation, the proposed bride took the man's name, moved to a distant place in the West and was for forty years known as his widow. I have never known a woman who disliked men more cordially.

In Atchison I knew a man and his wife who hadn't spoken to each other in fifteen years, although they lived in the same house. During this time four children were born to them. And the father and mother, and the children born under such strange circumstances, were excellent people.

(Continued on Page 165)



An added SAFEGUARD for New York Central trains

First route between Chicago and the East to be protected by the Automatic Electric Train Stop

THE increasing safety of travel is one of the outstanding developments of recent railroad history. To this achievement New York Central has contributed in no small measure.

The entire main lines of the New York Central from Chicago to Croton-on-Hudson, New York, and the Boston & Albany from Albany to Boston, are now equipped with the Automatic Electric Train Stop. Installations of this device have also been completed on the Michigan Central from Chicago to Detroit, on the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie from Pittsburgh to Youngstown and on parts of the Big Four.

New York Central established a special engineering committee 24 years ago to investigate automatic train stopping devices. This committee has been continuously at work since then, examining and testing hundreds of devices. Nearly a million dollars has been spent in this research work.

Eighteen years after the beginning of the New York Central investigation, the Interstate Commerce Commission issued its first orders for the installation of train stopping devices on certain high-density traffic routes. Two years ago New York Central lines completed the installation required by the Commission, and then went ahead on a voluntary program of extensions.

Installation of Automatic Electric Train Stop on the New York Central Lines now covers 2025 locomotives, 1682 miles of road, and 4766 miles of track—30 per cent of all track so equipped in the United States. The cost of the work to date is $4,631,000.

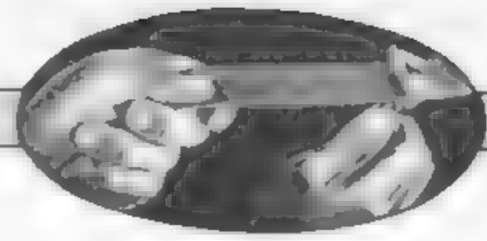
The Automatic Electric Train Stop supplements the Automatic Electric Block Signal. If an engineman does not respond to a signal, his train is automatically stopped by the regular "service" brakes.

In the 19-hour run of the Twentieth Century Limited between Croton-on-Hudson and Chicago, for example, there are 905 automatic block signals, and at every one of these points the automatic stopping device stands ready to replace the engineman's hand.

Altogether on the New York Central Lines there are 5243 such points where the electrical machine is ready to stop the train.

The completion of the entire steam mileage between Chicago and the two Atlantic seaboard terminals gives New York Central the distinction of being the first American railroad to provide this added protection on one of the great through routes between the East and the West.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE PERFECT  SHAVE

the new Million Dollar Razor is a nation-wide SENSATION

Absolutely proves that stropping is essential *to a perfect shave*

THE new improved Valet AutoStrop Razor was introduced last May. It created a sensation. Small wonder, since it proved a vital fundamental of successful shaving.

Its automatic self-stropping feature demonstrated that all barbers are right—have been for 2,000 years. Because they always strop their razors before they start a shave.

The reason for this is that after the first shave the cutting edge of the finest blade that can be made is a row of minute needle points until it is properly stropped. This smooths out and re-aligns these tiny jagged hooks.

Everywhere wise men are turning to the new Valet AutoStrop Razor because it is the only razor that sharpens itself and assures you of a super-keen smooth shaving blade.

What's more, 21 years of research and a million dollars have been spent in improving the new Valet AutoStrop Razor.

Not only the razor itself but the blades have been materially bettered. A new type guard enables you to use the full shaving edge of these keener blades. You insert or remove them instantly by pressing a button. Blades are locked in a firm, non-flexible grip that eliminates vibration and pull. No need to remove the blade to strop and clean it.

Try the new Valet AutoStrop Razor. Give it a fair test. You'll soon be fast friends with it.

You'll enjoy the most perfect and fastest shaves you ever knew. And you'll hold up your hand and say "Never Again!" to the use of an unstropped blade.

Beautifully finished models complete with blades and an improved strop in handsome cases at $1.00 to $25.

Also . . . a New and Finer Shaving Cream

35c

Try a tube

New million dollar VALET AutoStrop RAZOR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Company, Inc., 656 First Ave., New York City — In Canada: AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 83 Duke St., Toronto

LONDON . . . PARIS . . . RIO DE JANEIRO

(Continued from Page 162)

In the early days Atchison had a citizen named Gabe Wade who hauled freight to Denver with five yoke of oxen attached to a heavy wagon. One of his oxen died somewhere on the plains and Gabe found he could not get along without another ox. So he lassoed a buffalo and, after considerable difficulty, trained it to work and proceeded to Denver. By the time he returned to Atchison the buffalo was as reliable as any other work animal. Gabe Wade made several other trips to Denver with the buffalo, which became hog-fat later and was sold to a committee preparing a barbecue to celebrate the opening of another railroad to the town.

So little that was really exciting happened in my life as a boy that I was greatly interested in Jim and Dan Ayers, who ran a restaurant in my town. Something really happened to them. I never before heard of boys going anywhere and finding excitement as great as they expected. They were born on a farm in Virginia. I have heard them say their post office was Sudley Springs. One morning their father started them to Sunday school, and after they had loitered along the way a mile or two, Jim Ayers remarked a commotion over beyond what they called the Big Woods.

"What's that?" Jim asked, stopping.

It was getting late by this time, and Dan replied, "I don't know, but we'd better hurry to Sunday school or we'll get a whipping."

Then they hurried on, but the commotion over beyond the Big Woods broke out again—faintly, but it was very unusual, and Jim stopped and listened. He had never heard anything like it before, although he was a big boy twelve years old.

After listening awhile he said, "I'm going over there."

"Better not," Dan said. "You know father whips hard."

But the strange commotion continued, so Jim said he was going, whipping or no whipping. Dan followed, but kept saying they would catch it when they returned home.

They walked and walked and walked, all the time the commotion over beyond the Big Woods becoming more pronounced, but they couldn't tell what it was. They forded streams and were chased by strange dogs, but kept on—from ten o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon. They had nothing to eat and they didn't know that they could ever find their way back, because they were in a country strange to them. But they kept on, and a little after four o'clock, as a reward for their perseverance, walked into the Battle of Bull Run.

An angry patron of the Ayers restaurant financed John and Tom Eglinger, who worked for Ayers Brothers, to start a rival establishment next door. The fight between the two restaurants lasted for years and was the most exciting thing in town. Weber and Fields came to Atchison once, and after the show Pete Dailey and Lillian Russell went into Eglinger's and were able to buy roasted wild ducks for fifteen cents; I have bought them at that price many times. They ate four, and as a joke Pete Dailey said to John Eglinger that he should be given the usual concession of two for a quarter. John was awed by the big show people anyway, and agreed to the reduction, whereupon Dailey laughed and gave him a tip of a dollar.

In spite of their low prices, the Eglingers made a fortune. But they worked like slaves—Tom twelve hours during the day and John twelve hours at night. They kept this up for years, without a vacation. Finally they were worn out and found a buyer. The new man took over a popular, famous and prosperous place, but failed in a month, because he managed it in the shiftless way so many Western establishments are managed.

XXI

IN THE 80's I frequently went with railroad officials into the West, then rapidly developing. Now it has almost reached the point of saturation and is taking good care of those who have used fair intelligence in trusting it. I lately traveled in a motor car from my home on the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains and found prosperity all the way. There is no longer any West, in the old sense. When I was a young man a trip into the West meant strange adventure; now it means wide spaces and railroad stations farther apart, but always comfort and civilization.

There is nothing in the theory that rainfall is slowly extending westward; no change has been marked within the knowledge of men. When I went to Atchison a half century ago, I found plenty of hard-maple trees and sugar produced within a few miles of the town. Sugar trees are not grown in Topeka, the capital, sixty miles away. Eastern Kansas is as fine as any section of Missouri, Illinois or Iowa. A hundred miles west a marked change begins less rainfall and a different soil. Two hundred miles west there is another change. Eastern Kansas is no more like Western Kansas than it is like Arizona.

Several years ago the governor of a Southern state was my guest, and I showed him forty miles of the section in which I live, in a motor car. I recall his continually remarking that there was not the slightest evidence of poverty in town or country. Except for a short time in boyhood, when I roamed over the extreme West and was not observing, I have always lived where living conditions were easy. I have known few poor people, and the few I have known might easily have been better off. This experience has colored my life. I believe today that poverty is largely unnecessary except in cases of old age or unavoidable illness.

In an early day I went to Western Kansas with a party of railroad officials to see about the distribution of free seed wheat, crops having failed again.

I went beyond the railroad with the J. P. Pomeroy mentioned elsewhere, to a town where he had interests. I recall that the citizens believed his visit was somehow connected with extending the railroad to their town, and that they got out the band and made much of him, although he told them his visit had no connection with railroad extension; the line was insolvent as it was. That was more than forty years ago and the line has not yet been extended. The amount of booming wasted in the United States, particularly in the western half, is astounding.

I shall always vividly remember the Western Kansas towns of the early days. There was something about the land agents, the hotel keepers, the editors, the citizens, the farms, the houses, that was unforgettable. No writer has ever correctly described the West of that day; it cannot be done with ink and paper or brush and canvas. I have it all in my memory, but cannot convey it to others. No one actually knows about things he has only read about. I know as much about the Battle of Waterloo as Victor Hugo, who wrote about it—only the man who was there knew the real story.

I found the people hopeful and cheerful, if very poor. One man was so witty I have always remembered him, and his wit was displayed in telling about the poverty of himself and neighbors. One of his exaggerations was that the people were so poor they had no postage stamps, so when they wanted to write back home, advising their friends to join them in what they called God's country, they pinned a side of bacon to the letter and it went through. This was possible, the wag said, because the hogs were thin, owing to lack of food, and a side of bacon was no thicker than a postage stamp. Crowds of people collected about the man and laughed at his hard-time stories.

In this section great dust storms once raged, and I have never seen them described in print so well as old settlers have described them to me. Farmers who attempted to go to town were lost and rescue parties were organized, men roping themselves together to prevent being lost, as is done in the Alps. The settlers lived from the sale of buffalo bones, everywhere bleaching on the prairies and for which there was fortunately a market in the East. Their only fuel was buffalo chips, and occasionally they were subjects of aid campaigns, some of which later resulted in the rise and fall of statesmen.

Through it all were Indian alarms and raids. In one of these fifty Kansas farmers lately returned from the Civil War engaged in a fight with Indians more remarkable than any other I know in the border wars. Surrounded for days on a little island on the Arikaree fork of the Republican River, they withstood repeated assaults from great bodies of well-armed Indians, and the records of the Kansas State Historical Society soberly state that they killed or wounded more than six hundred of them. The Indians knew there were only fifty white men on the island in the dry river, and five hundred mounted warriors charged them on horseback, intending to ride down the little party they thought at their mercy.

"Wait! Wait!" the white captain, who was badly wounded in the knee, kept saying to his men.

"Bill," the captain said later, "you take the chief," who was conspicuous because of his size and the fine horse he rode.

When the Indians came within a hundred feet of the line, there was a volley and forty horses were riderless, including that of the chief, set apart for Bill, known as a dead shot. The firing continued rapidly and effectively and the charge was broken.

On a not distant hillside the Kansas farmers could plainly see the line re-form and hear the wailing, for they had killed a great chief. The second charge was led by a medicine man the Indians believed invulnerable to the bullets of white men.

As the Indians approached the second time, the white captain again kept saying to his men, "Wait! Wait!" And again he said to Bill, "You take the chief."

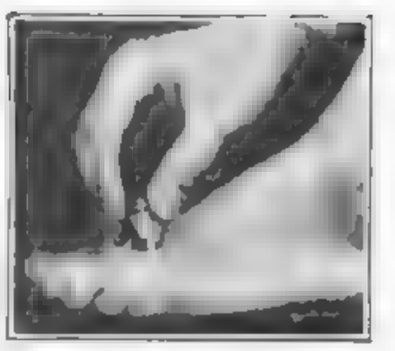
Then there was a volley; again the chief fell from his horse dead, with many of his companions, and again the charge was broken. The brave little band of fifty had many killed and wounded and almost starved during the repeated assaults, but in the end the Indians retired. The captain in charge of the gallant fifty was a Regular Army man named Forsythe, detailed by General Phil Sheridan. The surgeon in the party also was from the Regular Army, a nephew of Henry Ward Beecher, and was killed early in the fighting.

On the trip with Pomeroy we employed a liveryman to drive us to the end of the railroad at Stockton, near which town we encountered the poorest team I had ever seen. The driver was collecting wood along the banks of a depression called Deer Creek. The team, the wagon, the scanty wood on the wagon, were so forlorn that I offered to bet Pomeroy, who was an aristocrat, that the driver was related to me. Pomeroy was very fond of his Boston ancestry and I was always shocking him by telling how different mine was. He was amused, but soon forgot the incident.

I knew my Aunt Sarah lived on a farm near Stockton and we had arranged to drive out to see her, as we were to spend an entire day in the town. Next morning Pomeroy, usually a late sleeper, was up bright and early, eager to make the drive out to see my Aunt Sarah, I had told him so much about her.

Five or six miles out in the hills, and after we had crossed a river without a drop of water in it, we met a farm wagon being driven to town by a young man. On the front seat was my Aunt Sarah. She was greatly changed. I had seen her last as a pretty young woman, the bride of a soldier lately returned from the war, and now she had grandchildren. But I knew her and she knew me. The young man at her side was her son George. I proposed that if he would drive Pomeroy back to town I would drive the wagon and visit with Aunt Sarah on the way, which arrangement was agreed to.

In the rear of the wagon were two neighbor women, sitting on split-bottom chairs,



One Drop

Stops most painful corn in 3 seconds

HERE is a new and different way to treat a corn or a callus. One drop stops all pain. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance, in comfort, **instantly and at once.** Acts like a local anaesthetic; really amazing

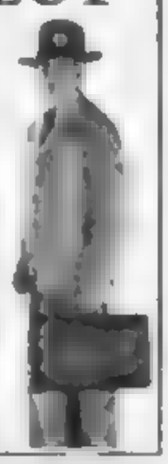
Then soon the corn shrivels and loosens. You peel it off like dead skin. No more dangerous paring

Works alike on any corn or callus no matter where it is, how old or how painful. Ask your druggist for "Gets-It" You will be delighted

"GETS-IT" World's Fastest Way

SELL DIRECT

make good money
$50 to $100 a week
selling all wool, made-to-measure clothes at $25 retail



Commissions of $4 to $6 on every sale. Over 100 samples. 6 day delivery. Traveling case FREE. Guarantee of satisfaction bonded by U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Co.

Write at once for full details and option on exclusive territory for fall.

Homeland Tailoring Co., Inc.
218-220 E. Lexington St.
Dept. E Baltimore, Md.

INDIA PRODUCES THE WORLD'S FINEST TEA

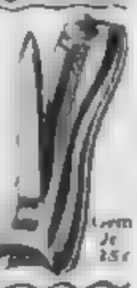
Look for the map of India on the package before you buy

Issued by the Growers of India Tea

"O. K. All Day"

Even after changing a tire or work in the garden, you can keep your nails always neatly cleaned, trimmed and filed, with Gem, the handy manicure. Smaller than a cigarette, but it's the biggest possible help to a refined appearance. At your druggist or cutlery dealer.

The H. C. COOK CO., 5 Beaver St. Ansonia, Conn.



Gem Clippers

$2 to $4 an Hour is Easy

Make money with Christmas Greeting Cards in Box Assortments. Our Comic Assortment ... 21 ... Cards and Folders, each with an appropriate Silver Engraving, French water coloring, sparkling metallic, gold and silver effects, panelling and bordering. Sells for $1.00, costs you 50c. Easily sold in spare time.

Write immediately for particulars and free samples

WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS 7 Water Street, Dept. 90, Boston, Mass.

PATENT-SENSE, free book for inventors seeking largest deserved profits. Established 1869. Write LACEY & LACEY, 774 F St., Washington, D. C.

MAKE Extra money selling our distinctive line of Personal Christmas Cards made to order. Striking designs. High commissions. Selling outfit free. Big season on. Write for samples. KLEIN CO. 246 No. Water Street, Rochester, N. Y.

And whose fault is it?

Yours, Mr. Man—you kept putting off fixing that leak in the roof. You never thought it was going to pour torrents some night, drip water through the ceilings, arouse baby with the excitement. Some mess!

Well, perhaps this hasn't actually happened to *you*. But it's a picture of what may happen if you don't stir into action on that roof that is getting ready to leak. There's really no reason for wasting a day longer when you can fix it so easily, quickly and economically with Rutland Roof Coating.

Makes roofs permanently watertight

It's no trouble at all to apply Rutland Roof Coating. Spreads on just as easily as paint. It requires no mixing, thinning or heating. It makes your roof *lastingly* watertight. You save the expense of frequent repairs, a new roof or leak damages.

Rutland Roof Coating provides a perfect roof of asphalt and asbestos—*a tough mineral covering*. Not a drop of tar in it. It will not sag, harden, peel or blister. The coating is elastic—adapts itself to the expansion and contraction of the roof. For every kind of roof (except shingles). Over thirty other uses, such as waterproofing foundation walls.

It will pay you to insist on Rutland Roof Coating (or No. 4 Paste) at your hardware or paint store. If your dealer hasn't it, mail coupon below. Rutland Fire Clay Company (Established 1883), Rutland, Vermont. *Also makers of Rutland Patching Plaster.*

The name RUTLAND guarantees its service in the long years to come.

RUTLAND FIRE CLAY COMPANY
Dept. B-54, Rutland, Vermont.
Without obligation, please send me more information about Rutland Roof Coating with name of nearest dealer.

Name

Address

My dealer's name

but she did not introduce them to me. George and Pomeroy soon disappeared in a cloud of dust with the livery team and I drove slowly along, braking the heavy wagon when we encountered the hills. At our feet were a lot of crocks and tin buckets.

"Butter and eggs for the stores in town?" I asked.

She said the crocks and tin buckets contained butter and eggs, but they were for her daughter Lucy, who lived in Stockton. On arriving there she directed me to drive down by the railroad station, where in a little frame house her daughter lived. Lucy was married and had a baby. After visiting awhile with my new-found relative, I was anxious to go uptown, but my cousin insisted that I remain until her husband returned. He had heard of me, she said, and would be disappointed if he did not meet me.

"Here he is now," she said presently; "he has just driven up."

And then there stalked into the room the man we had met the afternoon before on Deer Creek, who, as I had predicted, was related to me. He had married my cousin. Pomeroy, when he heard the story, was greatly amused, but would not believe it until I took him to see the man.

Forty years later I was in a Pullman smoking room and fell into conversation with the only other occupant, a man who lived at Stockton. My fellow traveler had known Aunt Sarah and told me that my cousin Lucy's husband died when she was only nineteen years old, and that later she married a man of great wealth in California. How the wheel of fortune turns!

XXII

ALTHOUGH the Atchison Globe has no opposition now, and has not had in many years, for a long time the people of the town had a notion that two papers were necessary, and as often as I killed off a rival they aided a new man to come in. Over and over I caught special friends at this; one even bought the failing opposition paper himself and tried to run me out. After I became old I discovered many things about friendship I did not realize before, but this is not said with bitterness; probably my friends have been as faithful to me as I have been to them. In studying others I discover a good many faults of my own.

I once heard an editor say an honest newspaper is impossible, there is so much natural opposition to honest measures. I believe the most worthy and useful paper I ever knew had most bitter enemies, most of them among excellent citizens. An editor's rivals found public sentiment against him and his natural excuses are never fairly considered. There is always demand for a campaign of abuse against an editor, particularly if he is successful. The great weakness of newspapers is that the people have too much voice in their management; many objectionable things appear in them because editors are not permitted to use their own judgment.

One of the frequent campaigns of abuse against the Atchison Globe resulted in the greatest compliment ever paid me, and since I have freely acknowledged many faults, I beg the reader's indulgence for mentioning this credit.

Several years ago two men bought the Atchison Champion for a few hundred dollars, its fortunes were so low. I had killed it off several times, and for a month or more it had appeared as a weekly, only the date line being changed—"to preserve the franchise," the owner said.

The new owners made a vigorous attempt to revive it. The vigor they decided on was mainly abuse of me. I had lived in the town a long time and accumulated enemies, some of them creditable; for there is such a thing as creditable enemies. One of the men who thus looked up my record was Jay E. House, now a feature writer for the Philadelphia Public Ledger, so this competitor was no weakling. His partner was Ewing Herbert, long a prominent Western editor and also a man of ability. There were other capable writers on the paper, but these two especially gave the world the details of my private life.

I paid no attention to it—I had finally learned that lesson—but worked hard to get out every day as good a paper as I could.

At the end of three months I was waiting around the office for the opposition paper to be thrown in and see what new atrocity had been charged against me. When it came, I found that Messrs. House and Herbert had jointly signed a valedictory editorial announcing that the paper would be suspended that day. And then followed the most complimentary reference ever made to me.

A good many citizens of Atchison, they said, had called them into dark stairways to tell dark tales about me, but careful investigation revealed that none of them were true; and Messrs. House and Herbert added that not one of the talebearers was as good a citizen as they believed me to be.

Here was evidence from rival editors that I stood fairly well with my fellow citizens after long associations, and there is no higher commendation for a man. Both men have since written that they assailed me in the hope of drawing my fire and thus advertising their efforts at opposition, but that in investigating the tales borne to them by my enemies they found nothing more serious than is true—alas—of any man who lives, works, hungers and has opposition in all his affairs.

The House-Herbert editorial is reasonable evidence that I had behaved fairly well up to the time of its appearance. As to my conduct since that time, I offer this: On the twenty-ninth of April, 1927, I was given a dinner in New York. Bruce Barton, who has written two religious books of great fame, told me, and afterward wrote, that the assembly was as good a showing of notables as he had ever seen in the big town. On the morning of the twenty-ninth, New York papers estimated the attendance at two hundred men and women. Jay E. House, one of the signers of the editorial mentioned above, was at the speakers' table, and Mr. Herbert wrote for his newspaper a long and friendly reference to the great compliment that had been paid me so far from home.

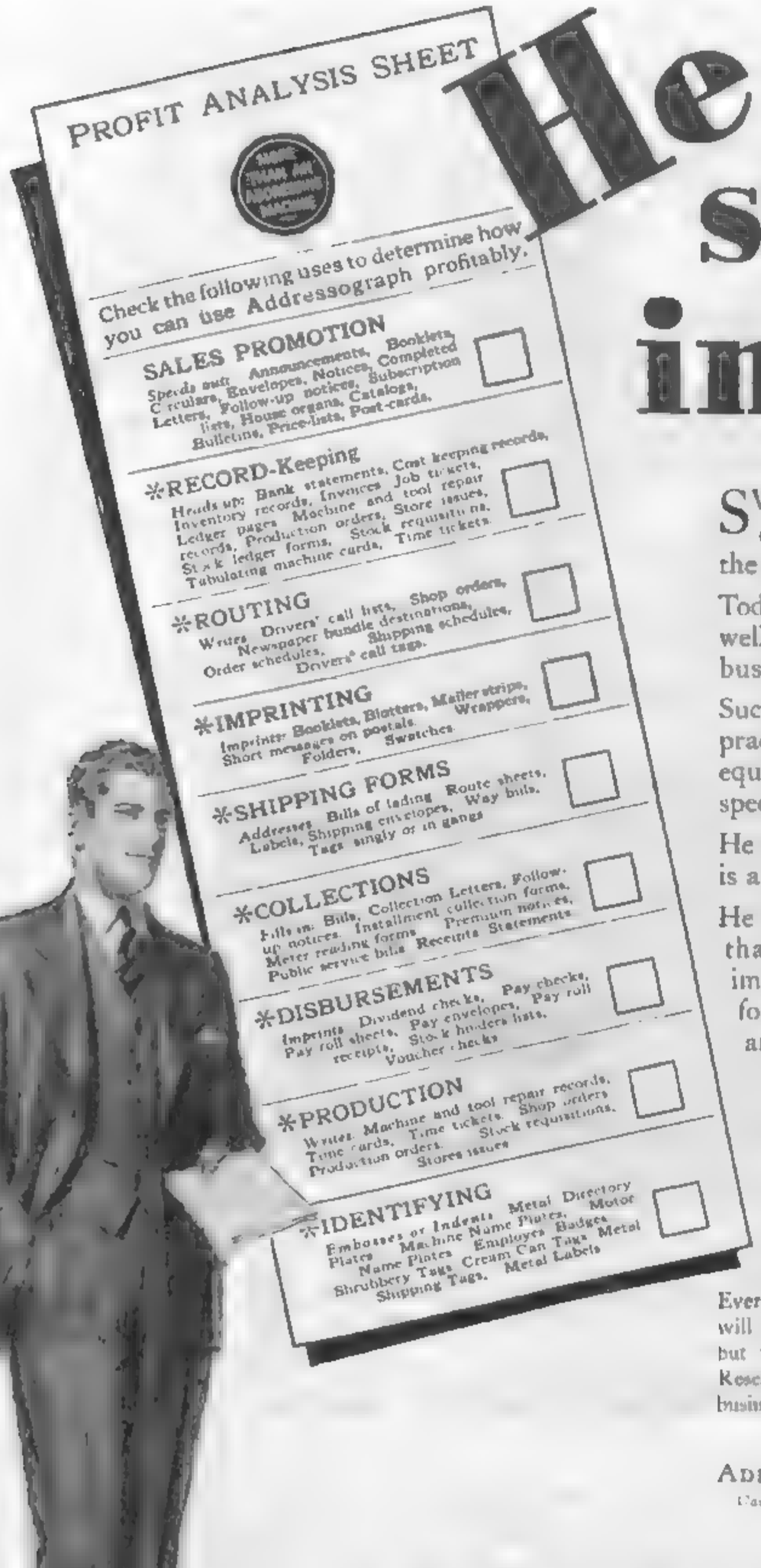
I was given a fiftieth-anniversary watch, Cyrus H. K. Curtis making the presentation speech. The watch was inscribed as follows:

Presented to E. W. Howe by admiring friends to commemorate his fifty years of inspiring service in American journalism. April 29, 1927.

In the same year the Commercial Club of Atchison, aided by all the civic clubs, gave a dinner in honor of my fiftieth anniversary in Atchison. Three hundred attended, and many could not be accommodated. William Allen White made a talk and said it was the finest compliment ever paid a country editor. It is at least true that no other citizen of Atchison has been honored in an equally generous way. The Kansas City Journal, in its notice of the dinner, said every minister in town was present.

The men who managed the New York and Atchison dinners, the men and women who attended, and the writers of the House-Herbert editorial, will never know how much they pleased me. We all carry scars from childhood on our hearts as well as on our fingers and toes, and of all the incidents of my life, the three referred to above have helped me most in trying to forget disturbing memories. So I have requested that newspaper notices of the Atchison and New York dinners and a copy of the House-Herbert editorial be placed in my grave as evidence to my future judge, if I have one, that I lived among my fellow men with reasonable uprightness. I have blundered and been humiliated for many minor discrepancies, but in the higher walks of misconduct, I am proud and grateful that such witnesses testify my average has been reasonably good.

(TO BE CONTINUED)


PROFIT ANALYSIS SHEET
Check the following uses to determine how you can use Addressograph profitably.
SALES PROMOTION
Speeds out: Announcements, Booklets, Circulars, Envelopes, Notices, Completed Letters, Follow-up notices, Subscription lists, House organs, Catalogs, Bulletins, Price-lists, Post-cards.
*RECORD-Keeping
Heads up: Bank statements, Cost keeping records, Inventory records, Invoices, Job tickets, Ledger pages, Machine and tool repair records, Production orders, Store issues, Stock ledger forms, Stock requisitions, Tabulating machine cards, Time tickets.
*ROUTING
Writes: Drivers' call lists, Shop orders, Newspaper bundle destinations, Order schedules, Shipping schedules, Drivers' call tags.
*IMPRINTING
Imprints: Booklets, Blotters, Mailer strips, Wrappers, Short messages on postals, Folders, Swatches.
*SHIPPING FORMS
Addresses: Bills of lading, Route sheets, Labels, Shipping envelopes, Way bills, Tags singly or in gangs
*COLLECTIONS
Fills in: Bills, Collection Letters, Follow-up notices, Installment collection forms, Meter reading forms, Premium notices, Public service bills, Receipts, Statements.
*DISBURSEMENTS
Imprints: Dividend checks, Pay checks, Pay roll sheets, Pay envelopes, Pay roll receipts, Stock holders lists, Voucher checks
*PRODUCTION
Writes: Machine and tool repair records, Time cards, Time tickets, Shop orders, Production orders, Stock requisitions, Stores issues
*IDENTIFYING
Embosses or Indents: Metal Directory Plates, Machine Name Plates, Motor Name Plates, Employee Badges, Shrubbery Tags, Cream Can Tags, Metal Shipping Tags, Metal Labels

He stands out in the crowd

SWIFT COMPETITION in today's business gives every man his chance. If he is ready, he walks through the door to bigger things. If he hesitates, the door swings shut.

Today, the valued employee is the one who does his work well and is constantly on the alert for new ideas, better business methods, ways and means of building profits.

Such an employee keeps pace with modern business practices. Among other things, he is an authority on office equipment. He suggests ways for saving time and labor, speeding up work, increasing efficiency.

He stands out in the crowd! He is promoted because he is a profitable investment for his company.

He knows, for instance, that the Addressograph is more than an addressing machine—that it can be used for imprinting, listing and addressing 165 distinct business forms 10 to 50 times faster than with pen or typewriter, and errors are impossible.

The Research Bureau of the Addressograph Company is anxious to help such ambitious employees. This Bureau is the centralization of the actual experiences over a period of 35 years of thousands of Addressograph users in over 3000 different lines of business and non-commercial activities. Upon request this Bureau will supply detailed information concerning the profitable ways of using Addressograph equipment as outlined on the Profit Analysis Sheet.

Every business executive should check the Profit Analysis Sheet. Not only will it give him a new conception of the broadness of Addressograph service but will also suggest many money-saving and money-making ideas. Our Research Bureau will be glad to co-operate with any interested employee or business executive. If desired, an individual survey of your business will be made.

Sales and service agencies in the principal cities of the world

ADDRESSOGRAPH COMPANY, 901 W. Van Buren St., Chicago

Canada [illegible] Vancouver, Montreal. *European head office and factories* [illegible]

Manufacturers of Graphotype Addressograph Dupligraph [illegible]

Addressograph

TRADE MARK

PRINTS FROM TYPE

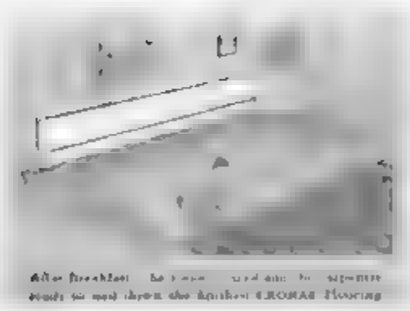
Super-speed an [illegible] range of service.

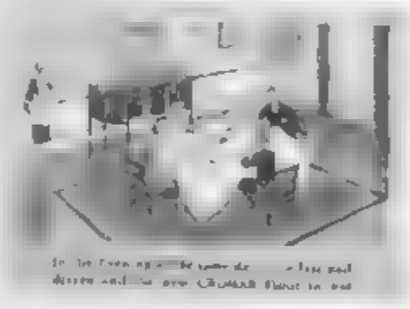
Electric models [illegible] every [illegible]

Hand models for addressing [illegible] of names and records.

Machines for every size and kind of business—from [illegible] Prices from $70 to $4400

** More than an Addressing Machine*





A CROMAR OAK FLOOR

is laid and used the same day

—because, like furniture, it is completely finished at the factory: scraped, sanded, filled, twice varnished, and treated to resist moisture!

A CROMAR Oak Floor is ready to use when it is nailed down. In other words, when the numerous operations of hand-finishing ordinary flooring begin—that's when CROMAR owners are actually enjoying their new oak floor!

CROMAR offers you the most amazingly simple way of changing a worn softwood floor (at best never more than a make-shift), to an oak floor whose rich beauty will be your lasting pride. The completely finished strips of CROMAR reach you carefully *crated*. You clear the room. Then any two carpenters will nail the strips right over your old floor. Rugs and furniture are put in place—and, that same day, you have a room transformed.

But CROMAR brings you other benefits—whether it is used for covering old floors, or in new homes. And its cost is no greater than that of a hand-finished oak floor. Write for booklets which tell of CROMAR'S numerous technical advantages in an interesting, non-technical way.

CROMAR is sold by lumber dealers, but carpenters and contractors install it. Consult any of these for further information. If you have the slightest trouble in getting satisfaction, write us and we shall give your inquiry immediate personal attention.

THE CROMAR COMPANY
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

CROMAR
FACTORY FINISHED
Oak FLOORING

Send for a free sample of Cromar and try the famous Cromar Hammer Test on its surface! You will, of course, dent the wood and crack the varnish, but the Cromar varnish will not flake off—as does an inferior brittle varnish

WAR PROFITS AND POSTWAR LOSSES

(Continued from Page 33)

$7,600,000,000 in 1920. Retiring farmers who sold out at high prices—and did not later have to take their farms back—cashed in heavily on the prevalent speculation, but young farmers who bought in at high prices saddled themselves with a crushing impost. In the speculative inflation of land values, participated not only farmers but country merchants, country bankers and city speculators. The injury then done to farmers by speculation of nonfarmers will not be measurable for years.

With rising land values between 1910 and 1920, farm mortgages expanded. Exact records making clear the purposes of borrowings of farmers over the decade are not available; but it may be assumed that in large part they were constructive, if overextended. Most of the money was borrowed for investment of one kind or another—land, buildings, improvements, new implements, pure-bred stock—in short, expansion and improvement of plant. Further, loans were used for modernization of dwellings, household furnishings, conveniences and automobiles. Also, regrettably, farm money was put into blue-sky ventures, in some states in large amounts.

The extent of increase of mortgages may be well shown for one group—the one representing the most stable element in our agriculture—farmers operating fully owned farms. According to the census of 1910 there were 3,354,897 farmers operating fully owned farms. Of these, 30 per cent reported mortgage debt to the extent of $1,726,000,000, against a valuation of land and buildings of $6,330,000,000. In 1920 the number of farmers working fully owned farms was reported as 3,366,510. Of these 35 per cent reported mortgage debt to the extent of $4,004,000,000 against a valuation of land and buildings of $13,776,000,000. Both increases are significant, but even the increase in mortgage debt could not have been regarded as excessive if the valuation had been factual.

The Mortgages Remain

But when land values declined, the mortgages remained. Also, during the following five years, new mortgages were added. The new borrowings were for the most part not constructive but liquidative—including refundings, conversion of floating debts into mortgage form and fresh borrowing to pay maturing debts outside the farm. According to the agricultural census of 1925, the number of farmers operating fully owned farms was 3,313,490. Of these, 34 per cent reported mortgage debt to the extent of $4,517,000,000 against a valuation of land and buildings of $10,790,000,000. With some increase of mortgage debt, land values had declined heavily. The annual service charge on mortgage debt, the interest the farmers have to pay, remains a heavy and disproportionate burden. Farmers used to stand low prices for products because they looked on rising land values as deferred compensation; when trust in higher land prices fails, low prices for products become intolerable with high-interest charges. For the mortgaged farms of full owners, the index number of interest charge in 1925 must have been around 260, on the basis of 1910 as 100.

Farm labor costs in 1919 were high in dollars, but were not regarded as disproportionately high. But with decline of farm prices, the wages of farm workers did not decline correspondingly. In this, farm labor held with city labor. As result of organization, restriction of immigration and the widespread policy of manufacturers that high-wage scale is compatible with low-labor cost, all wages have been maintained surprisingly since 1920. G. F. Warren, widely revered as the dean of American farm economists, regards the lag in wages when deflation occurred as the major factor in farm distress. The index number of farm labor was given on July 1, 1928, as 170, on the basis of the prewar 100, indicating that farmers still suffer substantial disability in this regard.

Taxes mounted somewhat prior to 1919, rapidly during 1919–20, and remain high. Farm taxes are largely state, county and local. Few farmers pay income taxes, and other Federal taxes touch the country districts lightly. High state and local taxes are to pay for improvements in roads, public buildings, drainage, flood control, improved services of schools and other social and civic functions. Many of the improvements were set up at relatively high prices. These improvements are in themselves desirable. But there is little doubt that direct taxation falls disproportionately heavily on land.

Hindsight is Easy

Following the deflation of farm-land values, the burden of the taxes devised for higher land values has been heavy. To a surprising extent, in some sections of the country, taxes on land equal cash rental on land. According to the United States Department of Agriculture, the index number of taxes in 1927 was 253, with 1914 as 100. Atkeson, long prominent in the National Grange, has remarked that "the steadily mounting rate of local taxation since the war is the cause of the major portions of the farm problems."

As John R. Commons puts it: "The farmer's burden of taxes and debts has been increased both by the larger amount of taxes and debts payable in money, and by the larger amount of commodities required to be sold in order to pay the same amount of taxes and debts."

Disparity between farm selling prices and farm buying prices, on the one hand, and on the other, the high charges for labor cost, taxes and interest, have compressed the farmer from two sides. Income has been relatively low, outgo relatively high. The disparity between buying and selling prices is being gradually reduced, and purchasing power of farm products is now not much below par, according to the index used by the United States Department of Agriculture. Indeed, for some agricultural products, the purchasing power is above the prewar par; for others, however, it is still somewhat low.

But the burden of wages, taxes and interest is not readily ameliorated. The farmer can reduce his hired labor only by substituting machinery; but implements require capital outlay. Until reform of the tax system is accomplished, whereby farm land is taxed less and other property and resources taxed more, taxes can be reduced only by checking improvements and lowering existing social and civic services. Interest charges cannot be reduced except as farmers are able to refund at lower interest level, which is in most instances difficult.

Farmers find in the rural press interpretations of the price deflation that remind one of the free-silver doctrine. Deflation has been often referred to as "the crime of 1920," but inflation is not referred to as "the crime of 1919." Hindsight is easy. If there had been stable currencies the world over, and all countries had operated on the gold standard, price movements might have been conjectured in a manner not possible in a world of depreciated currencies.

It is easy to say that our Treasury should not have shut off foreign loans in 1919. Also, it is easy to say that if we had canceled our war debts in 1919 and spread corresponding new credits over a decade, the boom and panic would never have occurred. It is easy to say that the Federal Reserve System should not have raised the rediscount rate in the summer of 1920 and

Why do the women of rural France belabor the clothes they wash?

TRAVELERS are often puzzled to see these women as they wash out clothes along the banks of country streams. After the soapy water is absorbed by the garments, they are then laid upon smooth, flat rocks, and vigorously beaten with wooden paddles.

The provincial French women follow a primitive method of accomplishing, in part, what American housewives achieve better by the use of the mechanical clothes-wringer.

The French woman uses sheer muscular strength, applied with more zeal than science. The American woman employs a gentle, resilient pressure, thoroughly and evenly distributed, through the medium of the power-wringer that is so important a part of the modern washing machine.

But both methods recognize the necessity for loosening the dirt from the fibres of the fabric by pressure, in conjunction with washing and rinsing.

The Wringing is a Part of the Washing—
whether you use a hand operated or a power wringer

Semi-drying is only a secondary function of the wringer. The wringer actually supplements the work of washing in removing the soil from the fabric. This is proved by the fact that fabrics after having been run through a wringer dry out whiter than if dried without wringing.

Before clothes are washed, dirt or soil is lodged in the interstices of the textile fibres. Soap-and-water, slushed through the fabric again and again by the washing process, dissolves and carries off most of the dirt and soil.

But, even after the thorough treatment that occurs in the "tub" or in the washing machine, the final part of the washing process remains to be done by the wringer.

For it is then that the more tenacious dirt and soap should be gently but firmly squeezed from the fibres. That is what the wringer accomplishes, simultaneously with the removal of excess water.

So the wringer, as it dries the clothes sufficiently for hanging, also completes the washing—and that is why a Lovell Wringer, with its proper-pressure, semi-soft rubber rolls, is just as important a part of the washing today as it was when the washing process was done by hand.

Leading makes of household washing machines have Lovell Wringing Equipment. The Lovell brand on the rubber rolls shows that the washing machine manufacturer has spared no expense to give you the best.

Write for a copy of the Lovell Booklet—
"Wringing—the Secret of a Whiter Wash"—sent free

LOVELL MANUFACTURING CO., *Erie, Penna.*

©L. M. Co. 1928

LOVELL

HAND WRINGERS POWER

AND WRINGER ROLLS

Argument Proves Nothing

For more than a thousand years the philosophers argued about whether two pieces of the same metal, one large and the other small, if dropped simultaneously from an equal height, would hit the ground at the same time.

In all that time neither side was able to convince the other—each was of the same opinion still.

Finally, a man with a practical turn of mind startled the philosophers by saying:

"Why not test it? Drop the pieces and see what happens."

They made the test. Both pieces landed exactly together—and incidentally ruined a perfectly good argument.

✓ ✓ ✓

By the same token, a thousand years of argument will not settle the question of which is the best adding-calculating machine for your work—which of them all, the Comptometer or any other, will prove most economical in actual service?

Only a test—a real working test—covering a cross-section of all your figure work will supply that proof. Such a test leaves no room for argument.

Then why not apply the final test at the start?

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO.

1723 N. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

CONTROLLED-KEY

Comptometer

REG. TRADE MARK

ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

If not made by Felt & Tarrant it's not a Comptometer

Only the Comptometer has the Controlled-key safeguard

restrained bank credit at that time. But it is just as easy to say that the low rediscount rate and the easy credits of 1919 should have been controlled.

It is easy to say that the collapse in the silk price began in New York and not in Japan; but with all respect for America as Gold Mistress of the World, our farmers can hardly believe that producers of silk in Asia, of rubber in the Malay States, of jute in India, of wool in Australasia, of sugar in Java, of cotton in Egypt and of hides in Argentina can all hold this country responsible for the deflation of 1920–21.

A widespread and profound deflation has deep causes. The mistake is made of regarding the deflation and disregarding the inflation. A true shock absorber should work in both directions; and when it is urged that the Federal Reserve System should have cushioned the fall of prices, it ought to be realized that the higher the flight, the harder the fall. Insurance against inflation and deflation has been devised for no country. The gold prices of farm products tend to fluctuate more than the gold prices of manufactures. It is becoming the vogue to say that we should have a managed currency to stabilize gold values and prevent fluctuations in prices—in itself a consummation devoutly to be wished. But it is folly to urge that the decline in gold value during 1919 and the increase in gold value during 1920–21 were devised for the purpose of mulcting agriculture.

Who was responsible for land speculation? Many farmers bought more land, but also many farmers sold land; for every young farmer who bought in at boom price, an old farmer retired with a competency. Records of transfers of land from farmer to farmer cannot explain the speculation in land during 1919–20. Country bankers, country merchants, country real-estate dealers—these more than farmers carried on the speculation that drove land prices up to unsupportable heights. If the bankers had been less generous before 1921, they might have been more generous after 1921. It is the particular misfortune of the boom in land that townsmen start the land boom and the farm community pays the bill.

Farmers With Reserves

Troubles make men retrospective. Many farmers wonder if any part of their disabilities might have been avoided. Recognizing that farm distress has been cumulative and composed of several elements, farmers endeavor to measure the several factors separately. Naturally, it has occurred to many farmers who before the war had tried to build up reserves that if their reserves had been larger when deflation was precipitated in 1920, they would have been able to ward off certain disabilities. Taxes since 1921 would have been more bearable if they could have been paid in part with reserves accumulated prior to 1921.

Farmers with reserves borrowed less than farmers without them. Many farmers operating fully owned farms had no mortgage debt in 1910, in 1920 and in 1925. Farmers were thus led to wonder why their reserves were not larger as the result of ten years of prosperous agriculture. Naturally, the thought comes to many farmers that if prices received for their products during the war had been higher, their savings represented in reserves would, other things being equal, have been larger.

What were the prices received for farm products during the war? It is difficult to represent prices in downright figures, because for each product there is a range of prices, which varies between regions and within regions. Approximations are secured with the use of index numbers. The all-commodity wholesale price index number is a weighted national average of prices. It is possible to separate the agricultural from the nonagricultural commodities and secure corresponding index numbers, thus enabling one to compare the wholesale price index number of agricultural commodities with that of nonagricultural commodities. Index numbers have been prepared both for farm prices and for terminal prices of farm products. The prices with which farm prices would best be compared would be retail prices, but no retail price index number exists for all commodities. The position of farm prices, the purchasing power of farm prices, may be most readily estimated by contrasting the wholesale price index number of farm products with the wholesale price index number of all commodities and of nonagricultural commodities. It is also practical to contrast the index number of producers' prices with the all-commodity wholesale price index number.

Agriculture Above Par

The prices of agricultural products, judged by wholesale index numbers, stood above the prices of nonagricultural products from early in the war until near the close of the fiscal year 1919–20. This has been well shown in graphic form by Black in charts published in June, 1928, in the American Economic Review. The indexes of wholesale agricultural prices, of prices paid to producers and of wholesale nonagricultural prices were close together during 1914–16; during 1917, 1918 and the first half of 1919 the indexes of wholesale nonagricultural prices were substantially lower than the other indexes. The gross value of farm products was above the wholesale price level from 1915 until nearly the close of 1919. Also, the buying power of farm income was above par until early in 1920, having been around 130 during the two years 1917–18. The same inference is reached with the use of index numbers of producers' prices.

Taking the annual weighted producers' prices published by the United States Department of Agriculture for wheat, corn, oats, cotton, cottonseed, cattle, hogs, lambs and wool, and using simple averages of their ratios to the 1909–13 prices to form index numbers, a series is secured that may be compared with the all-commodity wholesale price index number. The index numbers of producers' prices of agricultural staples, on the basis of the prewar as 100, stood uniformly above the all-commodity wholesale index numbers during the six fiscal years beginning July 1, 1914, and ending June 30, 1920. This is shown in the following table:

	Index Number of Prices of Farm Staples	All-Commodity Wholesale Price Index Number
1914–15	100	98.8
1915–16	117	110.6
1916–17	166	151.9
1917–18	232	186.7
1918–19	243	199.9
1919–20	241	226.9

The conclusion follows that the purchasing power of agricultural products as a class stood above par from the beginning of the war and through the postwar boom to the onset of deflation in 1920. The farmers were not underpaid during the war.

It is, of course, possible for producers of any crop to claim that if they had received higher prices during the war they could have saved more, accumulated larger reserves, and thus fortified themselves to bear postwar losses. But such a proposition cannot be advanced by producers of all crops. Higher prices for all agricultural products would have represented further increase in the cost of living. This would have fallen on farmers directly as consumers, and indirectly also, because the higher cost of living would have meant higher wages and higher prices for manufactures.

The argument begs the question on two points: That increased prices for farm products could have been secured without corresponding increases in expenditures by farmers, and that the increased prices, to whatever extent they might have appeared as net profits, would have been saved and not disposed of, or invested, as were the net profits actually secured.

(Continued on Page 173)

MALLORY HATS

"Cravenette"
Resists Moisture

THE HATS OF
YOUTHFUL SMARTNESS

Mallory Is The Label Of Youth

¶It is the hat of well-bred ease and elegance; the hat of sprightly self-expression; the hat of supreme excellence in material and making; the hat of commanding character for men who want to reflect theirs. Our *exclusive* "Cravenette" Process resists moisture.

¶Presented for Fall by merchants who are not only sticklers for quality, but artists in the finer features of dress.

Six To Ten Dollars

THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY, 392 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

WHERE TO BUY—*Watch for the announcements of merchants who feature Mallory Hats this season*

FIND THE LABEL—*The Mallory label is stamped on the crown and on the sweat-leather of every hat.*

Beautiful Shoes Beautifully Comfortable

FOR the women of America—the best dressed women in the world—science and the skilled fingers of master craftsmen have now created and perfected a priceless gift.

Beautiful shoes—shoes with all the grace and charm so dear to the feminine heart and yet so designed that smartness is not attained at the expense of weary, aching feet

This seeming miracle has been accomplished in the New Educator, a member of the nationally famous Educator Shoe family, that has for years led the field in scientific footwear construction

The designers of the Educator organization knew that it was impossible to make their line more hygienic or more comfortable.

These qualities had long since been perfected—endorsed by leading foot specialists throughout the country. There remained but one avenue for further improvement—style—beauty

Today we present the New Educator, a shoe that not only retains all of the old Educator principles, but in terms of design, materials, and workmanship, rivals the finest examples of the prevailing mode.

Look at the accompanying diagram and note the five Educator points that now constitute a new standard for women's beautiful shoes.

1—The foot conforming arch that makes for erect and easy poise.

2 The snug fitting heel which accentuates and complements slender ankles.

3 The tailored instep that gives perfect contour to the foot.

4—The scientific modeling that gives just the right freedom to the toes and promotes good posture.

5 The flexibility that removes much of the pull and strain of walking—permits an elastic natural step.

These five points that make for beauty, ease, the retention of the shoe's shape and long wear, you will find in all Educators, including the models for men and boys as well as those for women and children.

Visit the authorized dealer in your city and prove for yourself that the long sought combination of shoe smartness and shoe comfort has at last been realized in Educators.

"Laying the Ghost"

An expert unique in his knowledge of both shoe style and foot anatomy has written a book which explodes once for all the fallacy that "comfort" shoes cannot be good looking. If you have had trouble with your feet, if you have been sacrificing good style to comfort, send for the free booklet, "Laying the Ghost."

THE EDUCATOR
SHOE CORP. OF AMERICA
Dept. S. E. P. 9
225 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your free booklet—"Laying the Ghost."

Name .....

Street Address .....

City .....

EDUCATOR SHOES

Educator Shoes are Good but Not Expensive

Women's - $8.00 to $10.00	Infants' - - $3.00 to $3.50
Growing Girls' $6.00 to $6.50	Men's - - $8.50 to $10.00
Children's - $4.00 to $5.50 (sizes 8½ to 2)	Boys' - - $5.00 to $6.50
	Small Boys' $4.00 to $5.00

© 1928 T. E. S. CORP.

(Continued from Page 170)

If higher prices had been received, would these have eventuated in augmented annual savings and these accumulated into larger reserves? Would not higher prices have tended to more active speculation, larger use of credit and further inflation of land values? Also, higher prices would have aroused still greater temptation to investment outside the farm. So far as the war period is concerned, the plight of the farmer is not due to the money he did not make, but to the money he did make but misspent, and to postwar losses. While all farmers suffered from deflation of prices, the farmers who resisted overextension, avoided speculation and spurned investments off the farm are in an entirely different position now from those who followed the procession of boosters. Indeed, a not unreasonable argument might be advanced by a stoic to the effect that if war prices of agricultural products had been lower, there would have been less boom and smaller postwar losses, with perhaps a better position of agriculture today.

Numerous other classes than farmers feel that if their war profits had been larger they might have covered postwar losses. If war prices of glycerin had been higher, soap makers would have endured better their heavy postwar losses on vegetable oils. If war prices of copper had been higher, operators and miners would have stood better the low prices following the war. The same holds for coal. If textile mills had received higher prices for army cloth, they would have felt less keenly the part-time employment of the postwar years. If shipyards and their metal workers had received still higher prices during the war, they would not have been hit so hard by postwar losses and unemployment. There are few classes that would not have endured postwar losses better if they had received larger war profits and had held on to them.

For most farmers, dissatisfaction with war prices came as an afterthought. If farm distress, emerging from speculation and deflation, had not come over them, the war prices would not have been given further thought. The query that war prices might have been higher occurred to them only after they had lost the profits on the war prices actually received. Farmers today are suffering less from reduced purchasing power of farm products than from the irreversible fixed charges of taxes and interest.

Summarizing the foregoing: The agricultural depression since 1920 has been due to high labor costs, heavy taxes, large interest payments, relatively low selling prices for farm products—due to world-wide deflation with relatively high buying prices for industrial goods, elevation of standard of living, losses on overextension and boom investments, and retreat of land values from speculative to operative levels. Farm distress is not to be ascribed to inadequacy of prices received during the World War.

Local Boy Makes Good

By WESLEY STOUT

LAST winter the New York Sun counted up and found that there were something like 200 men and women from Little Rock, Arkansas, living in the city and occupying responsible jobs, many of them high executives

Interested, it looked more closely and discovered that most of the 200 had followed Samuel W. Reyburn from Arkansas, perhaps fifty of them at his direct inspiration, and Mr. Reyburn arrived only in 1914. Casting about for a man to wind up the bankrupt department-store business of H. B. Claflin & Company, one of the greatest mercantile failures in the records, the bankers seized upon an Arkansas banker without mercantile experience. Mr. Reyburn, born in Pine Bluff, worked in a saw mill, in a railroad freight office, studied law, sold real estate and, in 1902, founded the Union Trust Company of Little Rock.

The man from Arkansas managed the liquidation so adroitly that the bankers involved decided to reorganize and continue the business under Mr. Reyburn, instead of closing it out. Lord & Taylor, James McCreery & Co. and the Associated Dry Goods Corporation, as a result, are under the Reyburn direction today.

A Conquered City

The native New Yorkers inquired, with momentary interest, where Little Rock might be, and forgot it the next day. Little Rock is a city of 80,000 some 1400 miles from the Hudson, and the question arises, if Little Rock comes, can Kansas City and Et Cetera be far behind? The answer is that they are ahead, being larger. The next time a New York magazine jeers about the Iowans in Los Angeles, let Los Angeles send a crew of tabulators to count the Iowans in New York.

Gotham is a conquered city. A generation ago there used to be a joke current to the effect that the last native New Yorker disappeared when Wood's Museum was closed and his mummied body carted off. Variations of this wheeze still are in good standing, but all miss the point. It is easy to demonstrate that babies have been born in New York at a most gratifying rate all along.

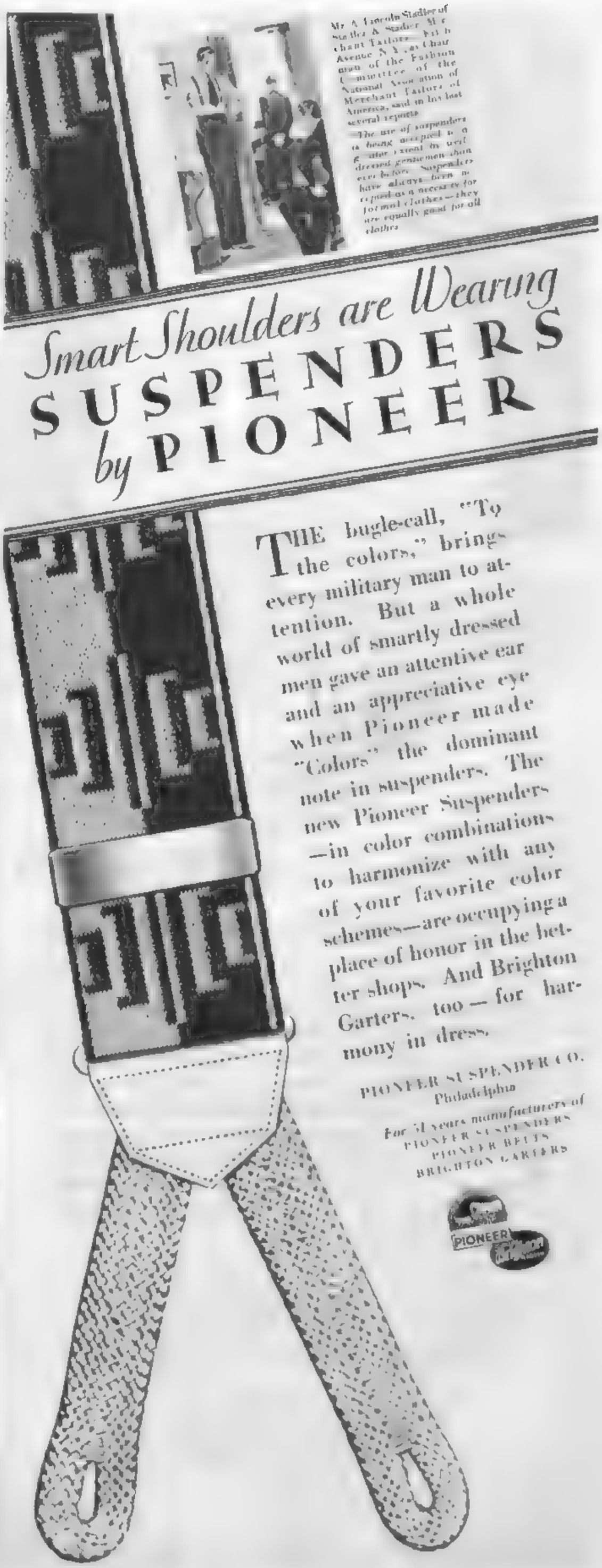
In as much as no true New Yorker ever leaves the city other than feet foremost, it is apparent that there must be several millions of them by now. The mystery, which Houdini gave up, is what they do, and the inescapable conclusion is that they work for the men and women who arrived by way of the bay, the Hudson ferries and the Grand Central and Pennsylvania terminals.

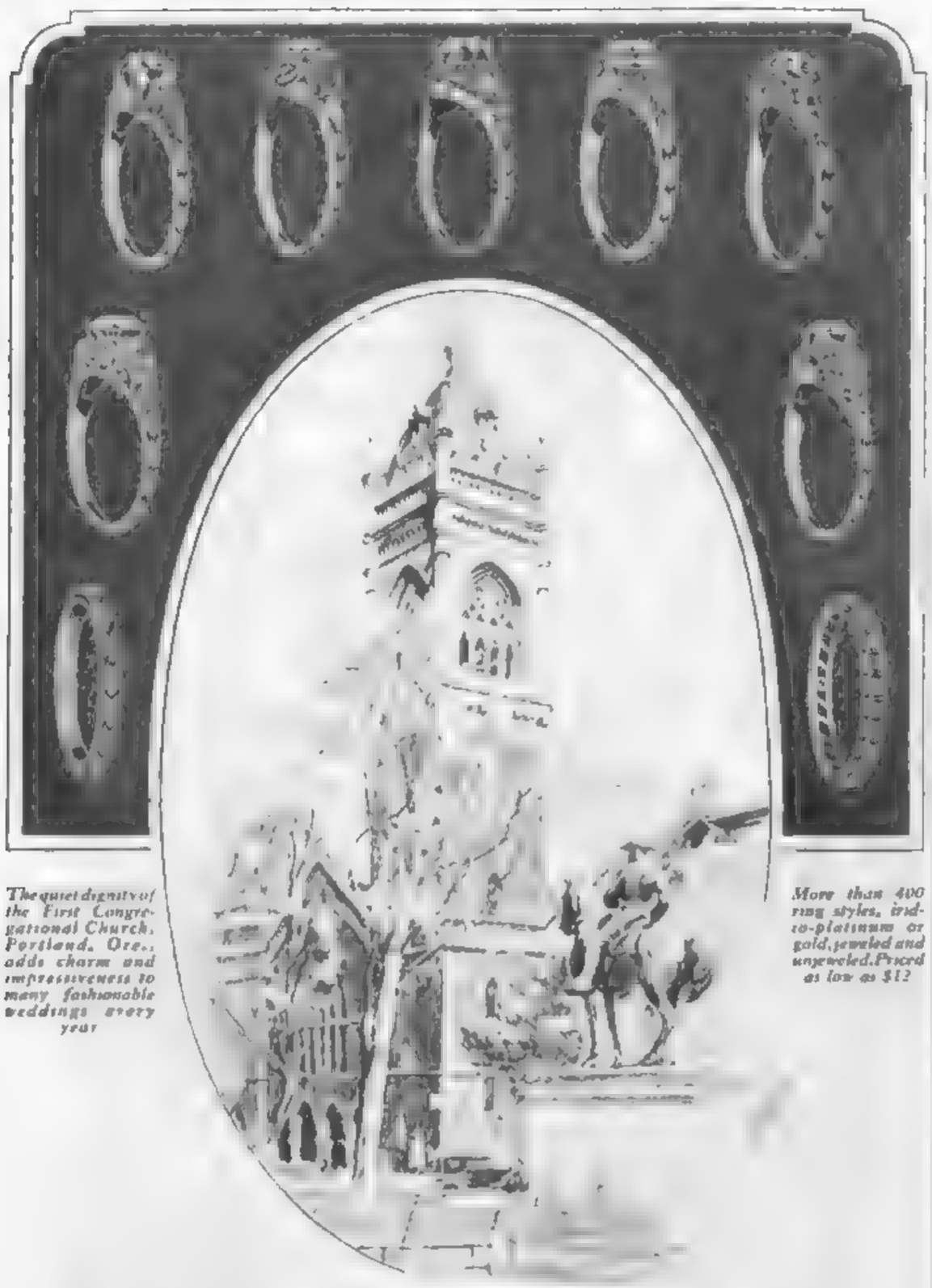
Under Main Street's Thumb

There is, admittedly, nothing historically startling in the fact that when one New Yorker is introduced to another, the courteous salutation is: "Where do you come from?" Cities always have taken pretty much what they willed in the way of talent and man power from weaker parishes; and the greater the city, the greater the gravitational force. The oldest joke in London is that every Londoner is working for a Scotchman. New York has become the great clearing house of American industry. The larger the business, the greater the pull the metropolis exerts. If there is any social significance in the phenomenon, it is that domestic immigration, to a considerable extent, has faced about, and more men now move from the West toward the greater cities than move from the East toward the cheaper land.

The joke is on both the New Yorker and the rest of the country. The native's patronage of what he calls the sticks is mildly comic in the light of the census to follow. The rest of the country's suspicion and resentment of an alien New York is at least as diverting, in view of the fact that New York largely is conducted by sons and daughters of the old home town. There remains, however, the dudgeon of the New Yorker at the way the outlanders crowd in on him and the annoyance of Main Street at the fashion in which so many of its best jump to the big city.

Little Rock's gratification at her importance in the metropolis was qualified by another emotion. "The people of Arkansas


Mr. A. Lincoln Stadler of Stadler & Stadler, Merchant Tailors, 541 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., is Chairman of the Fashion Committee of the National Association of Merchant Tailors of America, and in his last several reports
The use of suspenders is being accepted to a far greater extent by well dressed gentlemen than ever before. Suspenders have always been accepted as a necessity for formal clothes—they are equally good for all clothes
Smart Shoulders are Wearing
SUSPENDERS
by PIONEER
THE bugle-call, "To the colors," brings every military man to attention. But a whole world of smartly dressed men gave an attentive ear and an appreciative eye when Pioneer made "Colors" the dominant note in suspenders. The new Pioneer Suspenders—in color combinations to harmonize with any of your favorite color schemes—are occupying a place of honor in the better shops. And Brighton Garters, too — for harmony in dress.
PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
Philadelphia
For 51 years manufacturers of
PIONEER SUSPENDERS
PIONEER BELTS
BRIGHTON GARTERS
PIONEER



The quiet dignity of the First Congregational Church, Portland, Ore., adds charm and impressiveness to many fashionable weddings every year

More than 400 ring styles, iridio-platinum or gold, jeweled and unjeweled. Priced as low as $12

WHY THE JEWELER SAYS

'Genuine Orange Blossom'

Jewelers everywhere emphasize the *genuineness* of Traub Orange Blossom, just as discriminating buyers emphasize it . . . knowing that the Orange Blossom name and its familiar symbol carry assurance of *value* such as only Traub, in its position of unquestioned leadership, can offer. By insisting upon the genuine Traub engagement and wedding rings, you neither limit your choice nor abuse your purse . . . since Orange Blossom is moderately priced, and is available in many new, exclusive styles at all the better jewelers'.

Our delightful booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment", free on request

TRAUB MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DETROIT MICHIGAN

NEW YORK 576 Fifth Avenue
WALKERVILLE ONTARIO
SAN FRANCISCO 704 Market Street

TRAUB *Genuine*
Orange Blossom
Engagement and Wedding Rings
Trade Mark

(139 © T. M. Co., 1928

T R A U B

find pride and satisfaction," said the Arkansas Gazette editorially, "in the sons and daughters of this state who have so splendidly acquitted themselves in New York. But here at home we have a developing empire that challenges the best efforts of us all and that promises rewards which in their own way are as ample as those which may be achieved in larger and more crowded fields of effort."

If the newcomers from the provinces find the competition less formidable than feared, Mr. Reyburn has a theory. "When New York needs a man for a job," he says, "it prefers to import the finished product and put him to work immediately, rather than to train up apprentices. Young men in places like Little Rock are ready for these opportunities. Opportunities are more or less accidental, but readiness is no accident. Little Rock is the capital of a region of 1,750,000 persons; the financial, political, commercial and intellectual center. Living and working in Little Rock, a young man learns his immediate job more thoroughly; New York is too big, too specialized, too impersonal, too hurried. And he learns something more than his immediate job; he discovers a great deal about human nature, and human nature, I assert, is nine-tenths of business."

My own observation, for what it is worth, is that when a city grows as huge as New York it breaks up into neighborhoods. A boy born and reared in New York, except in families of wealth or social rating, identifies himself with his own ward or precinct. He is Yorkville, Flatbush, St. Georges or Flushing, and a New Yorker only incidentally. He grows up a parochial, and failing to see his city for the houses, knows nothing of the imaginative liquors it distills in boys and girls to whom it is scarcely more real than Carcassonne. Too, he frequently is overwhelmed and made humble by his staggering unimportance among the 6,000,000.

For every name mentioned here it would be easily possible to list five others of a dimension in the life of the city, but the monotony of such an all-day parade of names and birthplaces has necessitated dropping virtually all officers below the rank of first vice president, or the equivalent. For example, there are in the Guaranty Trust Company alone, 102 executives who were born outside of Greater New York.

Generously spotting the defense everything within forty-five minutes of Broadway, New York will be assumed here to include the metropolitan district—the westerly half of Long Island, Westchester County and the New Jersey shires immediately adjoining.

Beating Carnegie's Record

Walter Chrysler now makes his home in New York, leaving a Cincinnatian, W. Ledyard Mitchell, in immediate charge of the Chrysler works in Detroit. Mr. Chrysler commutes from his home at Great Neck to his office in his new yacht and has sold his old one to Tex Rickard. Five mornings a week a fleet of such yachts arrive from the north shore of Long Island with their commuting owners. Walter Chrysler was born in Wamego, Kansas, where his father worked for the Union Pacific Railroad, and the son began as a helper in the railroad shops at Ellis, Kansas. He has not yet been discovered by Who's Who, but in that neglect he has distinguished company.

Alfred P. Sloan, president of General Motors, also makes his headquarters in New York, though the main offices continue in Detroit. Mr. Sloan, who is a native of New Haven, is one of eighty millionaires made by General Motors within its own organization in four years. When John J. Raskob of Wilmington, then chairman of the finance committee, sailed for Europe in March, he was quoted by the New York Sun as saying, "They say that Carnegie made thirty millionaires over a period of years. Well, we made eighty of them in four years in General Motors. We induced eighty senior and junior executives to go deeply into debt to buy Motors stock. We got them to pledge themselves to buy $33,000,000 worth. They put up a total of $5,000,000 and borrowed $28,000,000. That stock is worth $250,000,000 today. All obligations have been paid off and even the juniors who put in only $25,000 a e millionaires now."

Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of General Electric and the Radio Corporation, was the first of the Youngs to quit the Herkimer County homestead which an ancestor hewed out of the wilderness a century and a half ago. Mr. Young was born on the farm, a mile from Van Hornesville, New York, and twelve miles from a railroad, in 1874. The near-by academy at East Springfield was to conclude his education; then he was to take up the Young birthright of struggle with the soil. But the boy wished to be a lawyer, and by great sacrifices he was put through St. Lawrence University and Boston University Law School. Gerard Swope, president of General Electric, is a St. Louisian.

E. M. Herr, president of Westinghouse, was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. One of the five vice presidents in New York was born in Newark; the other four are from a distance. The balance of the officers make their headquarters in Pittsburgh.

One Among Eleven

William Ziegler, president of Royal Baking Powder and owner of a racing stable, was born in Muscatine, Iowa. The executive vice president, Donald K. David, is a native of Moscow, Idaho. Another vice president, F. G. Pohndorff, was born in Port St. Mary, Spain. There is no New Yorker among the eleven principal officers of the Du Pont Rayon Company, of which L. A. Yerkes, a Philadelphian, is president.

Earl D. Babst, chairman of the American Sugar Refining Company, was born in Crestline, Ohio. The president, W. Edward Foster, is a native of Thomaston, Maine. Ralph S. Stubbs and Edward A. Weber, the two vice presidents, come from Ashland, Ohio, and Columbia City, Indiana, respectively. The American Linseed Company has as chief Robert F. Adams of Urbana, Ohio, and one vice president is the city's only representative among eight officers.

There is no New Yorker among the first ten of the American Radiator Company, headed by a Detroit man, C. M. Woolley. One of the vice presidents, A. Mertzanoff, was born in Constantinople. Major Max C. Fleischmann, chairman of the Fleischmann Company, makes his home in Santa Barbara, California. Joseph Wilshire, president and active head, is from Cincinnati, where the business originated.

Not only is New York unrepresented among the officers of the Continental Baking Corporation but only one in fourteen has lived in the city more than four years. The chairman, M. Lee Marshall, was born in the town of that name in Missouri. M. L. Livingston, president, is a Chicagoan. Paul H. Helms, president of General Baking, is a Kansan from Ottawa. The Ward Baking Company is a former Pittsburgh business.

Theodore F. Merseles, president of the J. P. Morgan controlled Johns-Manville Company, asbestos products, is one of three New Yorkers among eighteen officers, he having been born in Jersey City. He was president of Montgomery Ward when the Morgan bank drafted him to his new job.

One among eleven is New York City's representation among the principals of the American Tobacco Company. Junius Parker, chairman, is a lawyer, born in Smithfield, North Carolina, who came from Knoxville in 1899 as assistant general counsel. A Philadelphian, George W. Hill, is president. Robert S. Bradley, chairman of American Agricultural Chemical Company, was born in Meriden, Connecticut. The president, George B. Burton, is a Detroiter. Irving T. Bush, of the Bush

(Continued on Page 177)

I saw her foot before I saw her face—

A DAINTY thing in dusky, gleaming silk, shod with the trimmest, smartest little pump that ever a man saw . . . certainly, it seemed to me far too ornamental to be of any real use . . .

A show-window shoe, obviously . . . so lovely to look at . . . so seemingly un-walkable . . .

And so, as the Pullman rocked along Southampton-ward, the flat Long Island landscape rolled by unnoticed, while I gazed at that fascinating foot in the aisle, and mused upon the beauty and futility of feminine footwear.

"Eastport!" announced the porter. The foot disappeared. Its owner arose. Then down the aisle she came . . . floated, rather . . . for her feet seemed barely to touch the carpet . . . she moved with the grace of a fawn . . . perfectly poised . . . gloriously *natural* . . . show-window shoes, *indeed!* I mentally begged her pardon, as that valiant little heel vanished from view.

Of course, I can't be *certain*, but from the sheer grace of her carriage, the fluent freedom of her step, the effortless ease of her charming progress, I have not the slightest doubt but that this Lovely Lady of the Pullman wears Red Cross Shoes. Those very remarkable shoes, you know, that so happily combine foot-freedom and foot-fashion!

For, for all their Parisian chic, every pair of Red Cross Shoes is *scientifically* shaped. Built over the famous, exclusive "Limit" lasts, which were derived from averaging the actual measurements of thousands of feminine feet, Red Cross Shoes fit the feet in action as well as repose . . . insure glorious foot-freedom at every step.

And, in addition, there is the exclusive Arch-Tone support to give elastic buoyancy to ever-active insteps . . . there is also the Natural-shaped heel, comfortably roomy at the bottom, snugly narrow at the top—it does not rub, it cannot chafe, it is superbly easy on sheer stockings and on tender feet!

One simply cannot walk awkwardly in Red Cross Shoes.

Unhampered feet—effortless walking, that is the foundation for bodily beauty, for liquid motion, for *natural* grace.

The very smartest shoe store in town will show you Red Cross Shoes for street, sport or formal wear, at prices ranging from $10 to $16.50. There are also Sub-deb models from $6.50 to $8.50, and Junior models from $3.50 to $6.00.

ARCH-TONE
Red Cross Shoe

FITS THE FOOT IN ACTION AND REPOSE

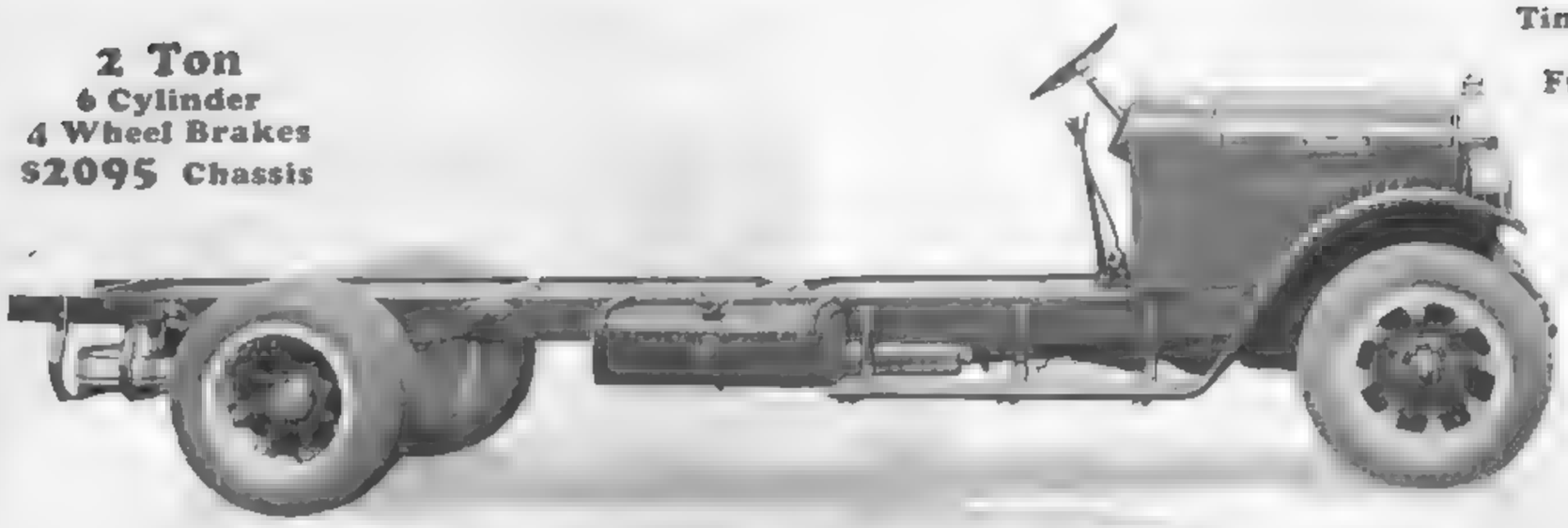
YOURS FOR THE ASKING—*This interestingly illustrated book, "Walk to Beauty," gives the views of prominent educators on the subject of correct posture, tells how many beautiful women have acquired the charm of a graceful carriage. Send for your copy. Address Dept P-9.*

© 1928, U. S. Shoe Co.

Product of THE UNITED STATES SHOE COMPANY, *Cincinnati*

2 Ton
6 Cylinder
4 Wheel Brakes
$2095 Chassis

Timken Worm Drive
Rear Axle
Full Floating Type



The NEW STEWART 2 Ton Truck is far ahead of its field

A FAST, rugged truck, the Stewart 2 tonner is ideally suited for every transportation need. Smooth, quiet and economical in operation, comfortable and easy to steer.

4 wheel brakes, 6 cylinder motor, 4 speed transmission, Timken worm drive, full floating rear axle, speedometer, electric lights and starter, large side mounted gasoline tank with gage. Price includes painting. Beyond question "America's Greatest Truck Value."

Stewarts are famous for their ability to stay on the road and out of the repair shop; 8, 10 and 12 years of constant service are not unusual Stewart records. Regardless of price, you cannot buy a better truck.

Stewart Sales are Increasing

Stewart sales in 1926 were 41% ahead of 1925 and in 1927, 45.7% over 1926. Sales to date for 1928 are still farther in the lead. Learn why!

STEWART MOTOR CORPORATION
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Export Branch: 1 BROADWAY (Dept. 11) NEW YORK CITY, U. S. A.
Cable: Bentley, A. B. C. 4th Improved (5 and 10 letters)

Models

¾ Ton
6 Cylinder . . . $895 Chassis
1 Ton
6 Cylinder . . . $995 Chassis
1¼ Ton
4 or 6 Cylinder . $1295 Chassis
1½ Ton
4 or 6 Cylinder . $1645 Chassis
2 Ton
4 or 6 Cylinder . $1975 Chassis
Worm Axle . . $2095 Chassis
2½ Ton
6 Cylinder . . . $2490 Chassis
3 Ton
6 Cylinder . . . $3490 Chassis
4 Ton
6 Cylinder . . . $4200 Chassis

All prices f.o.b. Buffalo

Sold and serviced by American LaFrance Branches in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Chicago Newark, Paterson, Easton, Elmira.

By Wichita Falls Motor Co Branches in Dallas, Houston, San Antonio, Wichita Falls, Tulsa and Oklahoma City

By Stewart Distributors and Dealers elsewhere

Factory built bodies of exceptional quality for every line of business

Stewart
MOTOR TRUCKS

3 Ton
6 Cylinder
4 Wheel Brakes
$3490 Chassis

Stewart Trucks have won—By costing less to run

(Continued from Page 174)

Terminal Company, was born in Ridgway, Michigan, but three of the other six officers are local men. The American Chicle Company is headed by a native of Bedford, Iowa, T. H. Blodgett, and only the fiscal officers are natives.

Hiram S. Brown, president of United States Leather, was born on a farm on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, eight miles from Chestertown. Eugene H. Outerbridge, leather magnate and former president of the Chamber of Commerce of the state of New York, is a Philadelphian. Charles B. Seger, president and chairman of United States Rubber, in which the Du Ponts are heavily interested, and one of the few rubber corporations to make its principal office in Manhattan, is a native of New Orleans who began as office boy for the Southern Pacific's Morgan line of coastal steamers. Among eleven principals there are two New Yorkers.

Roy E. Tomlinson, president of National Biscuit, is a Chicagoan, and of fourteen major executives in New York only one was born there. All four of the officers of Commercial Solvents who are stationed in New York are outsiders. William D. Ticknoe, chairman, is from Boston; Philip G. Mumford, president, from Rochester. Fred Hirschhorn, president of General Cigars, and the two officers next beneath him, are New Yorkers. Four of the other five are from a distance.

Matthew C. Brush, president and rehabilitator of the American International Corporation, and the world's champion director in number of offices held, was born in Stillwater, Minnesota, and came from Boston in 1922. The vice-president and treasurer, Harry A. Arthur, was born in Waverly, South Dakota, and came from Philadelphia in 1921. Patrick J. Fox, the new head of Bordens, is a Chicagoan who rose from milk-wagon driver. Saunders Norvell, new president of Remington Arms, began as stock clerk in the Simmons Hardware house in St. Louis, and George W. Simmons, who was his boss, now is a New Yorker and large owner of the Winchester-Simmons Co., competitors of Remington.

Among Mining Men

Steel, copper and the other metals assay only a trace of New Yorkers. James A. Farrell, president of United States Steel, is a native of New Haven who went, not to Yale, but to the wire mills as a laborer. Myron Charles Taylor comes from Lyons, New York. Charles M. Schwab's home town is Williamsburg, Pennsylvania, and so are Alfred A. Corey and J. L. Replogle Pennsylvanians.

Goshen, a village on the southern tip of New Jersey, was the birthplace of Eugene G. Grace, active head of Mr. Schwab's Bethlehem Steel. Mr. Grace began as an electric-crane operator. William D. Sargent, chairman of American Brake Shoe, is from Lynn, Massachusetts.

The first three officers of the American Car & Foundry, William H. Woodin, William H. Hager and W. C. Dickerman, are Pennsylvanians; the remaining seven came from Ontario, Cuba, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Connecticut and New Jersey. Joshua A. Hatfield, president of American Bridge, is a Philadelphian. Horace S. Wilkinson, chairman of Crucible Steel, came from Shellsburg, Iowa, by way of Toledo. E. C. Bowers, president of Wickwire-Spencer Steel prior to its recent receivership, is a Westfield, Massachusetts, man.

A former Omaha lawyer, assistant city attorney and park commissioner, E. J. Cornish, born in Sidney, Iowa, is the head of National Lead. As attorney for the Levi Carter estate he became president of Carter White Lead, which was absorbed by the National. All three vice-presidents are from the West. Arthur V. Davis, president of the Mellon-owned Aluminum Company of America, is a native of Sharon, Massachusetts.

The brothers Guggenheim who, among them, control half the world's copper supply, all were born in Philadelphia. Simon, the first American Guggenheim, migrated from Switzerland to Philadelphia in 1847. His son, Meyer, founded the family fortune. Having befriended an acquaintance who had a mining claim in Colorado, Meyer Guggenheim became so interested that he sent his seven sons to Pueblo in 1888 to establish the small business of M. Guggenheim's Sons' Smelting Works, out of which grew the American Smelting and Refining Company, the Utah Copper Company, and other great enterprises. Until then the Guggenheims had been engaged in the manufacture of Swiss lace in Philadelphia.

A Sign to the Future

Simon Guggenheim is president of the smelters. The chairman, E. L. Newhouse, Sr., also is a Philadelphian, and there are but two New Yorkers among the seventeen chief executives at 120 Broadway. In the same year that the first Guggenheim arrived from Switzerland, the potato famine in Ireland drove the father of John D Ryan, chairman of Anaconda and of Chile Copper, to Michigan. The father discovered the great Baltic mine in the Lake Superior country and managed the Hecla Mine, but the son turned to oil until H. H. Rogers of Standard Oil induced him to take the helm of the Amalgamated Copper Company and give battle to F. Augustus Heinze for dominance in Montana copper, and from then on the metal claimed him.

The president of Anaconda and of Chile Copper, Cornelius F. Kelley, was born prophetically at Mineral Hill, Nevada, and was assistant county attorney of Silver Bow County, Montana, when he entered the legal department of Anaconda in 1901. Walter Douglas, president of Phelps Dodge, was born in Quebec and reached New York by way of Bisbee and Kansas City. D. C. Jackling, president of Utah Copper, makes his principal office in San Francisco. He was born in Appleton City, Missouri. Stephen Birch, president of the Kennecott Copper Company, is the one native New Yorker. A graduate of Columbia School of Mines, he went to Alaska in 1897 and has been identified with Alaskan mining ever since.

J. T. Crabbs, president of Granby Consolidated Copper, was born in Decatur, Indiana, and was for twenty-one years an officer of the United States Army before he resigned in 1908 to enter business.

The coal men, as might be expected, are Pennsylvanians in many cases and New Yorkers in none. John Markle is from Hazelton; the Berwinds and Robert C. Hill, chairman of Consolidation Coal, are Philadelphians. The president of the latter corporation, George J. Anderson, was born in Portland, Maine.

W. D. Baldwin, chairman of Otis Elevator, was born in Auburn, New York. The president, J. H. Van Alstyne, was born in North Chatham, New York, and succeeded a Georgian, Floyd C. Furlow. The International Paper Company is headed by Archibald R. Graustein, who came from Boston only in 1924. New York is not represented among the sixteen executives. The chairman of Devoe & Raynolds, I. W. Drummond, is a Bostonian. E. S. Philips, president, is a native son. The next in command, E. D. Peck, was born in San Bernardino, California.

LIQUID GRANITE
FLOOR VARNISH

Make this famous million-step test in your own home

See for yourself that Liquid Granite outwears ordinary floor varnishes

ARE there bare and unsightly worn spots on your floors—places where foot traffic is a bit heavier than elsewhere about the home? Select one of these shabby points—or several—and apply Berry Brothers' Liquid Granite Floor Varnish. Conduct in your own home the famous million-step test that has so positively proven the long-wearing qualities of this product.

You will find by actual comparison that on stairs, floors between adjoining rooms and similar spots, Liquid Granite will retain its beauty and protect the surface when ordinary varnishes have long worn through.

Naturally, you'll wish to use throughout your home a varnish so good that it withstands even the grinding wear on most-used floors. The flintlike surface of floors finished in Liquid Granite is so much easier to keep clean. Too, Liquid Granite will not turn white, water will not harm it, nor will it chip or flake.

Liquid Granite is produced by the manufacturers of Berry's Insulating Lacquer, Luxeval Floor Enamel, Luxeberry Enamel, Luxeberry Wood Finish, Berryline and other wear resisting finishes.
Principal Foreign Agencies: London, S. E. 15, Hatcham Road at Old Kent Road; Paris, 54 Rue de Paris, Charenton; Berlin, W 9, Potsdamerstrasse 13; Turin, 10 Via Arsenale.

TEST THIS VARNISH YOURSELF

BERRY BROTHERS, INC., 211 Lieb Street, Detroit, Michigan
Please send me your test panel finished with Liquid Granite Floor Varnish, both gloss and dull
Dealer's Name _____ My Name _____
Address _____ City _____ State _____

BERRY BROTHERS
Varnishes Enamels and Lacquers
Detroit, Michigan 1858—70th Anniversary—1928 Walkerville Ont.

Women Who Used to Diet

Do you deny yourself many dishes because they "disagree?" A physician might tell you to eat them all! And avoid all distress from such indulgence with a harmless and efficient anti-acid. Not after every meal, nor even every day. Just often enough to neutralize over-acidity, and keep the digestive tract serenely sweet.

Get acquainted with Phillips Milk of Magnesia. It is not a medicine for dyspeptics! Just a creamy, milk-white emulsion every stomach needs at times. Thousands have learned to depend on it whenever they've over-indulged; or at any time when acidity seems to call for gentle correction. When starches and sweets overheat the skin; or turn too readily to fat.

To get perfect results, get *Phillips*. Imitations do not act the same; at least that is what many say who have tried them.

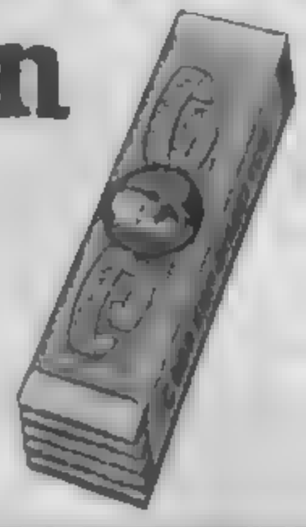
PHILLIPS
is 50 Years Old
There is no Substitute for Experience

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875

Beeman's Pepsin Gum aids digestion

Heartburn?

A flavor that is refreshing and a fine quality that has been maintained for more than thirty years have made Beeman's the choice of discriminating people. Chew it after meals. It aids digestion.



A SAGA OF THE SEA

(Continued from Page 27)

quarter, under the high poop whence red-coated marines looked down upon them. Already they reached the mizzen chains on the inboard slant of her bulging hull. Captain Harvey smiled grimly. None should deny him his place of honor, by gad! He exchanged that smile with the first lieutenant, as eagerly as himself watching every inch of their progress. Every man on the deck was equally tense in this snail-slow race. Every man craved equally for that perilous priority when the guns at last should vomit their smoke and flame and thunder—the not-to-be-surrendered privilege of the ship with which they were identified in a forgetfulness of their separate selves, the ship which to them was, boastfully, the Saucy Téméraire.

A slight figure in a cocked hat, his empty right sleeve pinned across the breast of a weather-faded blue coat adorned with four large dingy stars, a green shade over his right eye—none in the fleet but knew that shade was made by Lady Hamilton—showed himself at the bulwark of the quarter-deck. He lifted his left hand in a trumpet to his mouth, hailed them in a clear voice.

"Captain Harvey," he cried, in his somewhat nasal Norfolk twang, "I'll thank you to keep your proper station—which is astarn of the Victory!"

Captain Harvey bit his lip in mortification. "Aye, aye, My Lord!" he answered dutifully. He turned to the first lieutenant, rapped petulantly with his shoe upon the deck. "Back the mizzen topsail, Mr. Kennedy!"

The men on the Téméraire's deck had instantly recognized that familiar figure. The sight of it evoked something stronger than the stern discipline which had kept them in regulation silence. A not to be restrained enthusiasm of affection burst from those humble seamen for whom the service was but an endless imprisonment in foul-smelling ships constantly at sea, in majority violently and perhaps forever separated from dear ones left to starve, given shore leave rarely or never, meagerly fed on uneatable rations, flogged mercilessly for the most trifling of offenses, perpetually beaten to their work in the heartbreaking petty tyranny of the boatswain's mates, for whom battle meant only the possible alternative of death or crippling wounds compensated by a derisory pension.

They cheered him in an ecstasy of adoration—this frail admiral who though strict was never unjust, who thought and cared for his men as few officers thought for them. Had he not, only a day or two previously, called back the mail pinnace because the post coxswain, in his concern safely to dispatch the letters of others, had forgotten in his pocket his own letter to his wife? If to the officers he was the idolized elder brother of a band of brothers, inspiring them magnetically to emulation of his own uncompromising devotion to duty, interpenetrating them with something of his own burning genius as he lifted them to an enthusiastic comprehension of his plans; to these rough simple fellows he was as their father and they his children. More than that—in elemental appeal to their own primitively robust combativeness—he was to them the very incarnation of successful war, victory guaranteed by his mere presence.

They shouted in tempestuous vociferation: "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Nelson! Nelson! God bless you, Your Lordship! God bless you! Do not expose yourself, My Lord! Leave it to us! Leave it to us! We'll give the Crappohs a drubbing! We'll bring them all in as prizes for you, Your Honor! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

His wan face smiled. He touched his hat to them ere he withdrew beyond sight on his quarter-deck.

The Téméraire's mizzen topsail shivered as it was laid aback. The ship lost way. The Victory drew slowly ahead again, lurching on the lifting swell. Away to the right the lee column was tailing out behind the Royal Sovereign, newly recoppered and sailing "like a frigate" straight toward the enemy. In that exasperating feebleness of the breeze, yet two hours must elapse before they could join battle.

The first lieutenant descended on yet another of his periodical rounds of inspection. Besides being his duty, it gave him something to do in that suspense which must still last considerably more than an hour. He passed along the main deck, creaking and groaning in the lift and fall of the swell, partially lit from above by the central opening between the forecastle and the quarter-deck, whose skeleton overhead rafters were piled with boats and the spare booms and spars. Now it was additionally illumined in square patches of suffused sunshine from the open gun ports all along each side, a brighter flicker reflected from deep-down waves playing over the beams of the low roof, the blood-concealing red paint of the interior vividly revealed.

At each of the eighteen-pounder cannon, squat on their wooden, blood-red, timber-wheeled carriages, its crew stood up sharply in respect at his passage. Normally, for battle on a single broadside, each gun of this caliber was fought by twelve men, but in this imminence of general action the order had been given to man both sides, and the even numbers from each crew had crossed over to work the opposite corresponding gun. He passed from one to another with a cheerful word and smile to the grinning midshipmen commanding the sections under the order of a lieutenant still on deck, verified the absolute readiness to fire of these thirty nine-foot-long, forty-three-hundredweight weapons.

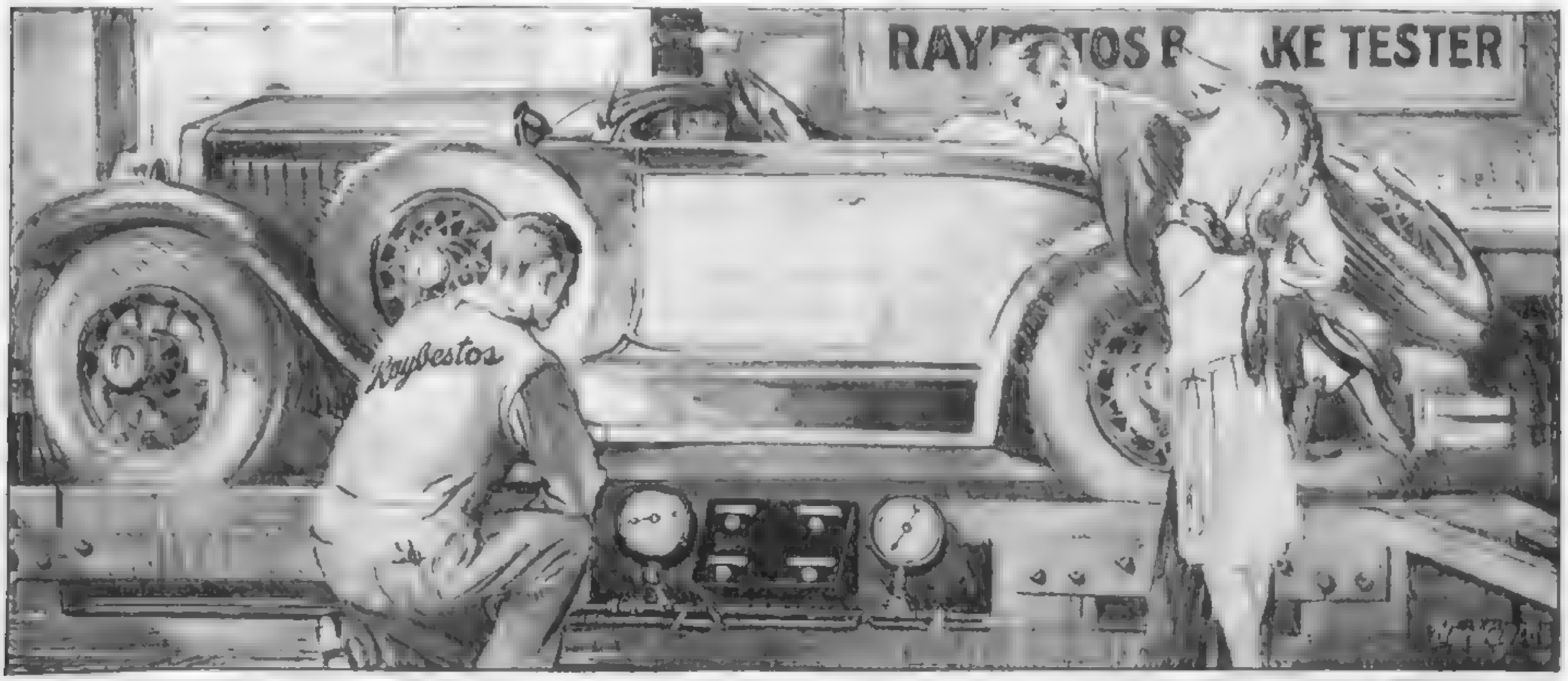
Long ago the Number Ones had gone to the gunner's storeroom to get their flint gunlocks and their square leather cases of powder-filled quills for insertion in the vent, had long ago stripped off the square leaden apron which covered the touchhole, had affixed a coiled-up lanyard to the lock, had adjusted the elevating quoins to the horizontal, had cast off the lashings. Now, priming irons in the belt of the trousers which were their only garments, they stood alert in rear of the double-shotted pieces run out through their ports by the gun tackles rove from each side of the carriages to the wall of the ship, the immensely thick double breeching ropes which would take the recoil drooping from their passage through the ring strapped to the pommelion of the gun. The other numbers, loaders, spongers, handspike men, stood in their appointed positions, flanking the carriages, every man stripped naked to the waist, a kerchief bound tightly round his head, every man with a serious frown oddly permanent even when they smiled at him with mouths discolored by tobacco juice from the quids they chewed.

Between the guns were "cheeses" of wads, the rope rings containing round shot and tubs of water hung round with already smoldering matches for use if the gunlocks failed. Other tubs of water, salt for quenching fire and fresh for quenching thirst, were placed handily convenient on the sanded floor. Amidships in a row, ready to supply both starboard and larboard batteries, the men who would feed the guns with powder stood by their piles of thick paper cartridges, and near them the ragged little powder boys, who would fetch further supplies, waited for their task to begin.

At the hatchways, their coaming racks filled with polished cannon balls additionally in readiness, stood the armed marine sentries who would prevent anyone save those boys—and they must have powder cases in their hands—from descending to the lower decks. It was all precisely in order. The first lieutenant spoke a few encouraging words, told them the present

Continued on Page 181

YOU ARE SAFE WITH RAYBESTOS

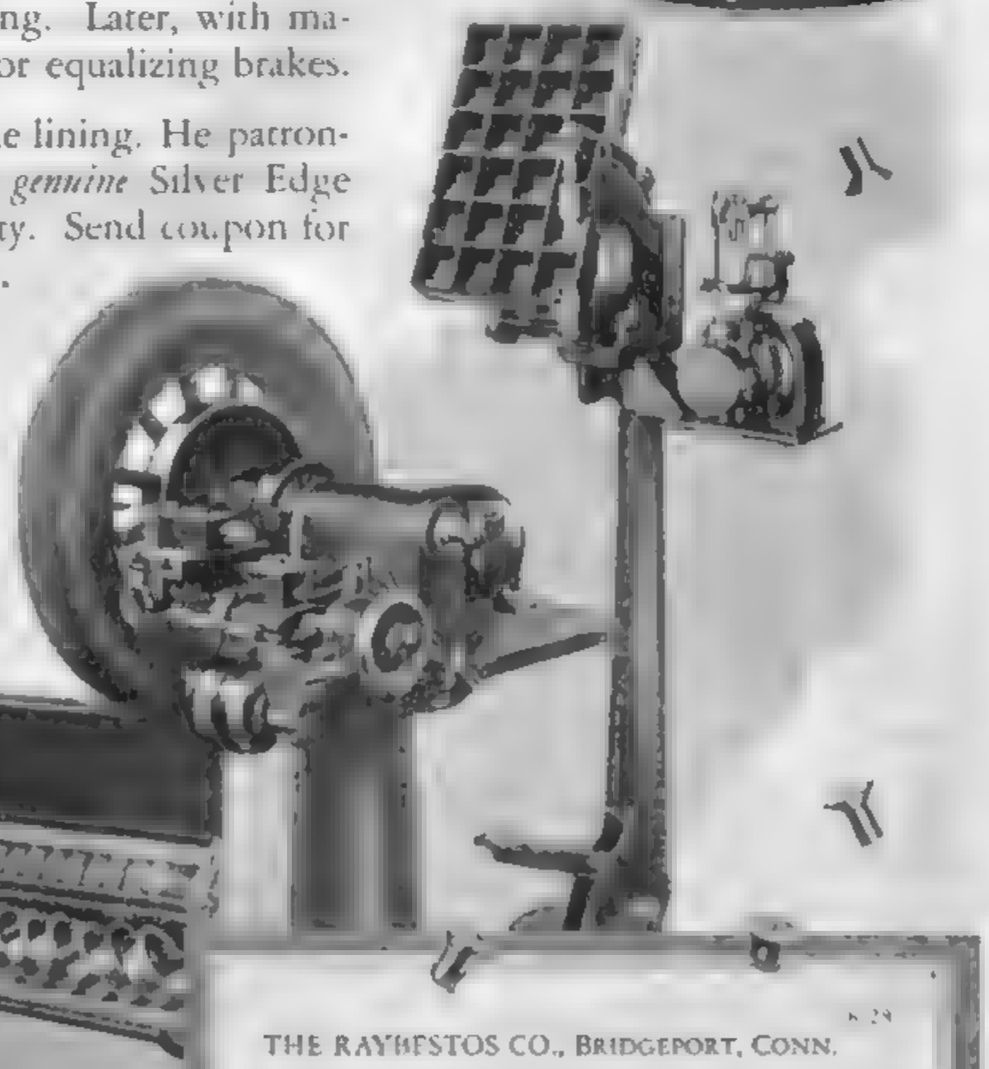


How Raybestos Products Protect Your Safety

GOOD BRAKES! More important than any other part of your car. Unless your brakes are in good condition, lined with quality brake lining, *correctly* adjusted and equalized, there is the ever-present question—"Can I stop in time to avoid an accident?"

For nearly a quarter of a century, The Raybestos Company has consistently contributed to the safety of the motoring public. First, with Raybestos brakes and brake lining. Later, with machinery for applying brake lining—and now—the Raybestos Brake Tester for equalizing brakes.

The careful owner takes no chances. He is never satisfied with "cheap" brake lining. He patronizes the Raybestos brake service-man in his vicinity. There he will obtain *genuine* Silver Edge Raybestos and efficient brake service which assure confidence and greater safety. Send coupon for name and address of Raybestos brake service station in your neighborhood.

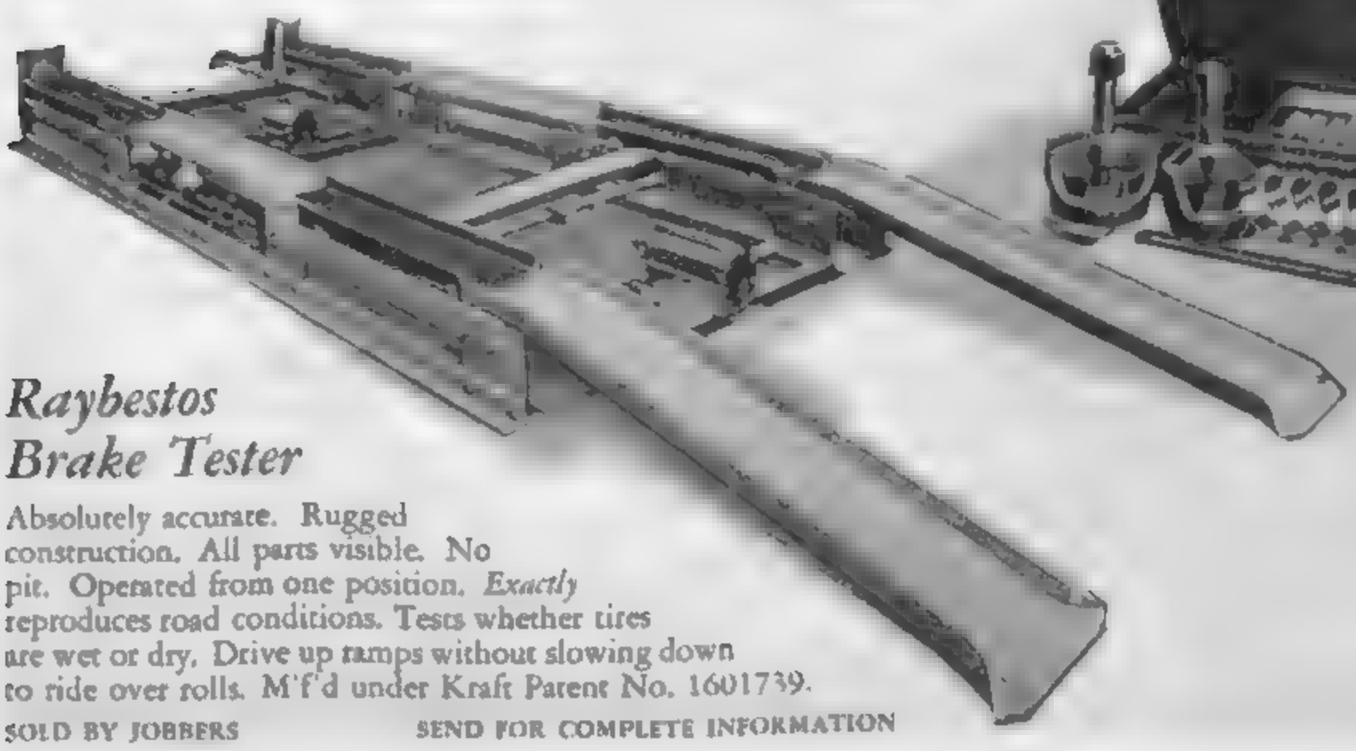


For Repairmen—Car Dealers—Tire Dealers

To the Trade we offer *complete* brake service station equipment—Raybestos drilling, counter-sinking and riveting machine, tubular brass and Rayluminum rivets, drum lathe, wheel pullers, Raybestos Brake Tester and Silver Edge and Gold Edge Raybestos and merchandising aid.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

The Canadian Raybestos Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont.
Raybestos-Belaco, Ltd., London, England



Raybestos Brake Tester

Absolutely accurate. Rugged construction. All parts visible. No pit. Operated from one position. *Exactly* reproduces road conditions. Tests whether tires are wet or dry. Drive up ramps without slowing down to ride over rolls. M'f'd under Kraft Patent No. 1601739.

SOLD BY JOBBERS SEND FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION

THE RAYBESTOS CO., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Please send me name and address of nearest garage or Raybestos Brake Service Station in my vicinity.

My Name _____

Address _____

(If a repairman or dealer, please write for complete information regarding Raybestos Brake Tester.)

Products of the Venus Pencil Factory

Just as VENUS is the finest Pencil made anywhere in the world, so are all other products bearing the name of the American Pencil Co. the highest attainment in their class, gained through over a half century's experience in the art of Pencil making.

VENUS BLACK PENCILS

THE perfect uniformity of the smooth, durable lead makes VENUS the outstanding 10¢ pencil.

The 17 VENUS degrees (from 6B softest to 9H hardest) offer a range suitable for every pencil requirement—whether sketching, drafting, or writing.

VENUS COPYING PENCILS

INDISPENSABLE for all indelible writing—such as manifold invoicing, receipting, ordering; signatures or checks are legal when written with VENUS Copying.

The silky smoothness and toughness of the indelible lead assure five or more legible copies from one writing.

17 black degrees—3 copying

10¢ each

(With or without rubber ends)

*Look for the Distinctive Watermark Finish**

Blue Band

VELVET PENCILS

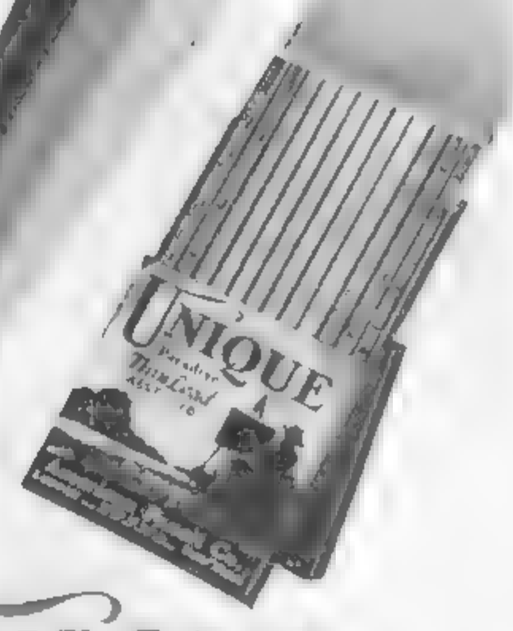
FOR YEARS, Blue Band VELVET Pencils have stood preeminently as the best 5¢ pencil value. Millions have sworn allegiance to the velvety, smooth-writing and long-lasting qualities of the lead in this old reliable pencil.

The walnut finish and high quality rubber that erases easily and cleanly, give the final touch of pencil quality.

Made in 5 degrees, very soft to very hard

60¢ per dozen

Sold by leading stationers throughout the world



UNIQUE

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Thin Lead Colored

PENCILS

IDEAL for checking, figuring, marking blueprints, sketching, etc.—for any work where emphasis is desired and useful as color symbols for executives and department heads.

The thin colored lead—no larger than in regular black pencils—may be easily sharpened in a pencil sharpener.

20 colors—10¢ each

No. 1116 Asst. (illustrated) with 1 piece each of 12 colors @ $1.00
No. 1117 Asst. with 23 pencils and 1 short pencil holder @ $2.00

American Lead Pencil Co.
300 Fifth Street Hoboken, N.J.

The Largest Selling QUALITY *Pencils in the World*

Copyrighted—American Lead Pencil Co., N. Y. 1928

*Trade Marks Reg'd in U. S. A. and Foreign Countries

(Continued from Page 178)

relative positions of the hostile fleets, bade them go in and win.

The men cheered him vociferously, shouted to him in an unusual sense of personal friendliness: "Never fear, sir! We'll show 'em! Lay us aboard the biggest, sir!"

He felt warm-hearted toward the gallant fellows, smiled to himself as he descended to the middle deck, similar to the one above save that it had no overhead light and that the guns were larger twenty-four-pounders, manne! also by six men at each in a similar division of their crews to both broadsides. They were in the same state of instant readiness, of frowning enthusiasm for the fight. He spoke to them as he had spoken to those above, was similarly cheered. Some of the men showed him where they had chalked Death or Victory on their weapons. Others asked him, respectfully, where the flagship was. He told them she was just ahead, leading straight for the enemy, the Téméraire close astern of her.

They cheered again: "Hurrah for Nelson! He'll lead us where the fight is thickest! We're all right with Nelson in the van, sir! He'll find work for the saucy Téméraire, sir! We shan't fail him! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Curious, thought the first lieutenant as he turned to go down the ladder to the lowest gun deck, how that frail little admiral—he had heard from a civilian relative that off service he was objectionably vain and boastful, making a deplorable exhibition of himself with a grossly obese, vulgarly painted Lady Hamilton—inspired every officer and man in the fleet to so passionate a devotion, to an ardor without historic parallel. He felt that magic himself, would in implicit confidence have followed him into the flames of hell. God send that his life be spared this day!

He arrived at the foot of the ladder, walked along the great beamy low-roofed gun deck where the waves were close under the open ports filled by the heavy thirty-two-pounders, fourteen on each side, in alternate patches of luminosity and semi-gloom from end to end. Again the crews ceased their frowning conversations wherein they mutually bequeathed their effects to one another in case of casualty, stood up deferentially as he passed. Again they cheered him, grotesquely half nude in the patchy light, athletically powerful men specially picked for the arduous service of the heaviest armament of the ship. He told them that the Téméraire was close astern of the Victory, that the Frenchies and the Dons were all strung out ahead of them in a lubberly line, that in an hour they would be in among the enemy, that the captain was relying on the captains of the guns to take good aim before they fired, to be prompt in reloading and attentive to the orders passed down to them. Victory was assured to them if they did their duty.

A man bolder than the rest called out in answer: "Aye, aye, sir. There's no fear of not winning. The Frenchies and the Dons haven't got no Nelson, poor ——!" He qualified them, pityingly, by an obscenely descriptive word.

There was a burst of laughter from the others, another cheer. The first lieutenant joined good-humoredly in the laugh, glanced over the neat preparation on the deck so soon to be in an inferno of confusion, went to the hatchway leading down yet farther to the orlop.

He groped along the dark passages of this deck that was just below the water line, malodorous with the revolting stench of bilge water, lit only by occasional tallow candles in battle lanterns with thick horn sides. Here were the cable tiers and the sail room, and the carpenter's and boatswain's stores. He went forward to the hatch communicating with the main magazine. A corporal's guard of marines with fixed bayonets stood over it. He descended its ladder to the dark depths far under water, went along a little corridor with a copper door at the end. It was guarded by yet another marine. Behind that door was a thick sodden-wet blanket screen with holes in it, through which the powder boys would receive their supplies.

He pushed aside the blanket, came into a gloomy apartment lit through a thick glass window from a light room just forward of it. Thick frieze covered the walls and floor. In that gloom the gunner's mate and a couple of assistants, soft leather slippers on their feet, were busy filling spare cartridges from large powder barrels. The gunner's mate looked up at him with an anxious face.

"Are we getting near 'em, sir?" he asked. "We don't know nothing down here."

The first lieutenant smiled at him. "Some little time yet," he said kindly—he felt himself in an unwonted brotherhood with all these humble fellows obscurely doing their duty—"but we'll send 'em to blazes when we get there. See there's no delay in the supply of ammunition. We shall want a lot for the crowd we've got in front of us."

The man smiled back, the anxious look nevertheless still in his eyes. "Aye, aye, sir. We'll keep 'em going. Axing your pardon, sir; d'you think we'll get in ahead of the Victory, sir?"

The first lieutenant shrugged his shoulders. "The admiral seems determined to keep station in front," he replied. "We're close astern."

The man nodded sapiently. "Thank you, sir. That's Lord Nelson all over, sir. I was with him in the Captain—never would have nobody in front of him in action. I've been sayin' a sort of prayer for him, sir. No harm meant to the chaplain, but a man gets too much time to think down here, seein' nothing, as it were, sir, an' all sorts of things comin' into his head."

The first lieutenant smiled again in sympathy. "That's all right, my man. The admiral has the prayers of all of us. Do your duty and we'll give him a bigger victory than the Nile."

He went out of the magazine with the hearty "Aye, aye, sir!" of the gunner's mate ringing in his ears. Sound honest fellows all of them! He found himself queerly touched almost to an emotional fondness for all these humble heroes whose lives were normally so sundered from his own. By Jove, if ever he got command himself he'd see they were decently treated!

He mounted again to the orlop, went aft to the similarly situated smaller magazine whence the ammunition for the twenty-four and eighteen pounders was drawn, saw that there was a sufficiency of ready-filled cartridges stacked in it, spoke an encouraging word to the men immured therein. Once more upon the orlop, he looked in at the lantern-lit cockpit close to the magazine hatch.

Normally the quarters of the midshipmen, it was now cleared of their belongings. The surgeon's assistants stood in readiness by the mess table in grim significance covered with saws and tourniquets and other operating instruments, pails of steaming water on the floor. The surgeon himself, they informed him, was still on deck. He was glad to withdraw from this ill-omened dark hole, soon to be a shambles where red-streaming men groaned and shrieked; where, held on the table, they would bite hard upon the pad shoved into their mouths while the surgeon plied a saw, warmed to minimize the agony of cold contact with raw tissue. The sight of the place prepared for action always gave him a shrinking shudder.

He went up the hatchways again, deck by deck. As he emerged into the dazzling glare of sunshine he heard their brass band blaring a vigorously cheerful tune.

It wanted but twenty minutes to noon. Seen from the quarter-deck of the Téméraire, the spectacle was magnificent. Away to starboard of them, fifteen ships, their sun-gleaming full canvas reflected on the lifting, vividly dark-blue swell before which they lurched, sailed slowly in irregular column behind the Royal Sovereign, which was now almost a mile ahead of her next successor. Ahead of the Téméraire the Victory still maintained her station at the head of the northerly column, considerably less

FLORSHEIM SHOES
with PED-PLI PROCESS

A new process that offers unusual shoe comfort . . . innersoles of glove-like smoothness . . . outsoles as flexible as a house slipper. Longer wearing . . . easier on the feet . . . no breaking in. Exclusive with FLORSHEIM Shoes.

Twelve Dollars

THE CLINTON — Style M 308

1. An always smooth treading surface. 2. Innersole of extra quality and flexibility. 3. No filling between soles to become lumpy. 4. No curling at the edges of the inner sole.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY *Manufacturers* · CHICAGO

For safety in Exercise
wear a PAL

"One, two, three . . . bend, stretch" . . . *snap!* A wrenched cord! A strained membrane . . . Pain . . . Disablement.

All physical culture authorities . . . trainers, coaches, physicians . . . are agreed that it is folly to take exercise *of any kind* . . . without the protection of an athletic supporter.

Wear a PAL . . . and play safe. Wear it for golfing, tennis, bowling, swimming, baseball, and even for the "daily dozen." There's danger even in the mildest exercise, if sensitive cords and vital nerves are left unguarded . . . The PAL is cool, light, porous and washable. Extremely flexible, too, affording firm support during the heat of any game. Standard equipment with America's champion athletes . . . At all drug stores . . . one dollar. *Price slightly higher in Canada.*

A PRODUCT OF
Bauer & Black
CHICAGO . . . NEW YORK . . . TORONTO

Also makers of the famous O-P-C
The suspensory for daily wear

Would You, Too, Like Extra Money Every Month?

For many years, Mr. F. G. Persun of New Jersey has been "topping off" his regular salary with extra money earned as our local representative. For the last three years the extra dollars have been piling up *every month.*

Today there is a desirable, profitable, part-time job waiting for you! Or if you prefer a full-time job, we'd like to make you an offer.

You don't need experience or a single penny of capital to qualify. We will tell you just what to do and say—furnish everything you need—to represent the local subscription interests of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

Cash commissions from the very start; generous bonuses to follow—but here we come to the detail-bringing coupon.

Scissors Here

Mr. Persun is vault custodian in one of the leading banks of his native city. But in his spare hours he has built up, as our subscription representative, a business that pays him many extra dollars every month.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
735 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

I'd like to earn more money. Tell me how

Name _____ Age _____

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Street _____

City _____ State _____

forward, however, than the Royal Sovereign. Immediately behind them, a swelling mountain of golden sails above the figurehead-adorned bluff bow of a black hull with three checkered yellow strakes, the Neptune pushed the water before her with a break of white foam on the intense blue.

In rear of that superb three-decker came seven other ships—seventy-four-gun two-deckers—all alike with studding sails set to the still puffily light breeze. Back on the larboard quarter the sluggishly sailing three-decker Britannia, crowded with canvas, pitched with slow solemnity on the swell, and to the northward, nearer to the enemy, the little Africa, sixty-four, was standing down toward them. On that side also were the three trim frigates who would pass on the orders from the flagship. On the other side, between the columns, the diminutive Pickle schooner and the yet smaller Entreprenant cutter sailed boldly with the giants, the fourth frigate of the fleet astern of them to transmit signals to the rear.

It was not the prescribed Order of Battle; the feeble wind permitted no such precise formation; the fleet was still merely in the Order of Sailing in two columns, but its ardent chief was plainly confident of its sufficiency. They kept still on their eastward course, bands playing on every ship which possessed one. On board the Téméraire when their own band, grouped around the mainmast, ceased for a moment or two, they could hear the confusedly intermingled strains of the Downfall of Paris, Britons Strike Home and Rule Britannia in a universality of martial music that was strangely stirring.

Away ahead of them, now not a mile and a half distant, stretched the immense congregation of French and Spanish ships, their broadsides presented to this advance in a somewhat jumbled semicircularly concave formation which, for all its disorder, would enable them to mass a concentrated fire on the heads of the approaching columns. Collingwood's southerly column was aiming to strike it in the vicinity of a towering three-decker just about the center. The Victory was steering to meet an even huger red-painted ship, which seemed to be a four-decker, just forward of the center amid a doubling of vessels in full sail, where a large ship immediately astern of her was almost equally prominent, in all probability the enemy admiral's. The whole of that immense armada was in sluggish movement to the northward, and it was already obvious that the enemy van would not be able to wear and return to the help of the center and rear until long after battle had been engaged.

On the poop of the Téméraire the signal midshipman stood fascinated by the unique majesty of the scene, by that thrilling imminence of certainly decisive conflict between the navies of three great nations. In that deliberate approach it seemed incredible that soon those splendid ships—the enemy's and their own—dipping on the blue sun-diamonded swell, their loftily superimposed canvas vividly golden against the blue sky, would be thundering destruction at one another in a whelm of smoke, would be dismasted hulks containing an extremity of human misery. It was his first battle, and he tried to imagine it, the beat and blare of the ship's band fevering his blood as he gazed in that breath-catching suspense now coming to its climax. The quartermaster touched his sleeve.

"Signal going up on the Victory, sir."

He jerked round, saw a string of flags go up on the halyards of the ship in front. They were the flags of Sir Home Popham's new telegraphic code. He picked up his slate, stood ready to write.

"What do you make it, quartermaster?"

The quartermaster turned over the pages of the signal book. "Number 253, sir. 'England.'"

The midshipman wrote it down. What was coming?

Another hoist went up.

"Number 269, sir," said the quartermaster. "'Expects.'"

A third hoist followed as the others came down.

"863, sir. 'That.'"

A fourth went up.

"261, sir." The quartermaster's voice had a tone of puzzle in it. "'Every.'"

A fifth hoist was rising in a string of varicolored bunting symbols.

"471, sir. 'Man.'" It was already making a sentence as he wrote it on the slate.

"958, sir." This was a sixth. "'Will.'"

A seventh string superseded it.

"220, sir." The quartermaster rapidly turned back the pages of his book. "'Do.'"

An eighth hoist rose.

"370, sir." The midshipman waited with pencil poised. "'His.'" He tapped impatiently for the next word. It came in single letters. "Number 4, sir." Again a swift turn of the pages. "Letter D." The tenth hoist replaced its predecessors. "Number 21, sir. Letter U." The eleventh set of flags was going up. "19, sir. Letter T." The twelfth followed it. "24, sir. Letter Y." The midshipman added it to the others, glanced to see if further signals followed. No. It was the end.

He ran down the poop ladder to the quarter-deck, approached the captain, saluted, handed him the slate.

"Telegraphic signal from flagship, sir," he said, through the blaring of the band.

The captain took the slate, read it, jerked up his head in an exclamation. "By gad! The Nelson touch again! Avast there!" he cried irritably. "Stop that infernal band!" The music ceased abruptly. He went forward to the rail above the waist, lifted his arm, shouted to the men forward. "Listen, men!" he cried in a stentorian voice. "A signal from Lord Nelson—'England expects that every man will do his duty!'"

The message he had himself written down seemed strangely electrifying to the signal midshipman as he heard it thus vehemently proclaimed. There was a pause of silence among the men collectively staring up at them, and then a wild enthusiastic cheering. From other ships, which had similarly taken in the signal, they could hear similar bursts of cheers.

The captain turned to the first lieutenant: "Read His Lordship's signal to the men on the gun decks, Mr. Kennedy." The first lieutenant ran down the ladder to the hatchway.

The midshipman heard a muffled vociferation from the interior of the ship as he returned to his station on the poop where the quartermaster had already acknowledged the flagship's hoist. Another signal was going up to the Victory's topgallant masthead—two flags, the uppermost horizontally red, yellow and red, the lower divided diagonally white and blue.

"Number 16, sir," said the quartermaster. "Close action."

The midshipman again reported it. The captain smiled. That awesome personage was singularly human this morning.

"Nelson's favorite signal," he said. "He'll keep it up throughout the battle."

Once again, from his position on the high poop, the lad gazed over the steadily nearing fleets. From a ship in the enemy's rear center came a puff of white smoke. Simultaneously with the dull boom a spout of water leaped up from the sea close to the Royal Sovereign. At the same moment, in a common accord, the enemy ships all hoisted their colors—blue, white and red; red, yellow and red—in an announcement of their respective nationalities. As if in answer, the admiral's flag went up to the Victory's fore, and white ensigns and union jacks were triply broken out from her—at the fore, on the mizzen rigging, at the peak. Every other British ship imitated her in that display of bunting multiplied so that all might not be shot away. From every ship a patriotic cheer welcomed them, loud above the bands.

Again there was a puff and a detonation from the enemy. A mysterious hole appeared in the Royal Sovereign's foresail. The next instant there was a long heavy roll as of thunder from a sudden cloud of smoke

(Continued on Page 185

Small Cracks *now* mean Damaging Leaks *later*

Rain, sleet, snow and ice are only a few weeks away. Soon water will be seeping into the small cracks in your roofs, a frost will come; the water freezes and expands, and a bad leak begins to destroy your property.

Now is the time for a free, complete roof inspection by the Tropical Surface Saver in your locality—a man who knows how to maintain roofs economically. Ask him to inspect your roof. If he finds the roof in good condition, he will tell you so. If the flashing needs touching up here and there, he may recommend a few pounds of Tropical Tocoseal Plastic Cement. Or if cracks are developing, a recommendation of *Roofkoter—a long fibre asbestos roof coating of unusual quality and durability—will save you the cost of a re-roofing job. At any rate, you will receive an unbiased, authentic recommendation free of charge and with no obligation to buy.

Send for the free booklet, "Saving Old Roofs," or, better still, ask us to have the Tropical Surface Saver make a complete inspection immediately.

THE TROPICAL PAINT & OIL COMPANY, 1148-1192 WEST 70TH ST., CLEVELAND, OHIO

For More Than a Quarter Century Specializing in Industrial Maintenance and Upkeep Paints

*Roofkoter is a thick, heavy, durable, waterproof roof coating which contains a reenforcing of long fibre asbestos. It may be poured on the roof just as it comes from the container. No heating, stirring or mixing necessary. Anyone can apply Roofkoter rapidly without previous experience.

*Roofkoter is just brushed on the roof. The only tool necessary is a large brush which we furnish. A tough, rubber-like blanket results which effectively seals the roof against leakage for years. Roofkoter can be used on practically any type of roof.

Send for your copy of this free booklet, "Saving Old Roofs." It may save you the cost of a complete re-roofing job.

We will train as Tropical Surface Savers a few experienced and successful salesmen who have been selling to industrial plants and are well acquainted in their districts. Full information upon request.

Copyrighted 1928 by The Tropical Paint & Oil Company

TROPICAL ROOFKOTER

Steel Stucco Wood Roofs Stacks Concrete Brick Interiors

Another NEW Clipper Speed Lacer

Lacer equipped with stand as shown, if desired

CLIPPER introduces the newest member of its belt lacing family—the Clipper No. 6 Speed Lacer. This new lacer is of the same type as the Clipper No. 8 Speed Lacer only lighter and smaller in size. It will lace all belts from one inch to and including six inches in width in 1½ minutes, with the same efficiency, ease and speed as its larger brother. It exerts a pressure of 37,500 pounds, imbedding the hooks in perfect alignment absolutely flush with the surface. The Clipper No. 6 Speed Lacer will prove ideal for industrial plants in which smaller belts predominate.

Whatever your lacing requirements, there's a Clipper Lacer which meets them perfectly and with the aid of Clipper hooks and pins your belt lacing problems now become only a smoothly running part of every day shop routine.

PRICE $75.00

(In United States of America)

The Clipper No. 6 Speed Lacer is furnished with or without stand. For complete demonstration communicate with your nearest Clipper dealer, or with the

Clipper Belt Lacer Company

GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

QUALITY BELT LACING

Clipper No. 6 Speed Lacer

(Continued from Page 182)

obscuring the enemy rear and center. A host of waterspouts leaped up around the Royal Sovereign; there was an upward jump of splinters from her deck, one of her spars came tumbling down. Again the thunder roll repeated itself, again the waterspouts leaped, and splinters flew on the deck of the solitarily daring ship. The detonations became an incessant series. Disdaining to reply, the ship sailed steadily on, far ahead of her nearest follower, straight toward the mass of enemy ships. The Téméraire's signal midshipman watched her in an anguish of apprehension. Surely she must be destroyed!

His attention was abruptly diverted. From the enemy more immediately ahead of them came other detonations. He perceived suddenly that some of the sails of the Victory were shot-holed; saw a great new rent appear as though causelessly in one of them; heard the echo, as it were, of a human outcry faint amid the increasing uproar. The hostile fleet was now firing in a continuous roll of intermerged discharges, a great whitish cloud lifting to the blue sky. He listened to it with an almost painfully throbbing heart, an unpleasant tremulousness in his breast. The Victory still held on in silence.

From ahead to starboard came an immense crash. The Royal Sovereign had reached the enemy, had fired her first broadside; through the smoke newly hiding her and her adversary he saw a mast reel, saw sails crumpling down. Crash followed crash, loud in the general thunder that was becoming bewildering, deafening. The Royal Sovereign, utterly alone, was heavily engaged; he glanced to see her nearest follower, the Belleisle, under a press of sail, still far behind her.

An ugly howl was suddenly ferocious above his own head, startled him to the depths in an intimate shock that left his bowels quivering. He saw a hole appear in the great mainsail, felt a harsh shock that made the timbers tremble under his feet, saw a splash of splinters go up on the larboard bulwark, heard a horrible shriek from the forecastle. The band ceased.

On the quarter-deck the captain bellowed: "Lie down, men! Lie down!"

There was a multiplied vindictive howling and screaming in the air; his flesh shrank, and he ducked involuntarily at it – a rapid succession of violent impacts that shook the ship. The sea around them was alive with leaping fountains glittering in the sun. Still they did not fire. The Téméraire held on, close behind the Victory, plainly suffering even more than themselves, her canvas riddled and stripped from the yards, her studding sails falling into the water, her speed becoming less and less.

That ordeal of passive endurance already seemed to have lasted an eternity. It had become worse and worse as they approached in that maddeningly slow progress toward the ceaselessly thundering cloud bank that hid the enemy's center. Still neither the Victory nor the Téméraire had fired a gun. They lurched sluggishly forward on the swell toward the just-seen high topsails of the two great ships that must be the hostile admirals'. Behind them the other ships of the column followed in a long straggling line. The midshipman could see the ships of the other column now passing one by one into the smoke whelm where their leader was fighting desperately in a rapid succession of broadsides like thunderclaps.

He glanced ahead again, his eye vigilant for some fresh signal on the Victory's tattered rigging—odd how clear-headed he now was!—only the signal for close action still flew. As he watched her he saw her swerve suddenly to starboard. In a rift of the smoke ahead the two great ships were clearly revealed, the red-painted monster flying the flag of the Spanish admiral, the one just in rear of her flying that of the French commander in chief. The Victory was aiming to pass close under the Frenchman's stern. She was already near. He saw her mainsail suddenly clewed up, saw her go slowly ahead, so close to the French ship that the overhanging tricolor almost brushed her rigging, saw a sudden jagged redness leap out in a vomit of white smoke in a deafening long-continued ragged crash from her entire larboard broadside. There was an ugly, harsh sound of devastated woodwork, a medley of shrieks and screams, a great cloud of high-flung wood dust overhanging the French ship, whose elaborate stern had been entirely smashed in.

As the smoke drifted he saw the Victory turn again a little among a throng of enemy ships, saw a French two-decker under full sail push across her path. Again the Victory swerved. Her starboard broadside leaped out, was answered by another in a sudden all-obliterating smoke, the two ships locked together in a fiercely rapid detonation of small arms. The midshipman could see soldiers leaning out from the Frenchman's tops, firing down upon the Victory's deck. He heard, suddenly, his own captain bellowing an order.

Down on the lowest gun deck of the Téméraire, the captain of Number 4 gun on the larboard side jerked himself back from his gaze through the open port at the lieutenant's stentorian vociferation:

"Stand to your guns!"

He took his place at the rear of the great thirty-two-pounder already triple-shotted; stood with the lanyard of the lock in his hand, his three handspike men behind him. On the right, the Number 4—the sponger—stood close to the ship's side, quarter face to the gun, the sponge fitted to a length of stiff stout rope held ready in his hand. Behind him stood the Number 6—the assistant sponger—and behind him the Number 2—the second captain—faced the ship's side, clear of the recoil. On the left, the Numbers 3 and 5—the loader and assistant loader—stood in similar alertness. Again through the incessant thunder all about them came the stentorian bellow from the speaking trumpet of the lieutenant standing under the hatchway:

"Silence! Larboard battery! At the red-painted four-decker! Point-blank! Wait for the word! Fire only as the guns bear!"

The gun captain peered over the sights of his piece, saw merely waterspouts springing from a smoke-obscured sea. He held himself tensely, the lanyard wound about his arm and gripped by tight fingers, his body like a coiled spring in its readiness to leap back. The ship was moving slowly through the water strewn with wreckage that floated past the port. He saw the big white triple figurehead of a ship loom up through the haze several hundred yards distant, saw the four bright red strakes on her lofty side. Now? There was a pause of suspense. They came fully abreast of her.

The lieutenant's voice was suddenly vehement: "Fire!"

The gun to the right of him went off in a monstrous detonation. The gun captain tugged at the lanyard, sprang back to the safety position on the left. Deafeningly, in an upward whiff of fire from the vent, in a flare of flame, a choking smoke, the gun crashed, leaped backward and upward within its breeching. The other guns continued that crash, swollen yet more by the detonations and thuddings of the leaping guns above, as the ship fired her entire broadside.

He heeded nothing but his own task, stepped forward in a quick coiling of the trigger line, with his left hand thrust a plug into the smoking vent, half cocked the lock with his right.

"Run in!" he shouted.

The other numbers—to him they were Jack and Mick and Bill and Nobby and Dick in a human familiarity—manned the tackles, strenuously hauled the heavy gun back by the purchase from the rear of the gun carriage to the deck.

"Well!" He commanded with curt efficiency: "Sponge!"

Number 4 stepped inside the breeching, took the sponge, thrust it down the still-smoking muzzle, gave it two round turns, withdrew it hand over hand, tapped it smartly on the gun, laid it down.

"Load!"

DIANA "Stuff" CONFECTIONS

The original "Stuft" confections—often imitated, but never equalled

Bunte CANDIES

FROM school days on, whenever social usage calls for fine hard candy, these *thin . . . crispy . . . sugar shells . . . "Stuft" . . . with luscious . . . fruit jams . . . nuts . . . and marmalades* are chosen.

They were originated by Bunte Brothers. Every pound contains 160 pieces—21 different varieties. Packed in one pound jars and 2, 3 and 5 pound tins.

If your dealer does not carry the genuine, send 75c for the one pound glass jar. We will mail it postpaid.

BUNTE BROTHERS · *Est. 1876* · 3301 Franklin Blvd., CHICAGO
Makers of the famous Mi Choice chocolates

"I Earned $7.15 in Just 3 Hours"

Says C. F. Rekers

Do you know why we are taking a quarter page of valuable space to reproduce this photograph of C. F. Rekers and to tell you that he earned over $7.00 in just three hours of Curtis work? There are really but two reasons:

The first is this: We want more local representatives for *The Saturday Evening Post* in your neighborhood. The second reason is that you, who are reading this advertisement, should be able "to fill the bill."

Why You, Too, Can Make Extra Money

Doubtless you have already read most of this issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*. You've read other issues, too, so you know how worthwhile *The Saturday Evening Post* is.

You can therefore appreciate why most folks want their copies to come regularly, without intermission, by subscription.

Surely you have a few hours to spare, now and then. For devoting such hours to forwarding renewal subscriptions for our present readers as well as obtaining new subscriptions, we will pay you liberally.

You don't need experience, or one penny of capital to succeed—and you can start earning the very day you hear from us. So just mail the coupon.

Here's Your Handy Coupon

The Curtis Publishing Company
734 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Won't you send me full details of your plan?

Name _____ Age _____
(Please Print Name and Address)

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Now Let Us Establish You in a Well Paying Business

We furnish:

1. A complete initial outfit for immediate profitable work, *without charge.*
2. All the supplies and equipment you need, at all times, *without cost to you.*
3. A series of illuminating booklets on just how to succeed and, each month, a sales magazine devoted to tested money-bringing plans, *without charge.*
4. Personal coöperation in correspondence of trained sales directors.

Conley Ingram of Alabama recently earned $6.50 in two and a half hours of Curtis work. Like so many of our successful workers today, he had had no previous experience

You furnish: Only a few hours of your spare time when convenient.

No Investment, No Experience Needed To Succeed

Earn cash profits from the first day in a permanent ever-expanding business. Like other subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, you may make as much as

$25.00 a Week EXTRA

Clip Here for Details

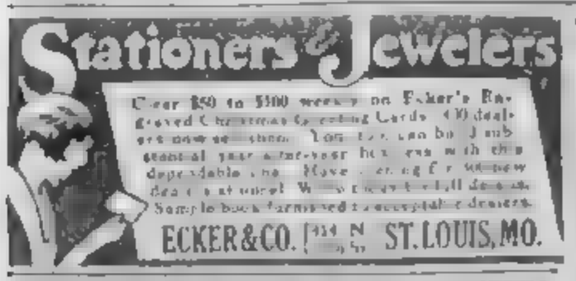
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
736 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How might I start a local business of my own? (*Please print name and address.*)

Name..... *Age*

Street

City *State*



The Number 3 pushed in his ready cartridge to the full extent of his arm, received the wad and first one heavy cannon ball and then two others from his adjacent Number 5, inserted them, and then assisting the Number 4, already waiting with the rammer at the other side of the gun, the two men forced all home together hand over hand, finished with two sharp blows, leaving the rammer in place. He himself thrust his corkscrew-like priming iron down the vent, ascertained that the cartridge was in place, pierced it, spoke a sharp word to the Number 4. Number 3 faced round to the ship's side, Number 4 withdrew the rammer, both stepped out of the breechings.

"Run out!"

The gun was run out again to its port by all the numbers hauling on the side tackles. He readjusted the quoin under the gun while the handspike men levered it up, sighted it to the horizontal, took a priming quill from his box, thrust it down the vent, bruised the upper end so that the powder should easily ignite, stepped back with lanyard in his hand, cried out:

"Number 4 gun ready, sir!"

It had taken little more than a minute, and along the smoke-murky deck the captains of the other larboard guns were similarly reporting completion.

For nearly half an hour—it seemed to him ages in an inferno of smoke and deafening noise—he had been firing and loading, firing and loading, as the lieutenant ordered. Already he ached in every muscle and the sweat made little channels down his grimed hairy chest.

Once more he shouted, "Number 4 gun ready, sir!"

Of what was happening in the battle he had no notion save that once or twice an enemy's broadside had struck them in a jarring violent shock, a splintering as of crowbars beating down doors.

Again the lieutenant's speaking trumpet bellowed: "Larboard battery! Target, the two-decker almost alongside! Hold your fire until ship is aboard of her! Then independent fire, triple-shotted, till further orders! Let her have it, men! Fire!"

Through the port the gun captain saw the hull of a ship only a few feet from them. He jerked the lanyard, leaped clear. The report of his own gun was indistinguishable in the appalling violence of the almost simultaneous broadside from the three decks.

"Run in!" he yelled, as instantly he stopped the vent.

They labored fiercely in the choking smoke, hauling back the gun. There was another fearful multiple detonation not their own, a sudden red glare through the smoke-filled aperture of the port, a horrible violent rending of timbers in a shock that made the ship reel, a cry from human voices faintly heard in the din. The enemy had answered. He noticed that one of the handspike men was bleeding on his naked chest, as with desperate swiftness they toiled to reload, to ram home, to run out again.

Again, in a confusion of deafening noise, guns thudding and leaping on each side of him as on the deck above, he pulled the lanyard to a flare and crash, a renewal of blown-back smoke. He got a glimpse through that smoke of the splintered side of the enemy, saw vaguely in the darkness beyond an open port now opposite to him the half-nude enemy gunners working with equal fierce energy. It was stiflingly hot, the sweat was an annoyance as he lent a hand to force the heavy weapon into place. Their lives depended on forestalling those other gunners.

"Run out!" Even as he shouted he saw that sudden glare light up in front of him, leaped aside in the awful crash.

He picked himself up dazedly from a pool of blood, saw the gun's crew lying in odd attitudes, the gun itself forced off an overturned carriage. In the murk of the deck was fierce activity, little powder boys running with cartridges held under their jackets, men levering the guns, hauling on the tackles, loading, ramming, running them out, firing to another clumsy violent leap of the wooden carriages, laboring like demons. Through the intermittent violence of their own explosions he could vaguely hear a fearful noise on the decks above. The lieutenant, grotesquely smoke-blackened, came hurrying toward him.

"Hi, you there!" he shouted. "Man Number 5 gun, quick!"

He ran across to the starboard side, joined himself to a depleted crew.

The lieutenant bellowed through his trumpet: "Starboard battery! Target, ship running down upon us!"

He had taken the place of the Number 4 at this gun, had a glimpse out of the square port. A large French ship, all sails set, was bearing down upon them.

"Wait for the word, men!" The lieutenant also was peering out of a port farther forward.

He himself could see the men crowded upon the upper works of that ship now less than a hundred yards distant. She seemed scarcely to have suffered at all in the battle.

"Steady, men; let her have it all together!" She arrived directly abreast of them. "Fire!"

The whole ship jumped and rocked in that appalling concussion of her triple broadside firing almost as one gun. He glanced out through the port as he hauled on the tackles. The enemy's rigging was a tangled wreck, her side one huge gaping hole, from which smoke issued. Utterly out of control, she drifted down upon them. There was a lurch, a bump and scrape, and the two vessels ground alongside each other.

A sharp high-pitched shout, in a middy's excited voice, came from the hatchway: "Boarders away!"

He snatched up an ax, a pair of pistols from those lying on the deck, raced in a mob of half-nude yelling men who jostled one another in the smoke, dashed up stairway after stairway.

It was rather more than four hours since the Téméraire had first come into action. Now a dismasted wreckage-strewn hulk, she lay between her two equally dismasted prizes fast lashed to her as they had fought, the Fougueux on the right, the Redoutable on the left. Beyond the Redoutable the Victory lay almost helpless, her mizzenmast gone, her sails dangling in tattered strips from the few yards that remained. Intermingled as they had battled in the mêlée, the two fleets were revealed in a clearing of the smoke no longer added to in the oddly impressive final silence of the guns. Those in the center were all more or less dismasted, encumbered with tangled rigging as they rolled sluggishly in a sea strewn with floating spars, with corpses thrown overboard from them. All of them, whatever their origin, flew the British flag.

Away off to leeward, toward Cape Trafalgar just seen golden in the afternoon light, a French ship blazed furiously. Beyond her, and to the north, several French and Spanish ships were making all sail for Cadiz, and on the other side, to windward, four French ships of the van, which had tacked too late to help their overpowered center and rear, turned now in a similar flight.

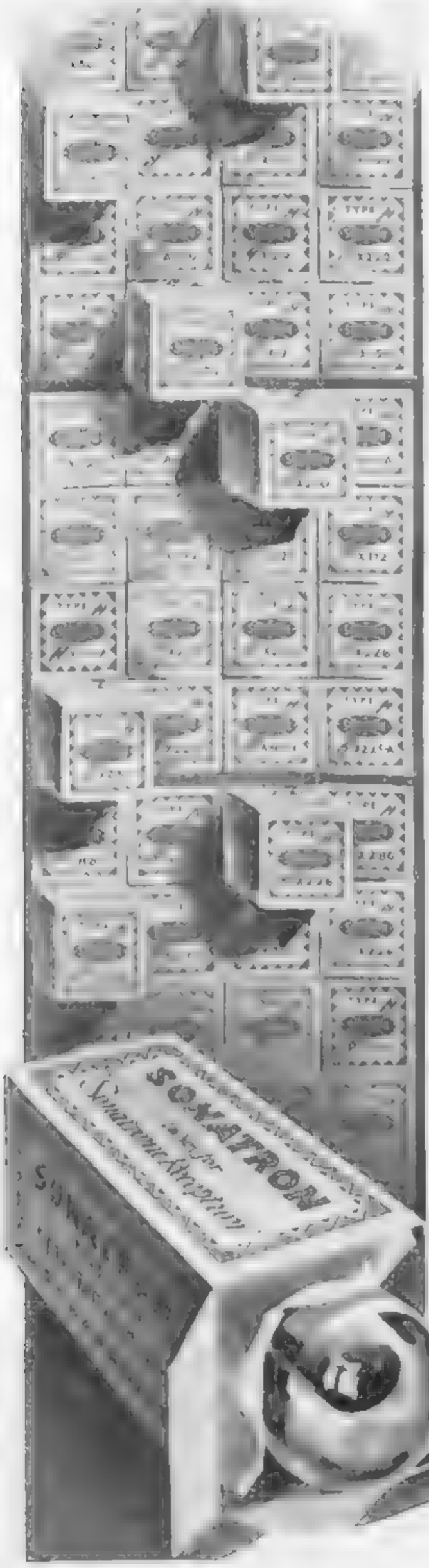
Smoke-blackened men swarmed up from every hatchway, crowded the Téméraire's devastated deck. They cheered as though they would never stop, hurrah upon hurrah, in an exultant waving of kerchiefs, a frantic flourishing of their arms. From the other ships a similar cheering answered them, a frenzy of cheers small-voiced in that peculiar deafness left in the cessation of the ear-shattering thundering din which had so long continued. Far and wide, over miles of that heaving wreck-strewn sea, those cheers were repeated, ship cheering ship in a hysteria of joy.

Down in a cabin of the Victory a hard-fisted master mariner wrote in the ship's log he could scarcely see for the blur of tears: "Partial firing continued until 4:30, when a victory having been reported to the Right Honorable Lord, Viscount Nelson, K. B. and Commander in Chief, he then died of his wound."

44 TYPES OF RADIO TUBES

SONATRON

THE WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO TUBE LINE



Why your SONATRON *dealer can serve you* BEST!

STACKED high on his shelves, your Sonatron dealer carries evidence of his purpose to render a better tube service. Row upon row, the distinctive Sonatron cartons display the descriptive numbers which constitute the World's Largest Radio Tube Line.

Your Sonatron dealer *can* serve you best . . . first, because no matter what type of tube you seek, *he has it;* and second, because his connection with Sonatron makes him a source of reliable information on all that is new in radio tubes. In addition, he is able to offer you consistently better tube results, and the definite assurance of consistent quality.

The Sonatron dealer has been an important factor in building up a strong public confidence in Sonatron products. Almost without exception he is the leading dealer in his community, *choosing* to sell the Sonatron line because he finds in it a greater opportunity to serve his customers. Finally, he is able to sell Sonatrons with the knowledge that he is selling with them *a finer kind of radio tube performance.*

The final expression of the Sonatron ideal of service is to be found on the shelves of your Sonatron dealer's store. *Go to him for your tube needs*—and for the latest information on radio tube developments.

SONATRON TUBE COMPANY
16 Hudson St., *New York City* 108 W. Lake St., *Chicago*
88 Eighth Ave., *Newark, N. J.*
Cable Address: SONATRON-NEWARK

SONATRON TUBE COMPANY, 108 W. Lake St., Chicago
Gentlemen: Please send me the FREE book, "How To Take Care of Your Radio Tubes"
Name
Street Address
City and State

Dealers! Jobbers! Manufacturers!
The SONATRON PROPOSITION this year offers greater sales possibilities than ever. Write for it—or simply check the coupon

FREE!
New 1929 Edition of this famous book

LOOK AT A CHECK — AND WHAT DO YOU SEE?

First, of course, the amount and the signature . . . But it's odd, isn't it, how you'll study for just a bit of an instant the name of the bank—and maybe the feel and the look of the paper it's written on?

Most people seem instinctively to associate a distinctive looking check with a sound, well-managed bank.

Substantial people—people a little jealous of their better standing in a community—seem naturally to gravitate toward a bank that impresses them with its stability and prestige.

There's no denying they like to have any check they send out carry with it an implication of this standing and the prestige of their bank.

It's no accident that National Safety Paper has been the accepted *standard* check paper throughout the country. Nor that 60% of the banks in the nation's leading financial centers use it.

Checks made on National Safety Paper are distinctive, substantial looking, dignified. They're safe as paper can be—protected on both sides.

Suggest National Safety Paper to the cashier of your bank. George La Monte & Son, 61 Broadway, New York City.

LA MONTE
NATIONAL SAFETY PAPER

Index of Advertisers

September 8, 1928

	PAGE
Addressograph Company	167
Ætna Life Insurance Company, The	125
Aladdin Mfg. Co.	161
Allen A Company, The	116
Allen & Co., Mark W.	159
Aluminum Company of America	75
American Chicle Company	178
American Lead Pencil Company	180
American Writing Paper Co., Inc.	148
Amity Leather Products Co.	64
Armstrong Cork Company	91
Art-Point Studios	159
Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., The Great	158
Atwater Kent Mfg. Co.	147
Auburn Automobile Company	47
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc.	164
Barney & Berry, Inc.	134
Barrett Company, The	1
Bassick Co., The	44
Bauer & Black	181
Berry Brothers, Inc.	177
Bird & Son, inc.	122
Blackhawk Mfg Co.	50
Boott Mills	186
Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., The	80
Buick Motor Company	96, 97
Bull Dog Electric Products Co.	182
Bunte Brothers	185
Burgess Battery Company	130, 131
Cadillac Motor Car Company	42
California Packing Corporation	II Cover
Campbell Soup Company	35
Carter's Ink Company, The	110
Chrysler Sales Corporation	57
Clipper Belt Lacer Company	184
Colgate & Co.	153, IV Cover
Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Co.	149
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	40
Cook Co., The H. C.	165
Corbin, P. & F.	92
Cromar Company, The	168
Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Co., The	160
Cycle Trades of America, The	130
Davis Tailoring Co., The P. H.	137
Denney Tag Company, The	154
De Soto Motor Corporation (Division of Chrysler Corp.)	62, 63
Devoe & Raynolds Co., Inc.	115
Dodge Bros. Corporation (Division of Chrysler Corp.)	82
Drucker & Kelly Studios	186
Du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., E. I.	58, 81
Ecker & Co.	186
Educator Shoe Corp. of America, The	172
Eskimo Pie Corporation	133
Ethyl Gasoline Corporation	141
Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co.	170
Finnell System, Inc.	140
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	181
Frigidaire Corporation	151
Fuller Brush Co., The	111
General Cigar Co.	142
General Electric Company	54, 55
General Motors	70, 71
General Tire & Rubber Company	78, 79
Gets It, Inc.	165
Glover Co., Inc., H. Clay	48
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	51
Gorham Co.	129
Graham-Paige Motors Corporation	67
Gruen Watch Makers Guild	106
Hamilton Watch Company	118, 119
Hammermill Paper Company	94
Harley-Davidson Motor Co.	162
Hendryx Co., The Andrew B.	143
Homeland Tailoring Co., Inc.	165
Horton Manufacturing Co., The	56
Hudson Motor Car Company	88, 89
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	45
India Tea Bureau	165
Ingersoll Watch Co., Inc.	98
Ingram Co., Frederick F.	124
Inkograph Co., Inc.	161
Iron Fireman Manufacturing Co.	138, 139
Johns-Manville Corporation	73
Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, Iver	114
Joliet Macaroni Company	186
Kenwood Mills	152
Klein Co.	165
Kohler Co.	99
Lacey & Lacey	163
LaChoy Food Products, Inc.	113
La Monte & Son, George	188
Laundryowners National Ass'n, The	192
Libby, McNeill & Libby	37
Lovell Manufacturing Co.	169
Mallory Hat Company, The	171
McCall Co.	108, 109
Mennen Company, The	66
Middlishade Co., Inc., The	120
Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co.	156, 157
Murphy Varnish Company	100
Nash Motors Co.	49
New York Central Lines	163
Olds Motor Works	102
Paramount Famous Lasky Corp.	52
Parker Pen Company, The	104, 105
Peerless Motor Car Corporation	132
Pennsylvania Railroad	61
Pennzoil Company, The	112
Pet Milk Company	III Cover
Phillips Chemical Co., The Charles H.	178
Photographers Association of America	190
Piggly Wiggly Corporation	93
Pinaud Incorporated, Ed.	74
Pioneer Suspender Company	173
Postum Company, Inc.	65, 121
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2
Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co.	191
Raybestos Company, The	179
Red Cross Shoes	175
Richwine Co.	161
Rutland Fire Clay Company	166
Sanymetal Products Co., The	72
Schrader's Son, Inc, A.	77
Sealright Co., Inc.	101
Sikes Company	107
Sonatron Tube Company	187
Spencer Heater Company	69
Stewart Motor Corporation	176
Strathmore Paper Co.	144
Three-in-One Oil Company	146
Timken Roller Bearing Co., The	87
Toledo Scale Company	46
Traub Manufacturing Company	174
Tropical Paint and Oil Co., The	183
Twinplex Sales Co.	90
United States Gauge Co.	59
United States Gypsum Company	135
Universal Pictures	43
Vacuum Oil Company	39
Wadsworth Watch Case Co.	123
Waltham Art Publishers	165
Webster Co., Inc., F. S.	161
Weis Manufacturing Co., The	159
Western Clock Company	84, 85
Western Co.	145
Weyerhaeuser Forest Products	155
White Co., The	126, 127
Williams Oil-O-Matic Heating Corp.	189
Wyoming Shovel Works, The	95
Yale & Towne Mfg Co., The	150

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING CORPORATION

announces

OIL HEAT

FOR small homes

$50 DOWN—*Balance on liberal terms*

Think of the uses you can find for your wasted basement space. With Dist-O-Matic installed, your basement may be used for a playroom, den, or anything you choose.

AT LAST! *Williams* oil heat, designed for the small home, priced for the small home, and sold on terms that make it very easy for anyone to enjoy its comfort and convenience!

Williams Dist-O-Matic is produced by the builders of the famous Williams Oil-O-Matic, which is heating more homes than any other oil burner. The Williams Dist-O-Matic is just as reliable, keeps a small home just as warm and requires just as little attention as the Williams Oil-O-Matic does in larger homes.

Never before has a quality oil burner been produced for small homes and bungalows at so low a price. Williams Dist-O-Matic offers, for the first time, perfected oil heating for the modest dwelling.

No coal shovel was ever made to fit a woman's hand.

Don't Shovel Coal and Ashes Another Winter!

Think of the convenience of Williams Dist-O-Matic in your home! Think of the freedom from the back-breaking chores of furnace-tending—from the coal shovel, the poker, the shaker and ash can! Think of the cleanliness—the laundry and cleaning bills you'll save because your curtains and drapes will stay fresh so much longer! Think of the dependability and healthfulness of Dist-O-Matic heat—even, unvarying temperature all the year 'round!

Fully Automatic—Quiet—Dependable

Williams Dist-O-Matic can be installed in your home—right in your present furnace or boiler—in a few hours.

Then you can forget you even have it for days at a time. It will keep right on delivering *exactly* the temperature you desire, never varying more than 2 degrees. If you wish to change the temperature simply move the upstairs control—just a finger's touch! That's all there is to operating a Williams Dist-O-Matic!

Think of all these blessings that Dist-O-Matic will bring you and your family—at *a price you can afford to pay*, spread over many months in easy payments.

Think of all this before you buy another ton of coal—then telephone your local Williams Oil-O-Matic dealer to come and tell you all about Dist-O-Matic oil heat. Or, better still, call on him and actually see for yourself Williams Dist-O-Matic in operation.

Send for This Free, Interesting Book!

The coupon below will bring an interesting FREE book—"Heat Without Work or Worry." Send for it! It contains government figures on the comparative cost of heating various size homes with oil and with coal. Tells you about different kinds of furnaces and boilers—heating facts you ought to know.

Don't wait for winter—clip the coupon and mail it now!

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING CORP.
Bloomington, Illinois S E P 9-8

Please send me your FREE book, "Heat Without Work or Worry," with full information regarding your Dist-O-Matic Heating.

Name

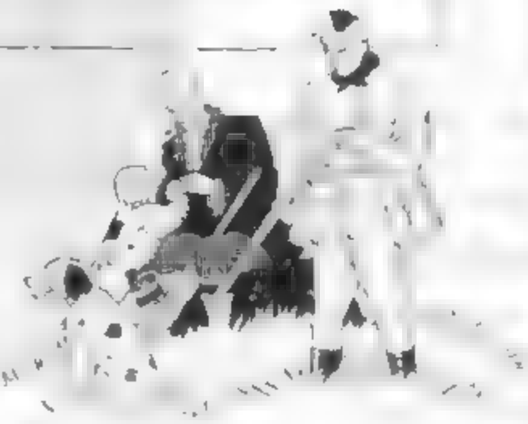
Street and No.

City

State

WILLIAMS DIST-O-MATIC HEATING

© 1928 M. A. I.



Have that
HOBBYGRAPH
made now

OF COURSE you have formal photographs . . . But for the friends at the club who know you as a regular fellow who counts *all* the strokes—a *Hobbygraph* is just the thing. A *Hobbygraph* is a friendly, informal photograph picturing you at your favorite hobby. Whether your specialty is shooting wild geese or tame golf, have your photographer make a *Hobbygraph* right now.

PHOTOGRAPHS *Live Forever*

PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA International

THIS emblem is the mark of a master photographer; a craftsman who embraces new-fashioned ideas, old-fashioned ideals

VISIT YOUR FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHER ONCE A YEAR

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 34

Quizzing's the stick by which all are tarred;
This is the Age of the Questionnaire.

Ask my opinion of farm protection;
Mexico; Europe, the battle-scarred;
Ask me my creed; I have no objection;
How many blondes has Belasco starred;
Who was the sweetie of Abelard;
Ask when Beau Brummell was born and where—
All these will leave my aplomb unjarred;
This is the Age of the Questionnaire.

Ask with a scornfully soft inflection
Who was the Gaul with whom Dempsey sparred;
What's the best soap for that schoolgirl complexion;
Ask me whose birthstone's the sanguine sard;
How many feet in a topsail yard;
Ask the composer of Robin Adair;
Ask me the calorie content of chard;
This is the Age of the Questionnaire.

Ask me another, and make it hard!
Make it impertinent! I won't care!
Ask if I know I'm a bootless bard!
This is the Age of the Questionnaire!

—*Edward W. Barnard.*

Companionable Marriage

IF a perfect hostess
Had a perfect guest,
Ere it closed, the visit
Would have lost its zest.

I'm no perfect husband;
You're no perfect wife;
Perhaps that's why, dear, you and I
Find so much fun in life!

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

There Ought to be a Law

MEN of bulky brawn and thew,
Unwieldy men of wit
Simply CAN'T be ingénue
And get away with it.

Men of vigor, men of pomp,
Massive men and mighty
May sometimes giggle, rarely romp,
But NEVER say "ALL RIGHTIE!"

—*C. Wiles Hallock.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

September 8, 1928

Cover Design by J. F. Kernan

SHORT STORIES

		PAGE
New York—My Mammy!—*Nunnally Johnson*	*Illustrated by Henry Raleigh*	6
Secondhand Stuff—*William Hazlett Upson*	*Illustrated by Tony Sarg*	8
Dragonhead—*Herbert Ravenel Sass*	*Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull*	12
The Untamed—*Austin Parker*	*Illustrated by Bartow V. V. Matteson*	16
Sleepy-Eye—*Charles Wertenbaker*	*Illustrated by Bartow V. V. Matteson*	20
Jumbo—*Hugh MacNair Kahler*	*Illustrated by W. D. Stevens*	24
A Saga of the Sea—At Trafalgar—*F. Britten Austin*	*Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer*	26
The Grab Bag Grabs Everything in Sight—*Henry A. Shute*	*Illustrated by Leslie Turner*	41

ARTICLES

		PAGE
New Paths—*Benito Mussolini*	*Photographs*	3
The Future City—*Albert W. Atwood*	*Photographs*	10
Did You Lose Your Shirt in the Market?—*Elizabeth Frazer*	*Illustrated by Wyncie King*	14
Madison Square Garden—*Arthur "Bugs" Baer*	*Photographs*	18
For Metal Only—*As Told to Myron M. Stearns*	*Photographs*	19
Swords and Roses—Shadows on the Sea—*Joseph Hergesheimer*	*Photographs*	22
Plain People—*E. W. Howe*	*Illustrated by Herbert Johnson*	30
War Profits and Postwar Losses—*Alonzo E. Taylor*	*Cartoon by Donald McKee*	33
Local Boy Makes Good—*Wesley Stout*		173

SERIALS

		PAGE
The Wolves of Chaos (Second part)—*Harold MacGrath*	*Illustrated by H. J. Mowat*	28
The Duke Steps Out (Conclusion)—*Lucian Cary*	*Illustrated by Arthur William Brown*	36

MISCELLANY

Editorials	32
Short Turns and Encores	34
The Poets' Corner	74

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

Mirror helps millions make vital decision···

Shows sure way to win healthier teeth and gums

YOU know what size gloves you wear. You know what it means in health and comfort to have shoes that exactly fit your feet.

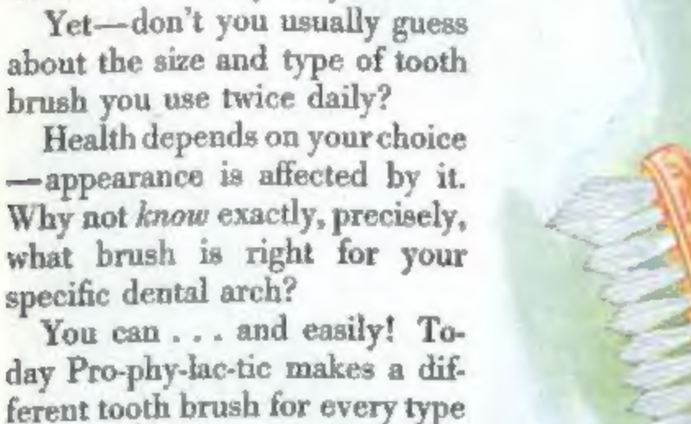
Yet—don't you usually guess about the size and type of tooth brush you use twice daily?

Health depends on your choice—appearance is affected by it. Why not *know* exactly, precisely, what brush is right for your specific dental arch?

You can . . . and easily! Today Pro-phy-lac-tic makes a different tooth brush for every type and condition of dental arch. And ten seconds with your mirror reveals clearly, emphatically, what type Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush you should use.

The form of your dental arch (your teeth and gums) closely follows the contour of your face. Yours, as revealed by your mirror, may be full-formed like most. Or your mirror may reflect small features, a narrow mouth—and a correspondingly small, sharply oval dental arch.

One glance — and you know exactly which Pro-phy-lac-tic you should use



Small face and mouth show small, sharply oval arch

Full-formed face and mouth indicate large dental arch

TELL YOUR OWN HEALTH FORTUNE

Look into your mirror. Does it reflect a full-formed face, well rounded? Then your dental arch (teeth and gums) too, is full-formed. But . . . your face and mouth may be small, your dental arch small, more sharply oval. Still—either large or small—yours may require special brushing care. Know your type of dental arch. Then select a brush scientifically designed for it.

1 *Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic*—Most dental arches are full-formed and require this type of brush

2 *Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic*—Scientifically designed for small, more sharply oval dental arch

3 *Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic*—For teeth and gums that call for special care. Massages as it cleans

③ But look again if you want good health to be surely yours for years to come. Examine your teeth and gums carefully. Soft, tender, receding gums, and teeth that fail to sparkle white indicate that a third type of dental arch is yours—one requiring special brushing care.

② *Now choose correct brush*

Place yourself . . . Decide definitely what type of arch you have. Then select the specific tooth brush that dental science and the Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company now prescribe for you: Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic for the large and medium dental arch, the average full-formed type of mouth . . . Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic for the small, sharply oval arch found in the small mouth . . . Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic for either the large or small dental arch that calls for special care. *This brush massages as it cleans.*

① *Lifetime job made easy*

Brushing teeth is a lifetime job—if you want to keep your teeth for a lifetime. Choosing a brush that's right to use means choosing a brush that's easy to use, comfortable—and the most effective weapon to combat deadly dental diseases.

So use your own good judgment . . . these dental facts . . . and help yourself to new health afforded by the right Pro-phy-lac-tic. Then your mirror will soon reveal another fascinating picture—a smile that flashes gloriously white teeth set in healthy gums of coral firmness. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass., U.S.A. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. (Canada), Limited, Montreal.

All three Pro-phy-lac-tic brushes are on display at local stores. Shown in this special cabinet, which contains mirror to help you select right brush. Note the transparent handles in different colors.

Pro-phy-lac-tic

TOOTH BRUSHES

different in shape and size—alike in quality

Even your nose knows when it's wash day in your home

BANISH old-fashioned washday. Instead of wasting strength and hours at *even* the old-fashioned task of supervising the laundress, make the modern laundry your washday servant ✦ Visit a modern laundry and see how clothes are washed *fragrantly* clean in tumbling billows of sparkling suds; how every vestige of soap is rinsed out in floods of fresh rainsoft water ✦ Turn back from the washday stairs that lead to Nowhere and take the modern laundry steps that lead to *Freedom* and to *Youth*. Today's laundries offer so many services that you are certain to find among them one exactly suited to your family budget. Choose your service and try it today. © M. A. C. 1928

Go with Alice into Launderland

This delightful journey booklet may be had from any modern laundry displaying, on its trucks, this picture of Alice in Launderland. A telephone call will bring your copy.

A Service for Every Family Budget

WHETHER you supervise the laundress at home, or send clothes out to questionable quarters, you will find that modern laundries offer freedom from work and worry in a variety of services to meet every family need. All-around work, partially-ironed work, and a plan which returns clothes damp for ironing are a few individualized services available at laundries today.

The LAUNDRY *does it best!*

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

As Mothers make them now

With flavor more delicious . . .

. . . than they've ever had before—with the melt-in-your-mouth texture that desserts should have—yet with richness so wholesome that children's appetites need never be denied—Pet Milk will give these qualities to *your* custards and puddings.

The Pet Milk book tells how . . .

. . . Pet Milk gives to every dish where milk is used a fine texture and flavor that nothing else will give. It shows why Pet Milk gives to food in every form a sure and wholesome richness and safety that no other form of milk can supply.

So pure and clean and safe . . .

. . . that it can't cause illness, Pet Milk is the ideal milk for children to drink. As easily digested as mother's own milk—and as safe—it is the perfect milk for baby's bottle.

Rich enough to use in place of cream . . .

. . . it makes better food than cream can make—and costs less than half as much as cream. Diluted to suit whatever need you have for milk it gives finer flavor, texture and richness yet costs less than ordinary milk.

Let us send you the book—free

You'll be convinced of the extraordinary richness, of the absolute safety, of the striking economy, and of the great convenience of Pet Milk—the original Evaporated Milk.

PET MILK COMPANY
821 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

...and now her Daughter

uses the same Dental Cream

Mrs. I. E. Brooks as a girl . . . when she started using Colgate's

BACK in 1908, exactly twenty years ago, Mrs. I. E. Brooks bought her first tube of Colgate's.

Today Mrs. Brooks is considered a beautiful woman . . . and her flashing white teeth deserve much of the credit. For what has more charm than a lovely smile?

Is it any wonder, then, that Mrs. Brooks buys Colgate's for her little daughter? Certainly she is anxious to give those sturdy little teeth the same proven protection her own have had for years.

Many tell the same story

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands of men and women like Mrs. Brooks. Because they began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, their teeth are exceptionally sound and beautiful today.

Many of these people are so grateful that they write to us—sincere, unsolicited reports from people proud of the soundness and attractiveness of their teeth.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily and quickly do yourself. They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's.

Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound for years. Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

With Colgate's, cleaning is not a side issue, or an added feature . . . it is the main thing.

Mrs. I. E. Brooks and her lovely little daughter, from a painting by Roy Spreter

And, mark you, this supremely efficient cleaning is the basis of beautiful and long-lived teeth.

In such a vital matter as the care of your teeth, could there be any safer guide than the actual experiences of people like yourself?

Also, wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice you were using was the one which dentists recommend most frequently?

So, for lovely teeth . . . for teeth that make your smile the asset that it should be . . . ask your druggist today for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, let us send you a sample to try.

C L E A N !

Years ago we set out to make the best dentifrice possible. We interviewed leading dental authorities. They told us that the one thing a dentifrice should do is to clean teeth. We then produced Ribbon Dental Cream, designing it to do that one thing superlatively well. It is not medicated, because all experiments in the meantime have sustained the original principle that cleansing is the only thing a dentifrice can do.

Colgate & Co. EST. 1806

Colgate & Co., Dept. 200-J, 595 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Please send me a Free sample of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name_____

Address_____